

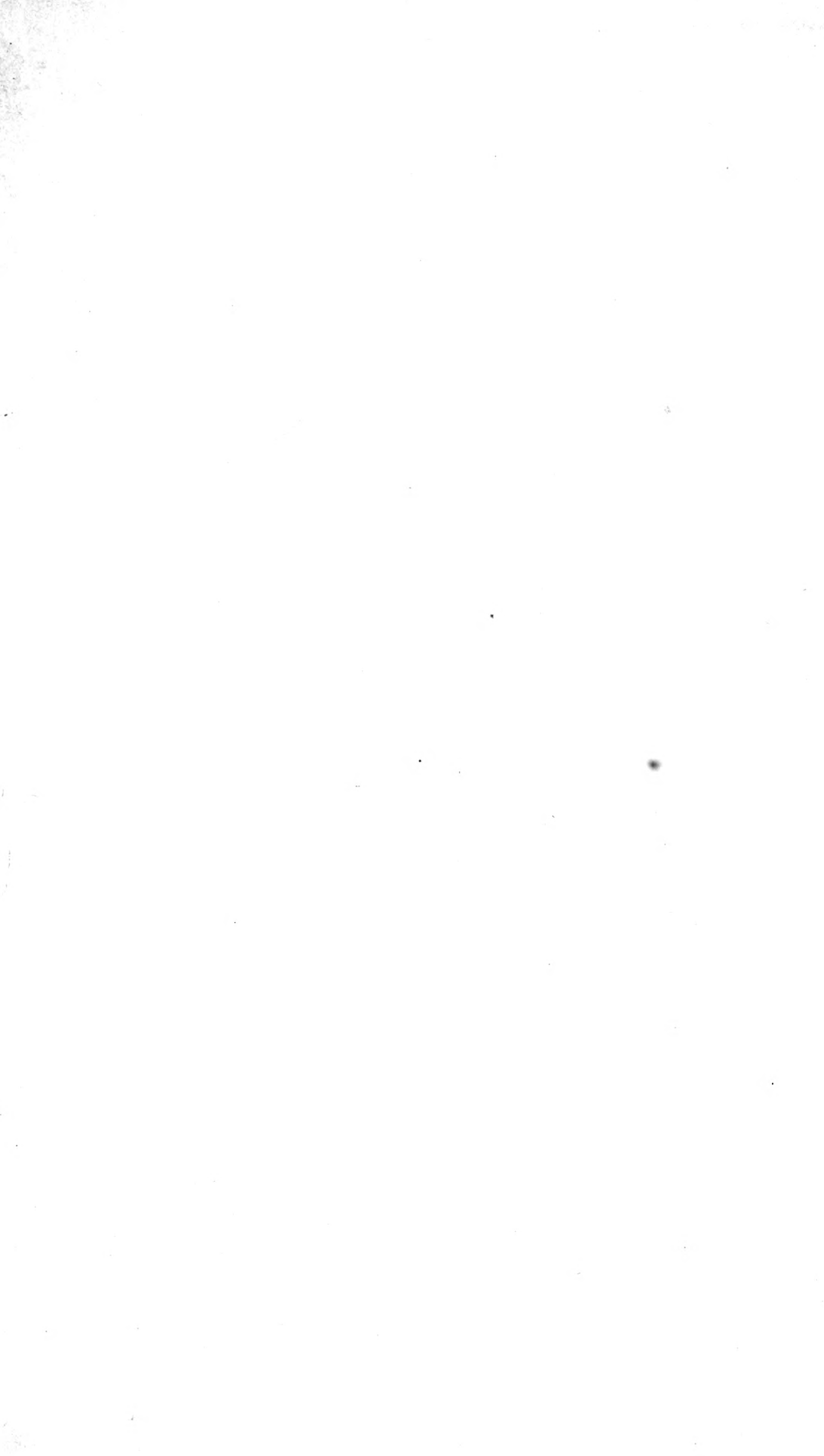


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THE
LAST EARL OF DESMOND:

A
Historical Romance

OF
1599-1603.

*by Rev Chas B. Gibson
England*

“On peut tirer un fruit précieux du malheur : une personne sensible, pieuse, et réfléchie, doit nécessairement dans l'infortune perfectionner son esprit et son caractère. Cicéron a dit des hommes : ‘Ils sont comme les vins ; l'âge aigrit les mauvais, et rend meilleurs les bons.’”—FRENCH ESSAY.

“Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.”—SENECA.

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THE LAST EARL OF DESMOND.

CHAPTER XXX.

“Such usage as your honourable lords
Afford me ; assassinated and betray’d,
Who durst not, with your whole united powers,
In fight, withstand one single and unarm’d.”

MILTON.

JEPHSON’S ROCK is about one mile below the old bridge of Mallow. It rises boldly and bluffly on the bank of the Blackwater, blocks up the path, and says “*Stand,—turn back*” to all who attempt to pass that way.

Within the bowels of this rock is a cave. In the mouth of this cave stood a tall, high-shouldered man. His mood seemed morose. He was watching the silent flow of the river, upon which the moon, as it passed through dark clouds, cast an occasional ray.

He raised his head as he heard, or thought he heard, a man’s step, and a rustle among the plantations above him.

You may now see his face. You know him, by his long dark hair, and strong-set teeth. It is John Nugent, the servant of the late Sir Thomas Norreys. What does he there, looking down on the river?

Writers of Romance are much addicted to the institution of comparisons between the course of dark waters and the flow of dark thoughts. Their ideas on this subject are calculated to make melancholy people run and drown themselves. Dickens is the deuce at this kind of writing, and Sir Bulwer Lytton is almost as bad.

But, notwithstanding these bad examples, if the figure of a flowing river were not "as common as ditch-water," I should have attempted a comparison between this dark river and the darker thoughts which were passing through John Nugent's mind, as he looked down upon it.

"What! Institute a comparison between the most beautiful river in Ireland, and the most blood-thirsty man in Munster? Preposterous! I am astonished at you. You are worse than Dickens and his Thames."

The most beautiful reaches of his Blackwater are between Mallow and Youghal, where it terminates. Here it flows silently, slowly, and darkly, between over-hanging trees, as if meditating suicide, by casting itself into the sea.

Truly, now that I look at it, I *do* see a great many points of resemblance between the course of a river and the career of mankind, from the mountain to the sea, from the cradle to the grave. That dribbling drop of water, creeping from the side of the mountain, is not unlike one of those tiny, contemptible mannikins, at whose birth we make such fuss : “ *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.*” That babbling brooklet is uncommonly like a noisy little boy. Yon crystal stream, meandering through the flowery mead, presents a beautiful picture of a modest maiden. The broad river, with its bright, fair face, and swelling bosom,—gliding gracefully through the fruitful dale,—gives the true type of a lovely woman. The silent progress of these dark, deep waters, whose surface lies in shade, within the depth of whose bosom heaven is hid, portrays the last and best part of human life, the part which seeks seclusion, where man retires from the sunshine of earth, to the contemplation of eternity and heaven.

But my meditations on human life have carried me too far down the stream of the Blackwater. We must, therefore, return to Jephson’s Rock, where we left John Nugent.

We left him, as he raised his head to catch the sound of a man’s step, and a rustle in the

plantation. He was not deceived in the sound; the man for whom he waited, now stood beside him.

“ I fear I have detained you too long,” said the new-comer, with a pleasant ringing voice.

“ You are an hour beyond your time. It is now twelve o’clock, and quite dark. The moon has just gone down.”

“ We do not require the light of *heaven* for the business we have to transact. Twelve is a witching hour, and a dark night will suit our purpose as well, if not better than a light one; for we shall require all the aid of the black fiend to arrange what we have undertaken.”

“ We can dispense with the presence of the *black* fiend, while we have the *White Knight* at our elbow. The Africans say the devil is *white*.”

“ I can’t say,” replied Fitzgibbon, laughing, “ as I never saw him; but the White Knight cannot be always at your elbow.”

“ Very true; he generally manages to keep out of ‘harm’s way,’ and to get another to do his dirty, dangerous work.”

“ But if he pays another for it, the other cannot grumble.”

“ Have you brought the money with you?”

“ The half of it—two hundred crowns: you get the remainder when——”

“When you see your cousin’s blood upon the point of my sword?”

“You get the remainder when you have earned it,” replied Fitzgibbon, handing Nugent a bag, containing the sum mentioned.

“This is like selling one’s soul to the devil,” said Nugent, holding out his hand for the money.

“The devil’s silver has, notwithstanding, a pleasant jingle,” replied Fitzgibbon, who shook the bag, as he parted it.

“It’s nothing less than selling one’s soul to the devil,” reiterated Nugent.

“If report be true, your old master, Sir Thomas Norreys, did the same,” said the White Knight, who did not like Nugent’s mood.

“Not Sir Thomas, but his brother, Sir John.”*

“Sir John, was it? There is *some* foundation for the story, then. Do you know the particulars?”

* O’Sullivan Beare states that it was believed that Sir John Norreys had sold himself to the devil, and was carried off unexpectedly; and he gravely concludes from this that O’Neill had often defeated not only General Norreys—“*peritissimum Anglorum imperatorum omni pugnandi apparatu superiorem; sed ipsum etiam diabolum, qui illi ex pacto fuisse opitulatus creditur vincerit.*”—*Hist. Cathol. Iber. Compend.*, tom. 3: 1, 3, c. x. See also *O’Donovan’s Irish Annals*, A.D. 1597: pp. 2021-2, *Note*.

said he, trying to divert the hired assassin's mind from his contemplated guilt.

"I heard an old servant belonging to the castle tell the story thus," replied Nugent:—"Sir John Norreys lived much alone, after his misfortunes, in Ulster, with Hugh O'Neill. He had a large black cat, which followed him about the castle."

"It was *black*, mind that," broke in the White Knight.

"Sir John made it an invariable rule to help the cat first, and always to the nicest morsel on the dish. One day, a friend happening to dine with him, he omitted his usual courtesy to Madame Puss, and gave the stranger the precedence, which Blacky resented by first tearing her master's hand, and afterwards flying out of the window,—or up the chimney,—I forget which."

"The chimney, I suppose, which is the usual medium of ingress, or egress, with those gentry," observed Fitzgibbon.

"That night, just before the clock struck twelve," continued Nugent, "a coach and four black horses drove up to the castle gate. The coachman, who was dressed in black, rapped fearfully loud for admittance, and sent in his master's compliments that he was '*waiting*' for Sir John Norreys. 'Who is your master?' inquired Sir John's

servant. 'That is no business of thine,' replied the coachman; 'go and deliver my message.' The servant hastened to his master's room, where he found Sir John dead."

"Dead! What became of the coach and black horses?"

"They vanished in a flash of lightning."

"And the black cat?"

"Came back that night."

"Did you ever chance to see Her Highness, the Cat, whilst living at the castle?"

"Never."

"Do you believe this story?"

"Not a word of it."

"That's true, you were living at the castle, with Sir Thomas Norreys, when the Earl of Desmond was confined there. It was—if I mistake not—the same night that he made his escape, that *you* left it?"

"No, not the *same* night."

"Soon after, then; but *you* had no hand in his escape?"

"None whatever."

"Why did you leave?"

"That is my secret.—Why do you ask?"

"That is *mine*; but having proved the confidence I have in you, by paying you this money in advance,

I may as well tell you. Had you befriended my cousin, the Earl, and aided his escape, I could hardly have depended on you to——”

“Speak out,—to *assassinate him*: you surely do not fear to name the deed, for which you have paid your money !”

“Had you been the man to befriend him,” said Fitzgibbon, “I could hardly depend on you to do what I now require.”

“That by no means follows, for ingratitude for favours received often sharpens the point of one’s weapon.” He implied here more than he intended.

“Perhaps this was the case with you?” said Fitzgibbon.

“What makes you think so?”

“The alacrity with which you undertook this affair.”

“And the small wages,” added Nugent.

“I am right, then?”

“No.”

“You lie, you scoundrel,” said the White Knight to himself.—“Well, Nugent, I rely on you. I shall now leave you to prepare for your interview with Sir George Carew.—Had I known there was bad blood between him and Fitz-Thomas, I might have engaged him in this affair for half the sum,”

thought he, as he clambered up the "Rock," above the cave.

"If he suspected me of setting about this affair *con amore*, I should never get the balance of the four hundred crowns," said John Nugent, as he looked at the bag of silver. "But," continued he, more sternly, "it is the price of blood, and perhaps——" (hesitating) "perhaps I shall never live to spend it. Pish ! this damp cave has chilled and unmanned me ! The day is now breaking in the East. I must away, and prepare for my interview with the Lord President ; for in this affair I shall serve myself, by serving two masters, both of whom require the same work at my hands."

CHAPTER XXXI.

“ If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ What shall not ambition and revenge descend to ?”

MILTON.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in one of his notes,* says :—“ It is agreed by all writers on magic and witchcraft, that revenge was the most common motive for the pretended compact between Satan and his vassals :—

“ ‘ Here stood a wretch prepared to change
His soul’s redemption for revenge.’ ”

Knowing nothing of the Black Art, I would not dare to dispute the authority of the “ Great Wizard of the North,” on such a subject ; but, if revenge and a desire to shed human blood drive some men into compact with the devil, the man who can shed human blood, or barter for the shedding of it, *without* revenge, must be the devil himself, incarnate. We have a specimen of the former class in John

* See Notes to *Rokeby*, CANTO III.

Nugent, of the latter, in George Carew, Knight, Her Majesty's Lord President of Munster ; a man of great cunning, but no passion. There are none so naturally base, and bloodthirsty, as those who are so without excitement ; who can lap up blood like dogs.

The Lord President was sitting in his study, with Dermond O'Dwyre's letter in his hand, when his man, Maurice, entered, and told him there was a stranger below, who wished to speak with him on important business.

"Who is he, Maurice?" inquired the knight.

"He would not give me his name, sir."

"Then I shall not see him. But stop—what is he like?"

"He has a soldier-like appearance, and speaks like an Englishman ; but, to tell your honour the truth, I don't like the look of his eye."

"Oh, nonsense—show him in."

The stranger was a tall, dark, soldierly-like man, but, as Maurice intimated, his eye was not the best feature in his face.

"Your name, sir?" said the President, rising.

"Nugent—at your service, my Lord."

"Nugent, Nugent," said the President ; "I have heard of that name before."

"Very likely, my Lord. I was servant to Sir

Thomas Norreys, the late Lord President of Munster."

"And have since that time been most active, I understand, in aiding the rebels against Her Majesty's Government. It was bold of you to come here."

"Not more so than my wont, my Lord," replied Nugent, with easy confidence.

"Know you not that I could hang you by the neck, for a wicked rebel?"

"And take the life of one who is able to serve the State."

The President could not but admire the man's daring, and thought he might be made of use; he resolved, therefore, to hear his proposition, and said:—

"Your crimes and offences have been great and extraordinary, the demerits of which you can scarcely hope to escape, or be reconciled to the State, without the performance of some extraordinary service. What do you propose?"

"To take the life of the greatest rebel in Munster."

"Whom mean you?" said the President, with interest.

"James Fitz Thomas, the *Sugane* Earl, and his brother John, also, if you desire it."

“How hope you to accomplish that?”

“That is my secret, my Lord ; if I do the deed, your lordship will be satisfied ; the manner of doing it must, for the present, be confined to my own breast.”

“Well,” said the knight, “if you do what you promise, you may deserve not only pardon for all your faults, but some good store of crowns, to relieve your wants hereafter.”*

“Well, my Lord,” said Nugent, “the first request I have to make of you is, that you will have me seized, and made prisoner, before I leave this house.”

“What mean you, man?”

“I am at present, as you are, no doubt, aware, in the confidence of the *Sugane* Earl ; but I have been seen coming to your lordship’s quarters, and shall, from henceforth, be suspected, if measures be not taken to wipe off the suspicion.”

“What, therefore, do you propose?”

“First, that your lordship have me now seized and imprisoned.”

“What next?”

“And brought before the council to-morrow ; and, after threatening me, if caught offending for the future, that you allow me to depart.”

* For a correct account of this infamous transaction, see Note A, at the end of the volume.

“Capital ! Why, man, you have the ready wit of Sinon, who helped the Greeks to the conquest of Troy. I shall do your bidding. Shall I now call up the guard ?”

“I am prepared, my Lord ; but I pray your lordship not to forget me at supper time.”

“A most thoughtful, witty knave,” replied the knight, laughing heartily ; “I shall remember : a capon and a bottle of wine will not come amiss, I opine.”

“It will be most welcome, my Lord.”

The President then struck heavily with his sword on the floor, and when Maurice entered, he said, with well-acted authority :—

“Call up the guard ; send them up here.--Guard, have this man safely lodged for the night, for I shall examine him before the council to-morrow. Beware, he does not escape, or else——”

“We shall keep him safe, my Lord. Shall we put him in irons ?”

“No ; use no violence. He may be gently treated, but safely kept.”

The next morning the prisoner was brought before the council, over which the Lord President presided.

“Gentlemen,” said the President to the council, who were in the secret, “I have brought this man

before you, having heard he had wrought much mischief to the State. He was at one time a servant to Sir Thomas Norreys."

"Whom I served faithfully for fifteen years," said Nugent."

"What say you, sir?" replied the President; "whom you served faithfully? Know you not, that former services cannot atone for crimes committed afterwards. Have you not since that time joined in several foul and damnable plots against the laws and prerogatives of the Crown?"

"My Lord," said one of the council, trying to propitiate the President; "I remember the time that the prisoner first threw off his allegiance. I believe he had not been well requited for former service; and I have heard his conduct towards his former master was such as to merit high commendation."

"I am sorry, gentlemen," said the President, "to find one of this council standing forward to plead the cause of such a rebel; for my part I think it an action of very ill example, to receive unto mercy such a notorious malefactor; but, as you are better acquainted with this man than I am—who am no more than a stranger in these parts—I shall not award to him the punishment which I think his misdemeanours loudly call for. Begone,

from my presence, sir ! but hark you, if I ever hear amiss of you again, and that you have the hardihood and audacity to come within the precincts of this town, I will erect a gallows and hang you as high as Mordecai. Begone !”

Nugent raised his head, and gave the President a knowing and impertinent stare, and then withdrew. “I wonder who is the greater scoundrel,” said he to himself, as he walked away from the council room, “the President or myself? He’d hang me as high as *Mordecai* ! If I had my turn served, I should have no objection to hang him as high as Haman. *Mordecai* ! The fellow should know Scripture before he quotes it.”

After this soliloquy, he hastened forward to communicate the result of this interview, to his friend, the White Knight, who was waiting for him in the neighbourhood of Kilmallock.

CHAPTER XXXII.

“Colonel, we shall try who is the greater plotter of the two. You against the husband, and I against the petticoat.”—DRYDEN.

“He would make an extraordinary figure at a ball ; but I assure you the ladies are passable enough.”—SWIFT.

To Mallow castle, then in the possession of Captain Jephson (who had married the only daughter of Sir Thomas Norreys), the President, Sir George Carew, hasted from Cork, in the hopes of meeting Florence Mac Carthy *More*.

“Well,” said he, rubbing his hands together in glee, as he paced one of the corridors alone ; “I have set one net to catch this wild hawk, the *Sugane* Earl, but as it may not succeed, I must try my wit at another. And I feel it somewhat sharpened, by conversation with that daring rogue Nugent. That was a bright thought of his, to put him in prison, and arraign him before the council ; very bright. Ha ! ha ! ha !”

“This Munster rebellion,” continued he, “is like a monster with many heads, or a servant that must

obey diverse masters. Now, if the heads themselves could be set at variance, they would prove the most fit instruments to destroy one another. The three chief heads of this rebellion are, James Fitz-Thomas, the *Sugane* Earl of Desmond ; Dermond O'Connor, the General of the Connaught bownoughs ; and this Florence Mac Carthy *More*, the greatest rogue of the three, and perhaps the man who has the largest and most hearty following ; for they say he is the true lineal descendant of the Milesian Earls of Desmond. I wonder whether he will come here to meet me. I know he would not venture his neck within the gates of Cork : they say one of his ancestors was slain there ; and his late conduct in attacking Her Majesty's forces between Cork and Kinsale will make him the more cautious."

The Mac Carthys—in Irish, Mac Carthaidh or Mac Cairthy, and pronounced like Mac Carha, or Mac Cawra—took their name from Carthack, or Cairthe, one of their ancestors, a prince of Desmond, in the eleventh century, son of Justin, King of Munster, who was grandson to Ceallachan, King of Cashel. Of the Mac Carthys, in early times, some accounts may be found in the Annals of Innisfallen. The Mac Carthys of the twelfth century are thus described in the topographical poem of O'Heerin :—

“Flaithe Mumhan muir Sionna
Siol Eogain mic Oiliolla,
Mac Carthaidh cuing a cana
Mar thuind anfaidh etragha.”

“Heroes of Munster of the fortress of the Shannon,
Are the race of Eogan, the son of Oilioli,
Mac Carthy the mainstay of its tributes,
Is like an uneasy stormy wave.”

On the English invasion, when King Henry II. landed at Waterford in October, A. D. 1171, Dermond Mac Carthy, King of Desmond, waited on him the day after his arrival, delivered to him the keys of the city of Cork, and did him homage. According to Mac Geoghegan, this Dermond Mac Carthy, in the year 1185, was treacherously slain, together with all his retinue, at a conference held with Theobald Fitzwalter and the English of Cork.”

“I fear this fellow will not come,” said the President to his friend Captain Jephson, who was sitting in the library with his fair young wife: “he has too much sin on his soul to venture within the castle of a loyal subject of Her Majesty. Do you know of any means of persuading him?”

“No : as the hope you held out of investing him with part of the confiscated estates of Desmond, and of allowing him to assume as his right the title of Mac Carthy *More*,—as this has not succeeded, I

know not by what means to draw him out of cover, for he is an old fox."

"I believe," said Mrs. Jephson, "that his lady has much influence over him."

"Say you so?" replied the President, who would have resorted to any measures to accomplish his purpose; "how shall we then influence the wife? Know you anything of the lady?"

"I know her well," said Mrs. Jephson, "and I think most highly of her. Have you never heard her history, and the story of her marriage with this Mac Carthy?"

"Never, my dear madam," said the President, who was as fond of gossip as any old woman in Munster. "Will you favour me with the particulars?"

"She is the daughter, and only legitimate child of Donal Mac Carthy More; who by the command of the Queen was created Earl of Clancare,* and who died in 1596."

"Say you so! the daughter of the Earl!"

"She was affianced in marriage, by desire of the Queen, to Sir Nicholas Brown, the son of old Sir Nicholas, who possessed part of the Desmond property; and Sir Nicholas was to receive the title of his bride's father; but whether it was that he was too slow in the wooing, or that an old

* See Note B.

attachment had previously existed between her and her cousin Florence, I cannot say ; but of this there can be no doubt, that she ran off with him, and left the English knight in the lurch."

"Surprising !" said the President, "to prefer the untitled man to an English Knight !"

"Did she not here shew the nobility of her nature ?" said the daughter, and heiress of Sir Thomas Norreys, who had married a young officer, without a title.

"Most assuredly and indubitably," replied the President, recollecting himself ; "she must be a most noble woman. But what said Sir Nicholas to this ?"

"What could he say but bear it ?—but he did more, he revenged it."

"Revenged it ! How ?"

"In a manner peculiar to your sex ; by marrying a Miss O'Sullivan, to whom Florence was affianced. They say the tear was in her eye for the treachery of her old lover, the morning she gave her hand to the new."*

"A marvellously interesting story ; is it not, Jephson ?" said the knight to the young man at his elbow, who had been fortunate enough to win

* See State Papers,—by Sir Nicholas Brown,—in the *British Museum*.

the affections of one of the most lovely women in Munster.

“Very much so indeed,” replied Mr. Jephson, —
“a very interesting courtship, upon my honour.”

“Well, madam,” continued the President, “as you seem to be so well acquainted with this lady, may I crave your interest in the affair which has brought me here?”

“I shall be most happy to do my friend, Lady Ellen, a favour, and promote Her Majesty’s interest, in whose service my father lost his life. How do you propose I should proceed?”

“Write to her, my dear madam, write to her a flattering letter ; tell her of my high respect for her husband, of Her Majesty’s profound regard, and desire respecting the Desmond estates ; speak of the English Court, and the certainty of her presentation there, as Lady Mac Carthy More. Women my dear madam, have vanity.”

“As you seem to know so much about our weak natures, perhaps you had better write yourself, my Lord.”

“No, pardon me, my dear madam ; in my zeal for Her Majesty I sometimes speak too fast ; I leave the whole affair in your hands, who, I am sure, will act wisely.”

The knight, who could imagine no woman to be superior to Queen Elizabeth, “the shadowes” of

whose "royall feet"* he kissed, may have imagined he was paying the fair sex a compliment, in saying they possessed a weakness,—a grace perhaps he thought it,—which superabounded in the Queen's character.

Mrs. Jephson sate down, and wrote the following letter :—

" MY DEAR LADY ELLEN,

" Sir George Carew, Knight, Her Majesty's Lord President for Munster, is now staying at Mallow Castle. I understand he expects to meet your Lord, the Mac Carthy More, to-morrow, at this place.

May I request you will do me the favour of accompanying the Mac Carthy More, and making a stay with us for a few days ; and that you will bring with you your two daughters ? We expect company. There are some English officers staying at the Castle. You must excuse me for saying that you should not leave your two beautiful girls to blow like wild roses among the mountains and glens of Dhuhallow, lest some rude chieftain's hand should pluck flowers which would adorn the palace of a prince.

" Your loving Friend,

" ELIZABETH JEPHSON."

* *Pacata Hibernia*, Vol. II., p. 251.

“A most excellent and witty letter. Ah, madam, God has endowed you with a deep insight into, and a high understanding of human nature,” said the President, as he read the letter.

“Pray, remember, sir,” said Mrs. Jephson, “that women have *vanity*; and as this may become a vice when too much fostered, it may not be safe to say more on the subject; but, as this letter seems to please you, allow me to point out to you that it is *not* by flattering this lady’s vanity, but exciting her love as a parent, that I hope for success. Yes, sir, women have vanity, but they possess stronger, higher, nobler feelings; and he who wins the heart of a woman that is worth the winning”—here she looked over to her husband—“must employ nobler and brighter weapons than those of empty flattery.” After this fine speech, which was very well delivered, the lady walked off, with the majesty of a young queen.

“Jephson, you are a happy fellow,” said the knight.

Jephson looked delighted, for he was proud of his noble and high-minded young wife.

“Well,” continued the President, “about this letter. How shall we forward it? I had better order Maurice to saddle his horse, and ride out to Dhuhallow.”

“ Maurice !” said Captain Jephson. “ He may be allowed to *enter* Dhuhallow, but, like the mouth of Hell, he will never get out again :—

“ ‘ Facilis descensus Avernī.
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. ’ ”

“ How shall we manage, then ?”

“ I will send a gorsoon.”

“ A *gorsoon* ! What’s that ?”

“ A wild country lad.”

“ Will he deliver it safely ?”

“ Perfectly. These are the messengers we always employ, when corresponding with the wild people in the west.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“ ‘Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare.’
‘Of such,’ saide he, ‘I chiefly doe inquere,
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare;
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.’

“ ‘Far hence,’ quoth he, ‘in wasteful wilderness,
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever pass but thorough great distresse.’ ”

SPENSER.

“ An outlaw in a castle keeps. Gathering unto him all the scatterlings and outlaws out of the woods and mountains, he marched forth into the English pale.”—IDEM.

THE Barony of Dhuhallow is a wild and uncultivated district, which lies on the line of railway between Mallow and Killarney. This part of the country is called, to the present day, the “Country of the Mac Carthys.” In this district, on the banks of the Blackwater, about twenty miles from Mallow, rose an old castellated house,* the bay windows of

* In writing this chapter, the author had his mind’s eye upon the romantic residence of Henry Chinnery Justice, Esq.,

which overhung the river, but the building was well concealed from view by thick foliage, of shrubs and trees, growing from the bank and hanging from the rock, through the fissures of which they had insinuated their roots.

To this place Florence Mac Carthy often repaired, for relaxation, during the heat of summer, and safety in the day of trouble. It was a sort of half-way house between Cork and Tralee, the chief centres of military operations, during the period of which our story treats ; it therefore afforded this wily chieftain many facilities for aiding his friends, for distressing his enemies, as occasion required : it was also near Killarney and the high mountains of Kerry, which were to Irish rebels a "munition of rocks."

Here, on the side of the river, lurked Florence Mac Carthy, like a badger waiting to gulp down whatever the tide of fortune might bring to the mouth of his cave.

The house was not large: it was not the "big house," as family mansions are called in this coun-

called *Dhuarigil Castle*, one of the most interesting spots on the banks of the Blackwater, connected with which are some old legends. He believes the old castle once belonged to the Mac Carthys More. The modernized building is a beautiful structure.

try ; but it was not devoid of beauty of scenery, or wanting in accommodation and good cheer.

A number of idle, bare-legged men, women, and children, were loitering about, whose curiosity was excited by the gilly or *gorsoon* from Mallow.

“ Blood-an-ouns, here comes Mick from Mallow ! Mick, what news ?—What brought you down here, Mick ? What’s in the wind now, Mick ? A message for the Mac Carthy, or her ladyship ? Can’t you speak ? Haven’t you a tongue, you *omedhawn* ? ” These were a few of the questions put to Mick, in the Irish language, as he passed through the crowd ; but Mick preserved a solemn silence, as he walked up to the castle, not deigning to notice any one of them, or any of their questions.

“ Mick has a sacret : how grand he looks ! ”

“ What can it be ? ”

“ How the mischief should I know ? ”

“ It’s a letther, I see him take it out, as he went in.”

“ A letther!—Blessed saints, what can it be about ? ”

“ A letther from Mallow.”

“ From Mallow ! Who did he ax for ? ”

“ Who did he ax for ? Who would he ax for but the masther ? ”

“ No, he didn’t, then ; it was the misthress, her ladyship ;—a letther for the misthress.”

“The *misthress* ! a *letther* for the misthress ! the sacret thickens. Who can it be from ? Let me see : it’s two years last Shrove-tide, since her ladyship got the last letther. Molly, run into the house ;—quick, you old witch—and perhaps you will hear what’s it’s all about.” Such was the curiosity of the peasantry of that day, which prevails, to some extent, even to the present.

The lady of Florence Mac Carthy was a very pretty, plump little woman ; not more than about four feet ten inches in height ; but she was, notwithstanding her *embonpoint*, symmetrically made. Her eyes were dark and large, her mouth small, and her nose beautifully shaped. The daughters, of whom Mrs. Jephson gave so flattering a description, were large-boned, awkward girls, more like wild colts than “wild roses.”

As the Mac Carthy was sleeping after dinner, the mother and daughters retired to a private apartment to read the letter.

The silk thread was barely cut,—which was done with expedition, but at the same time with a little trepidation,—when Molly opened the door, put in her head, and asked, “If her ladyship had good news ?”

“Get out of that, Molly, and shut the door ; how dare you intrude on my privacy ? See now, she has

left the door half open, and is listening outside. Drive her out of that, Kathleen, and put a chair to the door."

Kathleen having pushed the woman down the stairs, step by step, by the shoulders, and made other precautionary arrangements, the letter was opened and read—with a little difficulty, at first ; but by the aid of the daughters, who were reading, or trying to read over their mother's shoulder, the meaning at length burst upon them, like the rays of the sun from beneath a dark inky cloud, which diffused nothing but sunshine through the chamber, and I may add—if the reader will excuse the multiplication of metaphors—through the chambers of their hearts. The two big girls, in their joy, began to kiss and hug their little mother, in a fearful manner, and then to dance about the room, as if they had never been to a ball more than once, in all their lives. They had never got an invitation like this before, and therefore set a proper value on it. But both wife and daughters wondered the father had said nothing of his invitation to meet the Lord President of Munster ; so down the little woman rolled, and down the two big daughters bolted, to ask him, " Why he had not told them ?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

“And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsye fit he findes : of nothing he takes keepe.
The messenger approaching to him spake,
But his waste wordes retourned to him in vaine :
So sound he slept that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch, but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubles, sights, and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft but would not all his silence break.”

SPENSER.

“FLORENCE, my dear !” said the wife, shaking the sleeping monster by the shoulder.

Florence, who weighed nearly twenty stone, and who lay as unmoved and insensible as the Rock of Cashel, answered by a snore.

“Florence, my dear !” cried Lady Ellen, again.

A snore, and a grunt, were the reply.

“Here, girls, you must shake him, for I am not able.” The little woman sat down, exhausted.

The two girls, who had something of their father’s bone and muscle in their frames, continued shaking, one at each shoulder, till the father, who

had not been so rocked since he was a baby, opened his eyes in wonderment.

“ Father ! father ! a *letter* ! ”

“ A what ? ”

“ A letter, a letter from the President of Munster ; no, not from—— ”

“ Damnation seize the President of Munster ! how dare he send his letters to me ? ”

“ Now, Florence Mac Carthy, I must request you will give over cursing ; such oaths are not suited for good society, and I will endure it no longer.”

There was something new in Lady Mac Carthy's style of rebuke which made her lord stare.

“ The letter,” continued the wife, “ is not from the President, but from Lady Jephson, of Mallow.”

“ I know no Lady Jephson in Mallow. I know a jackanapes, called John Jephson* there. Do you mean his wife ? ”

“ I do, the daughter of the late Lord President, Sir Thomas Norreys. You won't deny his title, I suppose.”

“ Confound their titles ;—what care I for them ? Well, what about the letter ? ”

“ She has written to me in the kindest, and most courteous way, inviting us all to accompany you to

* John Jephson had a patent of knighthood passed to him in 1611, eleven years after the date of my story.

the Castle, to-morrow, to meet the Lord President, and some other English nobility ; and has asked us to stay there a few days."

"I will not go to meet the President, or their English nobility."

"Not go to meet the President !"

"No ; the fiends seize me if I do."

"For shame, Florence, why not ?"

"Why not, woman ! Do you want me to put my neck in a halter ?"

"Will he not give you a safe conduct ?"

"What the hell care I for his conduct ?"

"No, Florence Mac Carthy ; you can't deceive me ; I know your objection. You are afraid to offend the *Sugane* Earl, or O'Neill. Is not that the case ?"

"And why should I turn against my country and religion, for all the Presidents, or Jephsons of Munster ?"

"But why should you turn against your own flesh and blood, and your own family ; and lie lurking here, like a rebel, when you might hold up your head with the best in the land ?"

"Who are they ? Is it the Lord President, or John Jephson ? Faugh upon the whole of them, for upstarts !"

"For shame, Florence !"

“ May curses light on me, if I go !”

“ Now, Florence, my love, don’t say that, for I have set my heart on it ; not only for your sake, but for the sake of these dear girls.”

“ Now, Nell, don’t torment me, for I wont go.”

“ Now, Florence, you *must*,” said the wife, bending over him in a coaxing way.

“ No, I won’t.”

“ Yes, you *will*.”

Florence shakes his head.

“ Do, dada,” chimed in both the daughters, “ do for mamma’s sake.”

The father’s head still shakes, but there is a smile on his face.

“ I ask you for the last time, Florence Mac Carthy ; will you, or will you *not*, come with me, and these girls, to Mallow ?”

Florence looks up and smiles, but there is no shake of the head this time.

“ *Will* you ?”

“ He will, mamma ; he will, he will ;” said the girls, hopping round him, and clapping their hands.

“ Ah ! you big rogue, what coaxing you take,” said his little wife, kissing him.

It must be a curious instinct, which leads a man seven feet high in his vamps, like Mac Carthy *More*, to mate himself with a woman less than

five feet ; but it is something more than instinct which brings such a monster on his knees, to such a woman. It is love ; some strange sort of millennium love,—for we see, in such a case, the fulfilling of the prophecy, “ *The lion shall lie down with the lamb.*” Such men could never be governed without the magic spell of woman’s voice, and the power of her soft hand ; which is far more omnipotent, in taming man’s fierce nature, than the voice or hand of his fellow. See how she holds him by that silken thread of love, and leads him off to Mallow, as a little country maiden leads a new weaned lamb, by a hempen cord, to market.

“ Come, girls,” said Lady Ellen, “ we must go and prepare ; it is late now ; we must leave this early in the morning.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

“ When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.”

“ You need my help, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies.”

SHAKSPEARE.

I HOPE my readers will not be disappointed if I leave these ladies here, for the present. I introduced them to shew the beautiful kind of machinery invented by Mrs. Jephson, for removing that immense mass of flesh and blood, called Florence Mac Carthy, about twenty miles down the River Blackwater. I shall not, therefore, inform the reader, how the ladies dressed, or how they travelled, or how they curtsied, as they entered the ball-room of the castle, or what remarks were made by the English officers, on their *tout ensemble* ; my story requires that I should confine myself, for the present, to a private conference between the Mac Carthy *More* and the President. “ Business,” gentle readers, as your fathers, husband, and brothers, sometimes say to you, “ business must be first attended to.”

I must, therefore, request you to leave the ball-

room, and retire with me to a private apartment, where Mac Carthy and Sir George Carew are comfortably seated in easy chairs, with glasses before them, and wine in abundance at their elbow.

“ You call this business, do you ?” I hear you exclaim.

Most certainly. Mr. Villiers—better known as the Earl of Clarendon,—and Counsellor Sheil,—afterwards the Right Honourable Lalor Sheil—once accomplished the dissolution of the Repeal Association, by giving the members a dinner, while Dan was at Derrynane : “ *C'est le ventre qui gouverne le monde,*” as Napoleon Bonaparte used to say.

The President was all politeness and attention, and often pressed his companion to drink ; Mac Carthy was all softness and smiles, but he had a stronger head than the President, and therefore drank freely. Though a large, formidable looking man, he was naturally kind and polite in his deportment. Though strong, he was, like all strong things, quiet in his strength, and when he had an object to gain, lavish in his politeness and professions of friendship.

“ Allow me, my Lord,” said the President, who treated Mac Carthy *More* with the most marked respect, “ to thank you for the alacrity with which

you have come to meet with me here, to speak on the affairs of this province, for I believe there is no one better versed in these matters than your lordship."

"Long experience, my Lord President, has taught me something of the affairs of Munster ; but I have endeavoured to interfere between contending parties as little as possible."

"I am satisfied of that," said the President, who knew Mac Carthy to be the most meddling rebel in Munster, "and therefore rely on getting more impartial information and better advice from you than from any other of Her Majesty's liege subjects in the South of Ireland. Now could you tell me, at a rough guess, what you would suppose to be about the amount of force the *Sugane* Earl of Desmond would be able to bring into the field?"

The moment Mac Carthy heard this question propounded, he put on his considering cap, shut one eye, and said, "Let me see——." Some men can see more out of one eye than others can out of two. He then began to argue with himself thus :—"There are two ways of blinding this fellow—who is going to Limerick to oppose our forces ; and the devil take me if I know which to adopt. I may lead him astray by giving him either an over, or an under estimate of our men. Which shall it be ;

over or under? The big lie, or the little one? The big lie is the best.”—“Well, my Lord, I should say,” said he, turning to the President, with great coolness and candour of manner, “the *Sugane* Earl cannot have much over twenty thousand men, *on whom he may safely depend.*”

“Twenty thousand devils!” said the knight, starting up in surprise, for he could not imagine Mac Carthy could have had the audacity of magnifying two into twenty; “I heard he had but two thousand.”

Mac Carthy smiled, as he asked:—“Who told you that, my Lord?”

“I heard it from several.”

“Then there must be a *combination* to deceive you; for I think I have rather understated the *Sugane* Earl’s following.”

“My Lord,” said the President, “there is no one who can assist Her Majesty’s council and forces, in the suppression of this rebellion, better than you can.”

“I declare to you, my Lord,” replied Mac Carthy, laying his hand on his heart, with great solemnity, “that my whole soul is devoted to Her Majesty’s person and service.”

He said this with so much grace and sincerity, that the knight, who was imposed on by his manner, believed him, and replied:—

“If so, why not give Her Majesty some proof of your loyalty and love? Believe me, it would not go unrewarded. Your ancestors, in former days, I am given to understand, owned all the estates claimed by the Earl of Desmond.”

“They did.”

“Is there any portion of these estates you would now wish restored, which have not been already apportioned to loyal subjects?”

“There is.”

“Mention them.”

He mentioned a long list, in the counties of Cork and Kerry, with the Irish names of which I shall not trouble the reader.

“Is there anything else in which Her Gracious Majesty may oblige you, my dear friend? for if there be, depend upon my good services.”

“Thank you, my Lord; there is a little matter I think more of than the estates themselves.”

“Mention it.”

“That the title of *Mac Carthy More* be conferred on me and my descendants, *in sæcula sæculorum*.”

The President thought for a time before he replied, and then added:—

“There may be a little difficulty here, inasmuch as Her Majesty has conferred the title on your cousin. You know who I mean.”

“I do : Donnell, the base-born of Lord Clancare. Let her give him another. That was not her’s to grant.”

“Not her’s to grant ! my dear sir,” said the President, in surprise, looking really shocked ; for he was just then title-hunting himself. “Not her’s to grant !—why these titles of nobility are more especially in the gift of monarchs, than anything else : the throne is the fountain from which these honours flow.” For this, the President—had he lived in our days—might have quoted the authority of the poet Burns :—

“A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an’ a’ that ;
But an honest man’s aboon his might,
Guid faith he ma’na fa’ that.”

“It may be all true of knights, barons, and earls ; but not of *Mors* or *Mores*, which my family has inherited from the seventh century.”

“Well, what token of your attachment to Her Majesty, may I tell her, she may expect, as a proof of your sense of her kindness ?”

“What do you think would be most pleasing to her ?”

“You could give her no higher proof of your allegiance and loyalty, than by sending your

son, as a hostage, to Her Majesty's court, in England."

"My son!—oh, confusion! I could not send my son—I would sooner go myself; besides, the boy is weak, and would pine for his mother. Oh, no, she would never consent to that."

"But if your lady consents, I am sure you, for such an increase of property and titles, would not object?"

"Oh, curse it—no; the boy must stay with his mother. I would sooner go myself, and make submission on my bended knees, than send the boy."

The President, who saw it was worse than useless to press this point, said:—

"*Will* you, then, go yourself? and I promise you, on the honour of an English knight, you will be well received, and be invested with the estates, if not with the title."

"*I will!*" replied Mac Carthy—"yes, by all the saints in heaven, I'll go!"

"Have I your plighted honour, as an Irish nobleman, that you will do so? for I should wish at once to inform Her Majesty of this auspicious event."

"Yes—by heaven—you have; and there's my hand on it!"

They shook hands; and the President felt assured

he had gained the Mac Carthy *More* to the Queen's side.

"The next question which occurs," said the President, "is, *when* you will be able to depart?"

"Oh, soon, very soon."

"What hinders, that you should depart at once—to-morrow?"

"Two things ; one is, that I must first go among my people, who might rise in my absence, and join the *Sugane* Earl, if not advised by me to the contrary."

"Very properly thought of, indeed," said the President.

"And the other is, that I will require a few weeks to collect some money for the journey."

"How much do you think you would require?"

"Well, I could not go without some following. I suppose four hundred crowns."

"That's a large sum," said the President. "Could you not manage with less than that?"

"No, I fear not."

"Well, I will advance you that sum, to hasten your journey ; and you can let me have it on your return ;" saying which, he went to an *escrutoire*, drew out the sum in gold, and handed it to Mac Carthy, who clutched his hand, with a gripe of gratitude, as he replied :—

“Ten thousand thanks for this, my Lord ; and curse me, but you shall have the money, the day after I come back.”

As he never went, he did not break his word, although he never paid the money ; but whether he was sincere, at the time, in promising to go, I cannot say. If he was, he very soon changed his mind ; the first proof of which was conveyed to Sir George by the detection of private letters, in which Mac Carthy sent the rebels information of the President's plan of operations, with which he had become acquainted while staying, with his wife and daughters, at Mallow Castle.

We cannot be astonished, after this, at the Lord President's calling him, in his private despatches, by all the hard names he does ; for he was a clever, politic, scheming scoundrel ; but withal, a fine specimen of an Irishman. He deceived and bamboozled and humbugged in a way that made humbug and deceit interesting, respectable, and princely. Like the great father of lies, you could not but admire his versatile talents, his daring impudence and intrepidity. There was nothing too hot or too heavy for you, Florence Mac Carthy *More*.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

“ Came running in, much like a man dismaid,
A messenger with letters, which his message said.”

SPENSER.

“ Lies he not bedrid ?”

SHAKSPEARE.

BUT the Lord President, Sir George Carew, was too old a soldier, and too knowing a tactician, to give public expression to his feelings of chagrin and disappointment, at being thus out-manœuvred by a man,—who, judging from appearance, might pass for a huge Irish *omedhawn*. He felt he had something to learn, and that it was only right and proper he should pay for being initiated into Irish roguery,—pay for his schooling. And to do him credit, he took the worth of his money home with him, from his school in Munster. We may say of him, as Irish schoolmasters sometimes say of a clever boy, “He stripped the tree of knowledge.” The Irish could teach him nothing more : he was up to every artful dodge, and versed in every species of Irish villany, before he left the country ; for he had a natural aptitude and taste for this kind of learning.

Finding that Mac Carthy was delaying his journey to England beyond the time arranged between them for his departure, he wrote to remind him of the circumstance, without even hinting that he suspected him of treachery or fraud.

The messenger sent to Dhuhallow—an Irishman, of course; none other would have found it safe to go there—met the Mac Carthys in the height of the celebration of an Irish ball, spending and “slashing” away the President’s four hundred crowns, “at the rate of a Dhuhallow hunt.” If there was one, there were a hundred Mac Carthys present, for the Kerry cousins were invited, to “the twenty-ninth generation,” as they say in that part of the country. The male portion of the company were “*fou and furious*.”

The man was, of course, interrogated by the people collected near the door, respecting his business; but his reply was, that “He came from Moyallo (Mallow), and wanted to see Mac Carthy *More*.”

Mac Carthy *More* by-and-by made his appearance, took the President’s letter from the man’s hand, and read it more correctly than could have been expected from a man nearly half drunk; after which he interrogated the messenger thus:—

“Who are you?”

“My name is Jack Hetherington, your honour.”

“Do any of you, blackguards, know this fellow?”

“I know him, your honour; he is a dacent boy, and belongs to these parts.”

He was a man about thirty-five years of age.

“Is he a good Catholic?”

“O L—d, yes.”

“Well, Jack Hetherington, do you hear me? go back to Sir George Carew, the Lord President of Munster, who gave you this letter, and tell him you found me sick, in bed. Do you mind, *sick*.”

“*Very sick*, your honour?”

“Yes, *very sick*; so sick, that I am unable to write to him, or give an answer to his letter; and give him my compliments, and say, he may expect to hear from me, the minute I am able to write.”

“I will, your honour,” said the messenger with a low bow.

“Stay,” said Mac Carthy, drawing out a long purse, which was still heavy with the President’s gold, “there is half a crown for you. Take him now to the kitchen,” said he to a servant, “and let him be well treated; but mind, don’t make him drunk; for that would look suspicious; and let him return early next morning.”

“May God Almighty shower down blessings on your honour; and it’s you’d spend the money, if you had it.”

The Dhuhallow messenger was back with the President, at Mallow, by ten o'clock the next morning.

"Well," said the President, eyeing him suspiciously,—“where is the answer to the letter?”

“I've no answer for your honour,” replied the man, pulling the long tuft of hair at his forehead.

“No answer!”

“No, your honour; the Mac Carthy is very sick.”

“Very sick!”

“Oh! very sick, intirely, your honour; and he bade me till your honour to excuse him, but the minit he was able to write, your honour should hear from him.”

“You saw him, then?”

“I did, your honour.”

“Where?”

“Lyin' on the broad of his back, in bed.”

“What's the matter with him?”

“Why, I believe, your honour, its what the gentry call the embargo, or *lumbargo*, I believe, is the right word.”

“Lumbago, you mean. How know you that?”

“Sure I heard him roarin', wid the pain in his back, before I wint into the room, and the screech he give whin he held out his hand for the letter, God save us, it almost tuck the roof aff my skull.”

“Are you sure now, you are telling me the truth?”

“*Truth!* Does your honour think I’d tell your honour a lie? Oh! the Lord forbid I’d tell your honour a lie. It’s as true as the saints is in heaven.”

“Well, you may go: there is a crown for you; and if I find you have spoken correctly, I may employ you again.”

“May the angels in heaven make your honour’s bed, and your honour will always find me tellin’ your honour the truth.”

The President was suspicious, and puzzled. He did not know what to believe. Mac Carthy *might* be sick; but, sick or well, he knew he was not a man to depend on.

Mac Carthy found it more difficult to deceive the *Sugane* Earl, who heard of his conference with the President, and felt indignant at his apathy and tergiversation. Florence feigned sickness as an excuse to him also, but we may see, by the following letter—which was written from the County Limerick, where the Earl was mustering his forces—that the Irish general knew more of Mac Carthy’s cunning ways than the Englishman did:—

The following is a copy of the original letter*:

* *Pacata Hibernia*, vol. i. p. 86.

“ COUSIN,

“ Your letter of the fifth of this present, I have received the eighth of the same, where you write of your sickness, and the impediments that caused your soldiers to bee slow in prosecuting our general action. In your former letter you write and vow, that there hath been neither peace, truce, nor cessation confirmed betweene you and the President. I am informed, by my particular friends, and also by a letter (intercepted) from the President to you, that some mitigation of time is limited betwixt you and them, whereupon they depend on your assistance to be restrained from us. If this be thus, it is farre contrary to that I hoped, and much beyond the confidence reposed by O’Neale and myselfe in your vowed fidelitie and service to God and our action. I perceive Donell Mac Cartie is raising head in disquieting your countrey, the redresse whereof consisted in your constant assistance to be bestowed ; the President not being able to perform any service by land, hath appointed to come to sea by Askeaton, and some force out of Thomond towards the glinne : all which by the divine providence of God shall be prevented. The causes of urgent affaires are very many, which required your presence and loving assistance, that without your sound advice can hardly bee accom-

plished, and therefore in regard of your fidelitie let me entreat you, (*if your sickness bee not apparently known to bee so extreme,*) to lay all excuses apart, and to draw towards this countrey, with so few or so many as you may possibly afford ; else you gieve us cause to think of some inward meaning in you, contrary to our general action. And thus expecting your present repaire or speedy answer, I commit you to God. *June vt Supra.*

“ Your very loving Cousen,

“ JAMES DESMOND.

“ P.S. I thank you for your hint about Nugent. His character must be well known in Mallow. There may be, after all, no just ground for your suspicions, but I shall not fail to keep an eye upon him.

“ J. D.”

We may learn from the latter part of this letter, the true bent of Mac Carthy's mind, if we may judge from Desmond's implied suspicion. Mac Carthy wished to serve the Earl, if he could do so without injury to himself ; but he feared the President, who could prey upon his property in West Carbery ; and the distant hopes of possessing the Earl's confiscated estates, and receiving, by royal

patent, the title of the Mac Carthy More, dazzled his eye, and deceived his heart, and caused him to act the traitor, or at least the deceiver, to both friend and foe.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

“No more delays, vain boaster, but begin ;
I prophesy before-hand I shall win.
I’ll teach you how to brag another time.”

DRYDEN.

THE President of Munster concluded very wisely that it would be time and labour lost, to wait for, or send after the Mac Carthy More again. “But,” continued he, cogitating and speaking to himself alone, as was his habit, “I don’t think that my conference with that cunning scoundrel, or even the money I was fool enough to advance him, will go for nought. If it keeps him quiet, and from interfering in an active and decided manner against us, much has been gained, and, I think, cheaply gained. I may therefore reckon him as *hors de combat*. Let me see, now, how matters stand at present—what are the cards in my hand for winning this game? for win it I will. I have played one knave, and I have another—Nugent. I must inquire, when I go to Limerick, what he is about. I then have still in my hand, this Dermond O’Conor, the general of the Earl’s Connaught bownoughs, and

his wife Lady Margaret, who, I am sure, would sooner her own brother, the real heir to the titles, were possessed of the property, than her cousin, the *Sugane* Earl. This is natural ; and she, I hear, is a woman of great ambition. This Lady Margaret, therefore, is my best court-card. I wonder if Her Majesty would consent to liberate her brother, James, the old Earl's son, from the Tower ; his influence in this part of the country would be great, and would divide the following with Fitz-Thomas ; and, as he is young, and has been reared a Protestant, he would not be likely to exert his influence against the State. The matter is worth further thought. Think over it again, Master George," said the knight, addressing himself ; "and if you consider the scheme wise and practicable, you can write to the Secretary, Robert Cecil."

After holding this council with himself, he joined his troops, which were defiling in the "*Long Meadow*," and took the road for Buttevant, on his way to Limerick. When he arrived at Bruff, which lies beyond Charleville, and between Charleville and Kilmallock, he heard that the *Sugane* Earl, and part of the rebel forces, were in possession of an island, in Loughquire or Lough-Gair, where was a strong castle. Hither he therefore hastened, with a troop of horse, giving directions for the rest of the force

to follow, with the culverins, determining, at one stroke, to batter the castle about the Earl's ears, and end the war by an able *coup de guerre*.

When arrived at the castle, he found it stronger and better defended than he expected, and the lake, at the narrowest part, wider than he was given to believe ; and while in the act of planting his small culverins, he was so warmly saluted from the fort, that he deemed it the wisest and most prudent course to continue his march to Limerick, where he hoped, as he stated, to get larger cannon. To Limerick, therefore, he gave the command to march.

The President found, as he expected, two or three large pieces of cannon in the city of Limerick ; but they were “unlimbered,”* and there was no proper material, nor man in Limerick, to mount them. “It was then,” as the modest knight says of himself, “the President shewed himselfe to bee a master in that facultie ; for cannonier or other artificer, skilful in the mounture of ordnance, he had none ; the smiths and carpenters were onely directed by him ; according to the preparations he gave, they wrought ; and, in the end, a demi-cannon was mounted, and drawn towards the gate of the cittie that leadeth to the island of Loughquire before named.”

* Dismounted,—in pieces.

Well, Sir George, what next?—you carried it there, of course, battered down the walls, and took the castle?

No ; the knight had no such intention ; he never employed violence when he could accomplish his purpose by art.

What did you mount this cannon for, then, and draw it out, as the Grecians did their Horse ?

“ You have hit my idea by your similitude,” exclaims the knight. “ It was to set the people of the city talking about it. Do you think I never read Virgil ? Do you imagine the rebels in Limerick were slow in conveying to the people on the island the preparations we were making to batter down the walls ?”

You have told but the half, Sir Knight ; and, as your modesty prevents you revealing the working of your wit, it is proper the whole should be known.

The President met Nugent, the hired assassin, in Limerick, who told him of his difficulty in getting at the Earl, and therefore, of accomplishing his dark purpose. “ I have been on the island,” said Nugent, “ but did not succeed in seeing Fitz-Thomas ; he excused himself, and deputed his brother John, who is very like the Earl, to see me ; but I heard something of importance while there.”

“ What was it ?” inquired the knight.

“I met an old friend, one Owen Grome, from the North, and he told me the Earl and his brother were departing from the castle, in a few days, and that it was to be left in his charge.”

“Say you so? An old friend of yours? Could he be wrought upon, think you, to deliver the castle into my hands?”

“I should say so, for a proper consideration, my Lord.”

“How much would you suppose?”

“His terms are, his pardon, and three score pounds.”

“Then you have spoken with him on the matter?”

“I have.”

“His pardon, of course; but three score pounds is a large sum of money, Nugent. What say you to a hundred crowns?”

“It would not do, my Lord.”

“Ah! Nugent, I see, he is to divide this money between thee and him: thou art a witty knave, Nugent.”

“No, my Lord; on my honour, no.”

“Well,” said the President, “considering the many impediments which would arise if we should attempt the taking of this castle by force, and that it must needs be chargeable to the queen, and the cost of the lives of many of our men, and the great

delay for the prosecution of other services, it is wisest to accord to his demands, and it shall be done."

"But," replied Nugent, "it is also necessary that the place should be threatened by a strong force, and large cannon, otherwise my friend will have no reasonable excuse for the delivering of the place into your Lordship's hand."

"Very proper and wise, Nugent; we must, therefore, mount this large cannon; it will be a strong argument with these kerne." Hence the mounting and drawing out of the cannon.

Nugent, after informing the knight, by what means he was to communicate with Owen Grome for the delivery of the castle, said:—

"I shall now take my leave, my Lord, and if alive, shall meet your Lordship in the Castle of Loughquire."

"What mean you, Nugent? will you not stay, and accompany us to the island?"

"No, my Lord, I have *my own* business to perform."

"What mean you?"

"That is my secret, my Lord."

We must follow him, to see what it is.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“The words are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull. There, speak and strike.”—SHAKSPEARE.

LOUGH-GUIRE, or Lough-Gair, is in the county Limerick, near Bruff, on the old road between the town of Charleville and the city of Limerick. It is a most beautiful lake, surrounded by noble mountains, that seem to crowd about it, like rival lovers, contending for the favours and smiles of a fair lady ; which she seems to dispense with great impartiality, if we may judge from the sunshine which rests on their brows ; for now one enjoys it, then another, and another, till it is time for both lake and mountains to say “ Good night.” The mountains, as is seeming for lovers contending for the hand of an Irish maiden, are all clothed in green velvet mantles. Lady Lake has an emerald isle in her bosom, and on the isle stands a castle, the ruins of which may be seen to the present day.

At the time the incidents recorded in my story occurred, the margin of Loughquire was thickly

wooded with beech, ash, and Irish oak ; interspersed, here and there, with the arbutus, hawthorn, and other flowering shrubs. The trees and foliage in some places, were so thick that it was difficult to penetrate or pass through the wood.

It was but five o'clock in the morning, but the sun had risen above the tops of the mountains, and was beginning to cast his rays through the branches of the trees, and the thick shrubs that surrounded the lake. Had a traveller passed the spot, to which I shall now call the reader's attention, he might have seen the reflection of a helmet, shining out from among them. Had he pushed the branches aside, and entered a step or two within the wood, he would have seen the head of a soldier, rising above the pommel of the saddle of a black horse, that stood almost as quiet as its master. The man was tall and high shouldered, and about forty years of age; his hair and eyes were black, but the eyes were small, and shot vindictive glances, as they looked across the lake, in the direction of the castle. The lower jaw was wide, and the teeth strong, and firmly shut. The chin rested on the saddle, over which he gazed, as if he did not wish that his whole person should be seen. Two long horse pistols were fixed in his holsters, and the

handle of a *skean*, or Irish dagger, protruded from his bosom.

He still kept his eye fixed, with a quiet and untiring glance, on the same spot. His patience and constancy were at length rewarded, for he suddenly started from his recumbent position, with the exclamation "They come—at last!" "Now, Fitz-Thomas," continued he, "we shall see if thou art able to spurn me from thee, like a dog. When I offered to serve you—to serve you at the hazard of my own life—you despised my aid. We shall see if you can despise my revenge now. I was a servant, forsooth ;—what are you? A man of *straw* !—A *Sugane* Earl !"

The party which issued from the castle of Lough-quire was small, consisting of the Earl, his brother John, Captain Coppinger, and three or four others. They crossed in two boats, holding the reins of their horses, while they swam the lake.

The road wound round the wood, so that the horseman who was concealed there lost sight of them while he was crossing it, as he was compelled to do, evidently intending to come upon their track, where the path bordered closest on the thicket.

The Earl of Desmond looked somewhat paler, and more thoughtful than usual ; but if possible

more of the soldier than ever : authority and command sat gracefully on his brow.

His brother John, who was several years younger than himself, was about the same height, and very like him in the face ; but fairer. His hair, of a dark auburn tint, clustered in curls about his temples, and descended almost to his shoulders. A sincere affection evidently subsisted between the Earl and his brother, like the love between Jonathan and David. The Earl lavished upon John much of the fond affection of a parent, while the younger brother looked up to Desmond with all the loving admiration and respect of a child. But this did not always appear in his manner, for he seemed,—it was only in seeming—to take the liberty of a spoiled child. “I declare, Fitz-Thomas,” said he, after admiring for some time, in silence, the noble appearance of his brother, who rode just before him, “I declare Fitz-Thomas,” said he, riding up to him, “if I had that casque and black plume of yours, I should look just as much the general as yourself.”

“Well, take it,” replied the Earl, undoing the strap, and doffing the helmet and plume.

“Well, here’s my beaver; exchange is no robbery; and I take you to witness, my men, that your general has resigned in my favour. Now, Coppinger,

what say you to a race along this green sward? my horse against yours, for fifty crowns."

Coppinger rode forward, and said :—" Well, General, I accept the terms, and take you at your word."

" Then here goes," said the young man, " whip, spur, jack, and away !" and away he went like the wind, with Coppinger at his heels.

They had nearly ridden to the spot where the road leaves the side of the wood, when they drew up, to breathe their horses ; and just as they got there, they brought them into a walk. Coppinger, who was a little behind, saw, at this moment, a man, riding a black horse, emerge from the wood, and hasten after his friend, with a horse pistol in his hand. He spurred quickly after him, crying "*Treason! treason!*"

The stranger fired; the young man's horse started, and nearly threw its rider, whose helmet and plume fell on the road.

" Are you hurt ?" exclaimed Coppinger.

" After him !" said John of Desmond, " I think I know him. It is that damned traitor, Nugent."

Nugent was some distance in advance, and he rode a good horse, but not so good a one as the horses of those in pursuit ; but they were somewhat blown, by the previous race along the margin of the

wood, so that, on the whole, they were pretty fairly matched.

Nugent often turned in his saddle, and took the distance between him and his pursuers, with his eye, and regulated his pace accordingly, and kept about the same distance ahead. He knew his horse had wind and bottom, and would beat the blood horses in pursuit, if the race were to be a long one.

Whether the Earl's brother saw this, or was urged forward by the thoughtless, but wild daring, by which youth is often propelled, I know not; but he shook the reins, drove the spurs fiercely into his horse's flanks, and lashed it into lightning speed, along a road full of ruts and projecting rocks. Nugent, in self-defence, was obliged to increase his pace, but while more cautious, he was less fortunate, for he had scarcely brought his horse to the top of his speed, before he stumbled, and fell, throwing his rider over his head. He was not, however, much injured by the fall.

"Ah! you villain," said the young man, coming up, and dismounting, "I have you now; rise, and draw, for I will not slay you there."

"Before I do so," replied Nugent, "tell me, have I slain him?"

"Slain whom?"

"The Earl."

“No, villain ; it was me you shot at.”

“You ! It was the man with the helmet and black plume.”

“You meant, therefore, to murder my brother, did you ? Then, curse me, but you shall have a dog’s death ; you shall *hang* for it.”

Coppinger at this moment rode up, and shortly after, the Earl and his party, who were first startled by the report of Nugent’s pistol, and then filled with apprehension for the safety of the Earl’s brother, by seeing the helmet and plume lying on the road. The Earl, when he learned all the circumstances, confirmed his brother’s decision, respecting the mode of Nugent’s death—hanging.

Nugent was pacing his prison room early next morning, when John of Desmond entered, and after looking upon him for a few seconds with the compassionate interest that the brave and good, and especially young, take in the misfortunes of the most obdurate transgressors, he turned and addressed the prisoner thus :—

“John Nugent, what foul fiend could have prompted thee to attempt my brother’s life?”

“Young man,” said Nugent, turning towards him with a contemptuous, bitter smile, “I am not in the confessional.”

“Would you, then, have a holy priest ?” replied

his interrogator, forgetting the object which carried him to Nugent's cell, in his deeper interest for the assassin's soul.

"*Priest!* No—I have but one sin to confess, and of it, thou, perhaps, mayst shrive me."

"What is that?" inquired John of Desmond, with curiosity.

"My want of success, and stupidity in mistaking thee for thy brother."

He said this with so much of bitter malice, that the blood flew up to John of Desmond's brow, as he replied, "*Then die!*—Had it been my life he sought, I could have shrived him, as he says." He left the assassin to his fate.

"Now, John," said the Earl, after Nugent's execution, "you must beware, and never mount my helmet and black plume again. You see, my boy, the higher we hold our heads, the greater the danger. '*He that exalteth his gate,*'—as Solomon says,—'*seeketh destruction.*'"

"If there were danger, I would willingly bear it for your sake, brother."

"I know it, John. God bless you, and have you in his keeping, brother."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

“Ceneus, a woman once, and once a man,
But ending in the sex she first began.”

DRYDEN.

“Our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to the celebrated father.”—ADDISON.

“WELL,” said the President, again speaking to himself, “so Nugent is gone. I believe he was a damnable rogue ; but he was a clever fellow, and put the castle of Loughquire into my hands, so I’m sorry for him ; but his death will save the Queen’s treasury some crowns. Let me now see what must be my next move. What card shall I play now ? It lies between James, the young *Parliamentary Earl*, and Dermond O’Conor, the *Sugane* Earl’s general of Connaught bownoughs—or, I should rather say, between the young Earl and his sister, Lady Margaret. What say you, Master George ?” continued he—“the Queen or the Earl ? The Queen. Then, let it be so ; she is the best piece on the board. We shall leave the young knight in the Tower, for the present. These knights take such extraordinary side-leaps, when you bring them into the field,* that

* Sir George here confounds cards and chess.

you can never be sure of them ; and who can tell but this young colt, after being let loose in this country, might give me as much trouble in catching him, and putting the halter about his neck, as his cousin. I therefore decide for the Queen, or, more correctly, for Lady Margaret, the wife of O'Connor, for the sake of *the* Queen."

Lady Margaret, as I believe I have before stated, was the daughter of the Sixteenth Earl of Desmond, called the Great Earl—he who was slain and beheaded by Kelly, in 1583, whose death we have described in the Introductory Chapter. She was the sister of James, called the *Parliamentary* Earl, who was confined in the Tower of London at the time my story opens ; and the wife of Dermond O'Connor, called O'Connor Don, a chief of the O'Conors of Roscommon, who came into Munster with a force of fifteen hundred kerne and gallowglasses, which were hired by the Earl of Desmond for the Munster wars. In a word, they were mercenary soldiers, and he was a mercenary general, who served in Munster, for pay, as did the Scotch and Swiss in France and on other parts of the Continent of Europe.

Castle Lyshin,* the residence of O'Connor and his

* *Caislen-an-lisin*—i.e., the Castle of the Little Fort. Its ruins are still visible in the townland of Castle Ishin, parish

wife Lady Margaret, was situated in the midst of the great wood or forest of Kilmore, in Connello, about seven miles from the town of Kilmallock. It was a castle of great strength, and difficult of approach, from the extent and denseness of the forest by which it was surrounded. The Earl had given it to O'Connor, as the safest residence for his wife, Lady Margaret.

In a large and handsomely furnished apartment of this castle, sat the fair wife of the Connaught mercenary ; and on her noble brow sat all the high daring of her proud sires, the Earls of Desmond.

But how is this ? Her eyes are red from weeping, as she looks upon the lawn, from the bay window of her strong castle. Weeping is not her wont. What can be the cause ? Her husband is absent. She hears he has made an appointment to meet the President of Munster. Does she suspect treachery, and weep *for him* ? Does she weep like the mother of Sisera, who “Looked out of the window, and cried through the lattice, why is his chariot so long in coming, why tarry the wheels of his chariot ?”

of Knocktemple, in the county of Cork, not far from the borders of the county of Limerick.—See “*Annals of Ireland*,” published by Hodges and Smith.—pp. 2172, 3.

If the heavy curtains of those bay windows be drawn aside, and the light allowed to penetrate through the dark embrasures of the room, it will be seen that Lady Margaret is not alone. In that room sits a man with a high, intellectual brow, and a clear grey eye. There is a calm placidity about his face, which quells, to some extent, the sea of passion which is heaving in the bosom of O'Connor's wife. It is Archer the Jesuit, the *Confessor* of Lady Margaret.

It was he who produced that heaving of the lady's bosom ; it was he, who, by the authority and power of the confessional, stirred up that lady's passions from the lowest depths of her soul. And there he sits, himself, calm and unmoved, like one viewing from a high and sunny cliff the swell of mighty waters at his side.

"Father," at length exclaimed the lady, approaching him, "you have used the power which the holy Church has given you, of looking into my inmost soul ; you have made me tell you *all* : you now know the weakness of this poor heart : this confession has robbed me of female delicacy, as well as pride, and emboldens me to question you in return."

"Any question, Lady Margaret, which I am able to answer, and which religion, and the rules of the

Church, do not forbid me to answer, I shall be most happy to reply to : speak."

"You tell me he is not married to this Ellen Spenser?"

"Most certainly *not*."

"I wonder he left her without marrying her."

"I cannot account for that."

"Think you, father, that he has any fondness for me still? or could he yet love me? I *know* he loved me once, and I thought he looked sorrowful the first time I met him after my marriage with O'Connor. Oh! sad and horrible madness! Father, I know not what passion in my heart is strongest; whether it be pride, revenge, or love. Oh! it must be *love*; I *feel* it must; for I could throw myself—though the daughter of a Desmond—like the basest dependant at his feet, and ask him to forgive me, and love me still. What think you?"

"Lady, I know not what to think"

"You know *my* heart, but not *his*."

"I am not his *confessor*."

"Well, father, I shall now ask you of what you *do* know."

"Then I shall answer you, if——"

"No *ifs*!—Could I get a divorce from this man, O'Connor?"

“From your husband?” inquired the Jesuit, in surprise.

“Yes, from him whom you *call* such.”

“I fear not, lady.”

“Why not? Has not your Church power to loose as well as to bind?”

“What? in cases like this?”

“Yes, in cases like this.”

“Not without sufficient cause.”

“And what more sufficient cause, think you, could exist than a want of love? *Love!* Let me not profane the name, for I loathe the very sight of the man. His breath scorches me like the flames of hell. Have you not influence at Rome, with the Holy Father?”

“I know it would not be availing here.”

“Many of my ancestors had no difficulty in parting with their wives, and marrying others; and the Church sanctioned it. There were the Burkes, who had two or three married wives at the same time.”*

* The Council-Book, in the reign of Henry VIII., contains an order for the “Captainship of Clanricarde upon the death of Ulick de Burgo, the first Earle of Clanricarde, during the minority of his sonne, and untill it were determined who was his lawful heir male, for that he had three married wives at the time of his death.” In another place, after speaking of his many marriages and divorces, it is added, “but no doubt he married this *last whoman* *solemply*.”

“The cases you mention are those of *husbands* divorcing their wives, and not those of the wives divorcing their husbands.”

“But is there any moral difference?”

“Not much, I confess to you; still the precedent is not in your favour. But this would not be the strongest objection with the Holy Father.”

“What then?”

“The making an enemy of O’Conor, and the weakening of the cause.”

“Then I swear, if the Holy Father do not grant me this boon, and set me free from this accursed bondage, that I will work more damage to the Church, and pull down more than all the O’Conors in Roscommon could build up; and the opportunity is at hand.”

“What mean you, lady?”

“I mean what I say, and by G—d* I’ll do it.”

“To what do you refer?”

“It is no matter, I am not now at confession.”

“That woman has given me more trouble and perplexity of mind, than all the men I ever met,” said the Jesuit, as he retired from the lady’s presence.

* Lady Margaret had the high authority of Queen Elizabeth for swearing “by God.” The reader, no doubt, remembers the case of the poor bishop, whom she frightened with an “*or, by God I’ll unfrock you.*”

I told you before, Mr. Archer, that old bachelors did not understand young women. Take care you do not burn your fingers. You can do your and your Church's work better with slaves, than with free men, or free women. Never harness a lion, or a lioness, to your chariot, when you can be drawn by docile horses, or asses—unless you wish to destroy yourself, and the chariot too.

CHAPTER XL.

“Against the undivulged pretence I fight,
Of treas’nous malice.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“HE has now been nearly two months in this neighbourhood,” said Lady Margaret, speaking to herself, as she paced up and down the withdrawing room of Lyshin Castle, “and called but once ; and then he evidently avoided me. Had I a fever or pest, he could not have done more. I have lost the power of drawing him, or binding him to my side. As he will not come of his own accord, by heaven I will force him to come ! If bands of love will not bind him, iron chains shall.”

She then went to the window and looked out, and said, “What can keep O’Conor ? He promised to be back from the President before now. There they are !” exclaimed she in delight ; “I hear their horses’ feet ; I shall now learn all.—O God !” she again exclaimed, raising her fair hand to her throbbing temples, and pressing them, “did I ever think it would come to this, to conspire against

the liberty, perhaps the life, of the only man in the world I ever loved? Oh! Fitz-Thomas, to what have you driven your cousin—your ‘fair cousin Margaret,’ as you used to call me, when you stroked my brow, and pushed the hair aside from my temples? This weakness will unman me! yes, *unman* me, for I must be the woman no longer. Here he comes, the false knave!”

This last epithet was applied to her husband, who now entered the room. O’Conor, the general of the bownoughs, was a man somewhat under the middle height, strongly made, with red hair and light, grey eyes. He was, at this time, about forty years of age.

“I have to crave your ladyship’s pardon,” said he, approaching her, and saluting her with affectionate politeness, “but the conference was delayed to a later hour, at Kilmallock, than I had anticipated.”

“Who were there?” inquired Lady Margaret.

“The Lord President, the Earl of Thomond, and Miler Mac Grath, the Protestant Archbishop of Cashel.”

“No doubt of Mac Grath’s being there: no mischief could be hatched, or treachery to his country intended, without the aid of that apostate churchman.”

“I thought this measure had your ladyship’s approval. It was at your request, nay even entreaty, that I engaged in this business.”

“I may approve of the measure, but not of the men.”

“I hope your ladyship will make an exception in *my* favour,” said O’Conor, smiling.

“I do not know that; but go on: on what measures did you decide?”

“On apprehending the Earl.”

“And confining him—where?”

“In this castle.”

“There you have decided wisely,” said Lady Margaret, with a thrill of pleasure she found it difficult to conceal.

“For my services in this affair, the President has promised two thousand pounds in hands, and to get me created, by royal patent—should it meet your approval—Earl of Desmond. But provided you should wish your brother James, who is now in the Tower of London, to be reinstated, he will bestow upon me other emoluments and honours. He seems to think that your brother’s influence, he being the son of the old Earl, and therefore having the better right to the title, would be more potential in quelling the rebellion; but on this affair he requested me to consult your ladyship.”

“If Fitz-Thomas loses the title and estates, my brother is the proper person to inherit them.”

“I think so too,” said O’Conor, but he thought, in his heart, the very reverse; “but, for your ladyship’s sake,” added he, “I expressed no opinion to the President. And as you are also the child of the Great Earl, and possessed in Ireland of far more influence than your brother, who has been immured for the last twenty years in the Tower of London, I knew not how you might decide.”

“There is truth in what you say,”—here she pressed her hand on her temples again,—“but should Fitz-Thomas lose all, I will not leave my poor brother in the Tower, under the claw of that she-dragon, Elizabeth, if I have the power of delivering him.”

“But remember, he is now a *Protestant*,” said O’Conor.

“I don’t care if he was a Turk: he is my brother. Poor boy, I remember him well. But it is a long time ago. My mother carried him to London, hoping to propitiate the wrath of the Queen, on my father’s behalf. But it was vain. He was then a sweet child. I remember how he put his little arms round my neck, as he went away.” These recollections brought tears to her eyes.

“Could she,” inquires one of my fair readers,

“feel, and weep thus for a brother, and yet give, for years, all her countenance and support, to set up his cousin, the *Sugane* Earl, in his stead?”

Oh, dear, yes; nothing more easy, or more natural. Did you ever read the romance of Don Rodrigo the *Cid*?

“No.”

Then read it, and it will explain all: affording you a most beautiful illustration of the contradictions of a lady's heart.

“As I have not the book, perhaps you will explain the part you refer to.”

Well, for once, and to oblige you, fair reader, I will do so; but I do not approve of stopping in the midst of my narrative.

CHAPTER XLI.

“ I’m Rodrigo of Bivar
A Castilian bold and true.”

THE CÍD.

DON RODRIGO of Bivar, “a Castilian bold and true,” was once unfortunate enough, or perhaps I should say *fortunate* enough, to slay the father of a lovely woman, called Ximena Gomez, the affectionate daughter of the Count Lozano. Clad in sable robes, with a gauze veil of the same hue over her head, her hair hanging in dishevelled tresses down her fair neck, she repaired to the court of King Ferdinand, cast herself on her knees before his feet, and cried,

“ Justice, king! I sue for justice—
Vengeance on a traitorous knight.
Grant it me! so shall thy children
Thrive, and prove thy soul’s delight.

“ Like to God himself are monarchs,
Set to govern on this earth :
All the vile and base to punish,
And to guerdon virtuous worth.

“ But the king who doth not justice,
Ne’er the sceptre more should sway—

Ne'er should nobles pay him homage—
Vassals ne'er his hests obey :

“ Never should he mount a charger—
Never more should gird the sword—
Never with his queen hold converse—
Never sit at royal board.”

At this moment her dark eye fell on the slayer, Rodrigo, who stood among the nobles; on whom she turned and thus addressed:—

“ Thou hast slain the best and bravest
That e'er set a lance in rest,
Of our holy faith the bulwark,
Terror of each Paynim breast.

“ Traitorous murderer, slay me also !
Though a woman, slaughter me !
Spare not—I'm Ximena Gomez,
Thine eternal enemy !

“ Here's my throat—smite, I beseech thee !
Smite, and fatal be thy blow !
Death is all I ask, thou caitiff,—
Grant this boon unto thy foe.”

What did Rodrigo say to all this? Not a word, but seizing the bridle of his steed, vaulted into the saddle and rode away.

What did king Ferdinand say? Nothing; for he feared and esteemed the *Cid*, the bravest and noblest knight in all Castile.

A few days after, Ximena came again to court,

with a fresh complaint. I shall allow her to explain the cause of her sorrow in her own beautiful words:—

“ Every day, at early morning,
To despite me more, I wist,
He who slew my sire doth ride by,
With a falcon on his fist.

“ At my tender doves he flies it ;
Many of them hath it slain.
See ! their blood hath dyed my garments
With full many a crimson stain.”

The king, who was something of a gallant himself, and knew how love affairs were managed, shrewdly suspected that Rodrigo was flying his hawk at higher game ; he therefore comforted the maiden thus :—

“ Say no more, oh, noble damsel !
Thy complaints would soften down
Bosoms were they hard as iron,
Melt them, were they cold as stone.

“ If I cherish Don Rodrigo,
For thy weal I keep the boy ;
Soon, I trow, will this same gallant
Turn thy mourning into joy.”

Shortly after this, the lady came to court again ; but she had laid aside her mourning robe. She was now dressed in white ; her

hair and neck adorned with pearls and diamonds.

“Who comes now?” said King Ferdinand. “By saint Anthony it is Ximena! What can she want? Ho! ho! she has laid aside her mourning robes.”

The beauteous maiden approached the throne, knelt before the king, raised the white veil from her eyes, refulgent with soft love, and said :—

“I am daughter of Don Gomez,
Count of Gormaz was he hight,
Him Rodrigo, by his valour,
Did o’erthrow in mortal fight.

“King! I come to crave a favour—
This the boon for which I pray,
That thou give me this Rodrigo,
For my wedded lord this day.

“Happy shall I deem my wedding,
Yea, mine honour will be great,
For right sure am I his fortune
Will advance him in the state.

“Grant this precious boon, I pray thee!
’Tis a duty thou dost owe;
For the great God hath commanded
That we should forgive a foe:

“Freely will I grant him pardon,
That he slew my much loved sire,
If with gracious ear he hearken
To my bosom’s fond desire.”

“Now I see,” said the king, “how true it is what

I have often heard, that the will of woman is wild and strange. Hitherto this damsel hath sought deadly vengeance on the youth, and now she would have him to husband. Howbeit, with right good will, I will grant what she desireth."

Now, gentle reader, let me ask you, did you ever in all your life hear of anything more inconsistent than the conduct of this Ximena?

"*Never*," I hear you say.

Still, I think I know *a young lady*, I shall not say who (present company are always excepted), that would do the like, under similar circumstances; you must not, therefore, be astonished at Lady Margaret's grief for her brother.

The apprehension of our hero, James Fitz-Thomas, called the *Sugane* Earl, would not have helped his cousin James, who was confined in the Tower, to his title or estates; on the contrary, it might have injured him, for had the *Sugane* Earl been removed, the life of his young cousin would not have been worth a year's purchase. The only object the Queen had in sparing his life, and afterwards in sending him to Ireland, as will be explained in the proper place, was to weaken the following of Fitz-Thomas. She kept him for twenty-one years in the Tower of London, to play him off against his rebel cousin in the field. There, through

the dark chambers of the Tower, glided the pale shadow of one Earl, in order to scare away the followers of another. She offered to the Earl's friends the shadow for the substance; but well they knew, and well Lady Margaret knew, that when the substance disappeared, the shadow would follow it.

CHAPTER XLII.

“You would have sold your King to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“I KNOW the President to be a wily man,” said O’Conor—in order to change the current of Lady Margaret’s thoughts, which had set in so strongly in favour of her poor, imprisoned brother—“I know him to be a wily man, so I demanded pledges from him, for the payment of the two thousand pounds, before I consented to enter on this business.”

“The President is a Jew, Dermond,” said Lady Margaret, with a smile, while the tear still sparkled in her eye, “but he would need the cunning of Jacob, the father of the whole tribe, to overreach you in a bargain.”

“You are severe, Margaret.”

“Well, who are to be the pledges?”

“The hostages are to be Redmond and Brien, the sons of Miler Mac Grath, the Archbishop, and——”

“What! did the Bishop consent to give his own sons, as hostages?”

“Not only consented, but proposed it.”

“He must be looking for the See of Canterbury, then ; but perhaps he holds them cheap, as they were ‘base born.’ These Protestant Bishops, with their wives, are a disgrace to the name of religion.”

“You forget, my lady, that these sons were born, before the Bishop was divorced from mother Church.”

“True ! I forgot that ; well, who are the other hostages ?”

“Captain William Power, and John, his elder brother.”

“The Powers ! These Powers are fosterers of my brother, and fierce enemies of the Earl’s, Fitz-Thomas, whose life they more than once attempted. You should not have chosen these men.”

“We chose them for that very reason.”

“Why ?”

“When Fitz-Thomas finds they are here, in ward, he will come to the castle, to have them delivered up to him.”

“True, true ; I did not think of that. But how propose you to get the hostages, for they could not come of their own accord ; and if the President sent them, it would create suspicion.”

“That has been all arranged.”

“What is the arrangement?”

“We are to take them by an ambush, of which they are not to seem aware. These four are to make a journey from Kilmallock to Kinsale, where Captain Power and his company are in garrison; and the time of their going being made known to me, I am to lie with a force in a place called Bally-houry, to intercept small parties; and they are, by chance, to fall into my ambush; and I am to restrain the men from taking their lives; but they are to strip them of their clothes, and leave them almost naked, and bring them here, bound, and cast them in ward, till I am paid the two thousand pounds.”

“And these Powers are to be kept here, you tell me, as decoys,” broke in the wife, who was more anxious to entrap the Earl, than was her husband to get the two thousand pounds.

“Yes, that is the second object.”

“Well, what grounds will you plead for detaining the Earl a prisoner in this castle, which belongs to himself; for I suspect me, that your own bownoughs will rebel, let alone the Earl’s followers, when they hear it?”

“That is also arranged.”

“Well, explain.”

“The President is to write a letter to the Earl.”

“The President to write to the Earl ! You know Fitz-Thomas would not disgrace himself by holding a correspondence with the President.”

“Hear me out : the President is to write a letter to the Earl, in which he is to thank him for his promise of delivering me into his hands.”

“Delivering *you* !”

“Yes, me ; the President is to write this letter, which letter is to fall into my hands, one of my men meeting his messenger, and wresting the letter from him, after slightly wounding him ; and when the Earl comes to the castle, I am to charge him with this treachery and treason, and hold him my prisoner, till Tyrone be informed of the affair.”

“Do you propose, then, to deliver him up to the President, on receipt of the two thousand pounds ?”

“The President is to take him, after the payment of the amount, by a second ambuscade.” This was *not* the arrangement, but it was thus he answered his wife.

“We shall see that,” said Lady Margaret to herself; she then added:—“It is as well arranged a scheme as I ever heard of ; and I give you, my dear Dermond,”—she said this with a sarcastic and bitter smile,—“I give you, the President of Munster,

the Earl of Thomond, and Bishop Mac Grath, the credit for being four as great villains as were ever hanged and quartered."

"Lady Margaret!"

"You are then to charge the Earl with practising against you the very treason which you are hatching against him?"

"This is the arrangement. Can you propose any wiser or better scheme?"

"I defy the devil himself to propose anything *wiser*. But *better*! I pray you, use not that word."

"We will not dispute about a word," replied O'Connor, with a bland smile.

"When do you purpose to put your scheme in operation?"

"If it is to be done at all, I see no object in delay; what say you?"

"*What thou doest, do quickly*," replied Lady Margaret, with deep emphasis on these words of our Blessed Saviour, for she felt like one about to sacrifice *herself*. After uttering these words, she hurried from the room, to her own chamber, and gave way to the most violent paroxysm of grief. "O God!" said she, "this is a bitter, bitter cup! *Must* I,—shall I drink it? *I* cannot say, '*Thy will be done*,' for demons urge me

forward to this course. It is now too late to retreat. There he stands, the traitor !” referring to O’Connor, who stood, with his men on the lawn, preparing to depart. “He is gone ! The die is cast ! I have crossed the Rubicon.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

“Unkind! Can you whom we adore,
Set open to your friends the prison door?”

DRYDEN.

A FEW days after the interview between Lady Margaret and her husband recorded in the last chapter, a party of O’Conor’s wild bownough cavalry, or mercenary troopers, rode through the wood of Castle Lyshin, with their general at their head. Something more than ordinary appeared to have excited them, for their whoops and cheers were wilder, and more fierce, and frequent, than usual; so much so as to excite the attention of Lady Margaret—whose ears were familiar with these sounds—and draw her to the window, to see them emerge from among the trees.

The cause of these wild shouts was soon explained: they had taken prisoners, and were bringing them bound to the castle. The prisoners—four in number—were mounted on horses, and tied hand and foot. They were almost naked. As they approached the gates, they were saluted with new yells from those within the walls: “*Cead*

milé failte," exclaimed the men inside, ridiculing the prisoners, "if there were more of you, you'd be more welcome."

"Who are these two men on the left?" inquired Lady Margaret from the window.

"The two Powers, your ladyship, the two Powers; the other two are the sons of the Sassenach Archbishop of Cashel."

"I don't mean them, I mean the Powers. I thought I knew them. It was your mother," said she, addressing them, "that nursed my brother, James, the son of the Great Earl of Desmond."

"It was, my Lady," replied the young men.

"Let these men be well treated," said her ladyship: "I mean the Powers."

"Yes, yes; we know, your ladyship."

"You will consider yourselves as *my* prisoners," said she again, addressing the two young men, who bowed low in acknowledgment of her kindness.

The Powers had no cause to regret being recognized by Lady Margaret; but they found her a most strict and vigilant jailer, who kept the key of the prison on her own person, entrusting it only to one servant, on whose faithfulness she could rely.

The capture of four such hostages, two of them the foster brothers of James, who was called the

“*Parliamentary* Earl of Desmond,” and the other two, the sons of the Protestant Archbishop of Cashel, was soon bruited abroad, and, as was expected, brought Fitz-Thomas to the castle, where they were confined.

He was accompanied by but a few followers, for his early intelligence of the movements of Her Majesty’s troops through the country, enabled him to avoid anything like a strong force ; and he depended on the goodness of his horse and sword, and the valour of a few faithful and trusty men, to guard him from ambuscades, and small parties of enemies, who might chance to cross his path. But what can guard us from the treachery of false friends ? But let us not anticipate.

Lady Margaret was, as usual, at the bay window, but, as if she had an intuition that it was his horse’s feet which struck upon her ear, she sate behind the curtain, where she watched his party as they emerged from the wood.

The Earl asked for O’Conor, who received him at the castle gate, with the same apparent friendship as usual, and gave directions to have his followers hospitably entertained.

“Is it true, O’Conor,” inquired the Earl, “that you have captured the two sons of Miler Mac Grath, the Queen’s Archbishop of Cashel ?”

“It is, my Lord.”

“And two of the Powers?”

“Yes.”

“Are they the men called Captain William, and Captain John Power?”

“The same, my Lord.”

“I have come to ask you to deliver these two men into my custody; they are the most arrant knaves and traitors in the country; and I think the fellows should be hanged.”

“I have no doubt of it, my Lord, and your word and wish are a command to me, at any time; but I fear, in this matter, there will be a difficulty.”

“How so? They have not escaped; have they?”

“No, my Lord, they have not escaped; but they are not in my keeping.”

“I understood they were here in the castle.”

“So they are, my Lord, but not under my keeping.”

“Under whose, then?”

“Under Lady Margaret’s.”

“How is this? I do not understand. Have you made Lady Margaret your jailer?”

“In this case, she has constituted herself such.”

“And why, in this case?”

“Because these Powers are fosterers to her bro-

ther James, and she says she will not have them ill-used. I must, therefore, refer you to her."

The Earl thought for some time, and he seemed to think deeply and seriously ; he then said to O'Connor :—" Will you give my cousin, Lady Margaret, my kind compliments, and say I crave the honour of an interview ?"

" Certainly," replied the husband, departing, and delivering the message in the Earl's exact words.

" Send him up," said Lady Margaret, who flushed to the forehead, on receiving the message ; though her husband departed too abruptly to notice it.

There was a delay of a minute or two, before the Earl entered the room, which Lady Margaret paced, with pale lips, and palpitating heart, now and then repeating his words :—" The Earl of Desmond's kind compliments to his cousin, Lady Margaret, and craves the honour of an interview. His *compliments* ! His *kind* compliments. He calls me *cousin*, and *craves* the honour of an interview. The *honour* ! He *craves* the honour. These are all set terms. Nothing more. It was not always thus. Why *crave* what he knows he could have had at all times ? No, but he would leave me to crave, and crave in vain, the pleasure of his presence. But here he comes ! Oh, how this poor heart beats !"

No one would have thought so, to see the cold and majestic way with which she received her cousin, who approached her and kissed her cheek. But that kiss left a red and fiery spot on her fair face.

The Earl, after inquiring kindly, and even affectionately, respecting her health and circumstances, and asking if he could do anything to promote her comfort at the castle—which seemed to soften down her pride, and bring the moisture to her eyes—introduced the case of the Powers, and said :—

“I hoped you will have no objection to deliver them into my hands.”

“For what purpose?” inquired Lady Margaret.

“Well, in the first place, I look upon them as valuable hostages, that should be had in safe keeping.”

“They will be as safely kept by me, as by any one else.”

“But I should not like to make my fair cousin my jailer, in this war.”

“Don’t think of that.”

“But these men—the Powers—are arrant traitors to their country.”

“But they are the fosterers of my poor brother James.”

“ Yes, I had not thought of that, till O’Conor reminded me.”

“ And now that you have thought of it ?”

“ I must consider.”

“ Consider what ? The cruellest death you can give them, because they are connected with *my* poor brother and *me* ?”

“ Cousin, how can you speak so ? No ! for your sake they shall not suffer. Does this satisfy you ? You will therefore deliver them into my hands.”

Lady Margaret was silent. She stood like a statue. Better thoughts seemed to come over her. The Earl, seeing her abstraction, kissed her hand, and was retiring.

“ *Stop!*” cried she, awakening from her revery, and thinking of what awaited him below, “ Stop, Desmond ! stop !”

The Earl looked back, and replied :—“ Well, cousin ? You called me.”

She was silent again, but this time she appeared deeply agitated.

“ You told me to stay,” said the Earl.

“ No matter, it is nothing, you may go,” said she, summoning all the evil fortitude of her nature, to aid her; for she felt, if she now interfered with his capture, she might never have so good an opportunity of detaining him in her hands. But the mo-

ment he retired, she fell back upon her chair, pressed her hands over her eyes, and exclaimed :—" Oh! it's done ! it's done ! What will he think of me after this ? How can I ever see him again !"

CHAPTER XLIV.

“ May be, he will not touch young Arthur’s life,
But hold him safely in his imprisonment.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE Earl met the O’Conor Don at the foot of the stairs, who inquired whether he had succeeded in inducing Lady Margaret to transfer the Powers to his custody.

“ I believe so,” replied the Earl : “ I think she will no longer object to your delivering them into my hands, as I have promised to spare their lives.”

“ I am happy to hear it, my Lord,” said O’Conor. “ Will your lordship enter this room? I wish to shew you a letter which has just fallen into my hands.”

“ Who is the letter from ?” asked the Earl.

“ From the Lord President,” said O’Conor ; “ I thought, as it is addressed to you, you might like to see it.”

“ To me !”

“ Yes, my Lord, here it is,” handing it to him. The letter ran thus :—

“THE LORD PRESIDENT’S LETTER TO JAMES FITZ-
THOMAS.

“SIR,

“Your last letters I have received, and am exceeding glad to see your constant resolution of returne to subjection, and to leave the rebellious courses wherein you have long persevered ; you may rest assured that promises shall be kept, and you shall no sooner bring *Dermond O’Conor* to me, alive or dead, and banish his bownoughs out of the countrie, but that you shall have your demand satisfied, which I thank God I am both able and willing to perform. Beleeve me, you have no better way to recover your desperate estate, then by this good service, which you have proffered ; and therefore, I cannot but commend your judgment, in choosing the same to redeeme your former faults ; and I do the rather believe the performance of it, by your late action touching *Loghquire*, wherein your brother and yourself have well merited ; and as I promised you shall find mee so just, as no creature living shall ever know that either of you did assent to the surrender of it ; all your letters I have received, as also the joynt letter from your brother and your selfe ; I pray loose no time, for delays in great actions are subject to many dangers. Now that the Queene’s Armie is in the field, you

may worke your determination with most securitie, being ready to releese you upon a day's warning : so praying God to assist you in this meritorious enterprize, I do leave you to his protection, this twenty ninth of *May*, 1600.”*

The Earl grew scarlet, and then deadly pale with rage, as he read the letter ; and when he concluded, he turned to O'Connor, and with a glance of his dark eye, which penetrated the soul of that traitor, said, “ O'Connor, how came you by this letter ? ”

“ It was taken by one of my people from the President's messenger.”

“ Where ? ”

“ Near Kilmallock.”

“ What think you of it ? ”

“ Upon my honour, I do not know ; I therefore put it into your lordship's hands, to decide.”

“ Do you *believe*,” said the Earl, with a threatening aspect, “ that I have been holding the correspondence with the President, to which this letter refers, and that I promised to deliver you into his hands ? ”

“ *Believe* it ! no, I would sooner believe myself guilty of betraying you.”

* This is a correct copy of the letter, as found in the *Pacata Hibernia*, Vol. I., pp. 93, 4.

“It is enough! Thank you! I shall now depart! Will you order the men to bring the horses? Perhaps you will have these Powers sent over, after me, by some of your men?”

“Certainly; be seated for a moment,” said O’Conor, rising and leaving the room in which they were speaking, turning the key in the lock, after him.

The Earl thought he heard a “click,” like the shooting of a bolt; but, not suspecting treachery, waited for some time, meditating with himself what could be the object of the President, in writing such a letter. He at length bethought him that O’Conor was a long time returning;—he therefore went to the door—and found it locked.

“Can this be treachery?” said he. “We shall soon see;” he therefore called loudly, and in the end, began to batter at the panel with the handle of his sword.

While thus engaged, a second door opened, from another apartment, and a servant brought him a note. It ran thus :—

“MY DEAR LORD,

“You must excuse me for the boldness I take in putting a temporary restraint on your liberty; but the letter which I shewed you seems of so important a nature, as to require that it should

be laid before the O'Neill. I must therefore request you will make this castle your residence, till his opinion is procured.

“Your Friend and Servant,

“DERMOND O'CONOR DON.”

“This, looks like a trap, and seems to explain the agitation of my cousin awhile ago,” thought the Earl. “But I must wait the *denouement* of the mystery. Tell your master,” said he, turning to the servant, “that I wish to see him.”

“The general left the castle a quarter of an hour ago, my Lord.”

“When do you expect his return?”

“I cannot say, my Lord.”

“You may go. If I want you, I shall ring this bell.—So I am a prisoner in the hands of my fair cousin! What can all this mean? I must wait, I suppose, the explanation from her own lips.”

CHAPTER XLV.

“The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses grey,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry.”

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

It was a longer time than he expected, before the explanation came. He met his cousin every day at dinner—for there was no restriction on his liberty *within* the walls, and Lady Margaret was more kind than he had ever known her before; but when he spoke of his imprisonment, she referred him to O'Connor; still she seemed to have something to say, some explanation to make, some secret to unbosom; but she hesitated, and allowed days and weeks to roll by.

The Earl was able—and so, no doubt, is the reader—to some extent, to comprehend the state of Lady Margaret's mind and feelings; but not entirely. Some things remain to be explained.

O'Connor, Lady Margaret's husband, had gone, with most of his bownoughs, to the neighbourhood

of Askeaton, for the professed object of opposing the President, who had despatched Sir Francis Barkley there, with a force of five hundred men. In O'Connor's absence, Lady Margaret had been deputed to convey the *Sugane* Earl to Kilmallock, and receive from the President the two thousand pounds agreed upon for his betrayal ; for the safe payment of which money, the four hostages already named were still lying bound at Lyshin Castle. The time for the payment of this money had been delayed by the President, who had to wait a remittance from England ; but he had now the means of fulfilling his part of the compact, and had written to Lady Margaret to say so ; and even threatened, if she did not fulfil her part, to send a force, and take the Earl out of the castle, in O'Connor's absence.

Of all this the Earl was, of course, ignorant ; but he felt his confinement none the less irksome and distressing ; the more so, as he had no means of explaining his condition to his friends outside, who knew not where he was.

His only solace during the live-long day was the harp, which was found in every Irish castle. While sitting in a window of one of the high towers, with this on his knee, he observed an old man, pale and haggard, issue from the wood, and approach the walls. It was his poor harper, Dermot O'Dugan ;

but he was so changed and woe-begone, that the Earl scarcely recognized his features. As he watched him from the window, the harper raised his eyes, and peered curiously at the Earl ; but his sight was failing, the distance was great, and the castle walls were thick, which left his master's face in shadow. The old man looked perplexed, approached nearer, and shaded his eyes from the rays of the evening's sun, as he looked up again. No ; he could not make out who it was. "Oh ! if it was the masther ! I must give him a token."

"I'll thry the harp," said Dermot, drawing the strings of the flannel bag, in which he kept it.

Hark !—What causes the old man to start ? What has brought back the ruddy glow to his pale and withered cheek ?

His ear has caught the tinkle of a harp, from the tower window, and he thinks he knows the sound.

"O God ! if that's him !" He approaches nearer, he runs, he gets beneath the shadow of the wall, he fumbles with the strings of the bag, and his fingers tremble among the cords of the *cruit*, as he hastens to reply—to give a token.

The choral minstrels of the wood are supposed by some poetical people to converse and reply to each other in song. This must have been the case with Irish harpers, if we may judge from the following

lines. The harper commenced, and was replied to, in order, by the Earl, thus :—

DERMOT : — “ A harper roams the woods around,
His cheek is pale, his step is slow.”

DESMOND :—“ Then rest thee here, upon this mound,
And strike thy harp—I love the sound.”

DERMOT : — “ It’s Desmond’s harp, I trow !”

DESMOND :—“ Come, tell the story of thy grief,
Thy cheek is pale, thy step is slow,
Imparting sorrow gives relief.”

DERMOT : — “ I’ve lost my lord, he’s Erin’s Chief;
I seek him high and low.”

DESMOND :—“ Then rest thee, *Dermot*, on this mound,
Thy cheek is pale, thy step is slow,
Behold, thy long-lost lord is found.”

DERMOT : — “ With garlands shall my harp be crowned !”

DESMOND :—“ *The guard approaches.—Go !*”

“The *guard*!—Bow-wow,” said Dermot, returning the harp hastily to the flannel bag. “The guard approaches—*go* ! Ho, ho—But I wondher what he manes be ‘*go*.’ ‘Come rest thee, Dermot, on this mound’—*that* don’t mane *go*, at any rate. Divil a peg I’ll stir out of this to-night, for all the guards in Ireland. I’ll see it out wid the guard. Bad luck to his imperince—what call has he to interfare, to purvint me playin’? What !” said he, starting in surprise, and turning pale, as a new thought crossed his mind, “Could his lordship be a prisoner in the

tower? Oh, *milé murther, milé murther!* Oh, *milé murther, milé murther!* Bad luck to ye for a guard! The divil's skure to the guard—how dar he! Oh, *milé murther, milé murther!* The guard—the guard!”

“Hillo!” cried a man, from the top of the wall, just above Dermot's head, “what does she want wit the card?”

DERMOT.—Looking up, a little confused.—“Eh? —the card?”

GUARD.—Who was a Welchman.—“What does she want wit the card?”

DERMOT.—“The *card!* Faix *I* want no card.”

GUARD.—“What made you call, den? Who are you? What do you want tare?”

DERMOT.—“Eh? Who am I? What do I want?” (scratching his head.) “I'm a poor boy,* that's—”

GUARD.—“A poor *poy!*—ha, ha, ha! A poor *poy!*—ha, ha, ha!”

DERMOT.—“*Arrah, musha*, what the divil are you laughin' at? Yis, a poor boy.”

GUARD.—“A poor *poy!*—ha, ha, ha!”

DERMOT.—“I didn't say a poor *poy*, but a poor *boy*” (very loud)—“the ignorant *omadhaun*” (to himself).

GUARD.—“Whose *poy* are you?”

* Grown, and even aged, men are often called *boys* in Ireland.

DERMOT.—“ Whose boy am I, is it ?” scratching his head.

GUARD.—“ Yes.”

DERMOT.—“ Me father’s.”

GUARD.—“ Who his your fater ?”

DERMOT.—“ Who is me father, is it ?” scratching his head.

GUARD.—“ Yes.”

DERMOT.—“ *Orpheus*.”

GUARD.—“ Horpis,—what was he ?”

DERMOT.—“ *Orpheus*,—a harper.”

GUARD.—“ Was he Hirish, or Welch ?”

DERMOT.—“ He wasn’t Welch, at any rate. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Orpheus a Welchman !* Ha ! ha ! ha ! No, he came to Ireland from the Kingdom of Grace.” Greece he meant.

GUARD.—“ What his dat you have in the flannel pag ?”

DERMOT.—“ In the flannel bag, is it ? In the bag you mane, eh ?” scratching his head.

GUARD.—“ Yes.”

DERMOT.—“ My child.”

GUARD.—“ What are you coin’ to do wit it ?”

DERMOT.—“ What am I going to do with it, is it ?”

* Notwithstanding Dermot’s ridicule of the notion of *Orpheus* being a Welchman, the Welch were famous for their harpers.

GUARD.—“ Yes.”

DERMOT.—“ Ate it, praps, for me supper.”

GUARD.—“ O my Cod ! to ate it for his supper. O my Cod ! the poor child.”

DERMOT.—“ Arrah, be asy man, and don't make such a noise ; de ye want to bring a posse of sodgers (soldiers) on the top if us ? de ye think I'm a hathen, or a Welchman, to ate me own child ; they don't do such things in Ireland, man.”

GUARD.—“ Well, co away, now, like a cood man ; like a cood poy, and don't ate the child, and don't make a noise ; if Lady Margaret heard you, she'd have you brought into the castle, and maybe locked up in the tower.

DERMOT.—“ If I made a noise, she'd have me brought into the castle, and locked up in the tower, would she ?”

GUARD.—“ No doubt of it.”

DERMOT.—“ What tower ? Is it the tower up there, where——” looking up to the tower where his master was confined. “ She'd lock me up there, would she, if I made a noise ; a great noise, I mane ?”

GUARD.—“ Yes,” with a wink, and a shake of the head, which seemed to say, “ Take care of what you're about ; you would be clapped in there, in no time.”

DERMOT.—“Oh *milé murther, milé murther ! wirra wurru, wirra wurru, och hone, och hone ! pillelew, millelew, oh-o-o-o, weirasthru !*”

The sounds, with which the native Irish express their sorrow, are deep and fierce, as well as soft and sad. The *och-hone* and all kindred sounds, terminating with the *one*, are soft and sorrowful, and therefore form the great substratum of what is technically called Irish *hullo-goning*. The *och-hone* is most appropriate for an old woman swaying herself back and forward on her chair. The prevalence of the *rr* in *wirra wurru*, produces a growling, *Cerberian* import, or a sort of “bow-wow” signification. The *pillelu, millelew* rise high and shrill ; while the *milé murther*,—which means “a thousand murders,”—is fierce and broad, running down from S sharp to F flat, according to a *new* scale of music, with which the reader may not, possibly, be acquainted. This *milé murther* was Dermot’s grand note. He could rise to any height on the *milé*. The *é* asperated is a beautiful letter for rising on : you may run it up to the shrill *squeak* of a young pig with its head under a gate ; and there is no more villanous noise than that made by a young pig, in such a position, save and except the noise made by *two* pigs, a young and an old one, placed in similar circumstances. Now the *milé*

gives the high shrill notes, and the *murther*—for the word is a compound—contains the broad, strong, and coarse ones. No one can cry “*murther!*” like an Irishman. The *th*, has a breadth, or width, about it, which brings the chest and shoulders into full operation, while the surly sound of *r*, at the end, renders it one of the most terribly significant exclamations in the Irish, or any other known language.

The Oh-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o! has its own peculiar advantages, for it may be drawn out to any imaginable length, without taking breath, or, at least, appearing to do so; and made to express either sudden surprise, or sad sorrow.

The *Weirasthru!* is——In fact I cannot explain its properties and powers. It contains a most curious combination of sounds. We have first, the whirring of the *w*, the sharp sound of the *ei*, the rough sound of the *r*, the soft sound of the *as*, that peculiarly broad Irish sound of the *th*, and the melancholy sound of the *ru*. “O Mary! have mercy!” is the signification of this wonderful word. But without knowing the signification, you are charmed by the sound, as was the poor woman who, without understanding a word of the sermon, was so deeply impressed by “*That beautiful word, Mesopotamia.*”

This explanation was necessary, to enable the reader to form a proper estimate of the force and effect of the artillery which the harper directed against the soldier on the wall of Lyshin castle.

“Whisht, man,” said the guard, after the first discharge, “didn’t I tell you to be quiet?”

DERMOT.—Looking up with rather an impudent expression, or cross frown,—“Arrah, why should I whisht? How do you know the trouble I have on me heart. Oh! *milé murther, milé murther!* Oh! *wirra wurra! wirra wurra!* Oh! o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!”

GUARD.—“T—n your eyes, you noisy plack-guard, co hout a tat, and hold your tongue, or I’ll have you inside the walls.”

DERMOT.—Oh! *milé murther*, he’ll have me inside the walls.”

GUARD.—“Yes, you fool, *if you make a noise.*”

DERMOT.—Oh, *pillelew, millelew, hullaboloo, wirra wurru, och hone, malone, tyrone, oh-o-o milé murther, milé murther, oh-o-o-o-o-o! milé murther, milé murther, oh-o-o-o-o-o!*”

GUARD.—“Oh! May St. Tavit tam——Phew! May the Tivil——” making off, with his fingers in his ears.

DERMOT.—“Ha! ha! ha! He shall have noise enough if it gets me into the castle. Oh! *pillelew, millelew, oh milé murther, milé murther, och hone,*

malone, malone och hone, milé murther, milé murther,
oh-o-o-o——”

“Hello! what’s all this noise about?” exclaimed two English soldiers, seizing the harper by the collar, and shaking him; “what’s all this noise about?—come, what brings you skulking about here? We shall give you a lodging to-night, within the walls: come along; it’s no use refusing,” pulling him.

DERMOT.—“Oh! *milé murther, milé murther,*”—looking up to the window of the tower,—“they’re taking me into the cas-sell, they’re takin’ me into the cas-sell, ohone——”

SOLDIER.—“D—n your eyes and hold your tongue.—The fellow must be drunk.”

A slight tinkle of the harp from the window above, gave Dermot intimation that his *ruse* was understood by his master.

DERMOT.—“*O hone, milé murther, milé murther,*
Oh! *weirasthru, weirasthru.*”

ENGLISH SOLDIERS (shaking him).—“Confound your Irish, and will you be quiet?”

DERMOT.—“*O hone,* what will I do, what will I do? They’re takin’ me into the cas-sell, they’re takin’ me into the cas-sell!”

ENGLISH SOLDIERS.—“Come along; in with him: there,” driving him through the gate.

DERMOT.—“Och hone, och hone!”

CHAPTER XLVI.

“Under that disguise, I should find opportunity to reveal myself.”—SIDNEY.

THE witty harper thus managed to get himself pushed within the gates of Lyshin Castle, like the Grecian Horse within the walls of Troy.

“Very cleverly done, no doubt,” exclaims one of my readers, who thinks himself far cleverer than Dermot; “but, *cui bono* ? I think you have created a difficulty, in order to show your wit in surmounting it. Why practise such a *ruse*, when it was only necessary to approach the gate, with harp in hand, to have it opened with hand and heart ; for the itinerant harper was always received with a *cead mile failte*, at the portal of every Irish mansion. The very poem from which you have borrowed the motto of your last chapter might have taught you this, sir author ; for I’ll swear the Irish are as hospitable and as musical as the Scotch:—

“ ‘ A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door ;
And tuned, to please a peasant’s ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he passed,
Whose ponderous gate, and massy bar,
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well.' "

Critic, I thank thee for the word. Let us suppose this Scotch Duchess to represent Lady Margaret; not that I think she was as lovely a woman. Are you aware that Lady Margaret was the daughter of the old Earl of Desmond, and that Dermot had once been the old Earl's harper, and was therefore personally known to his child, and known, at this time, to be a follower of her cousin, the young outlawed Earl?

" Oh, I see, I see."

You see it now, do you? and that had he been recognized, she would have suspected his object; we, therefore, find him returning his harp to the flannel bag, the moment he heard the words—
" The guard approaches, *go*."

" Quite right—I beg pardon for the interruption."

Don't mention it, I am pleased to hear such observations. They prove that you are reading my story with attention.

Having, therefore, settled this little criticism to our mutual satisfaction, I shall proceed with my narrative.

That night, at twelve o'clock, Dermot managed to steal up, in his vamps, to the Earl's room, which he entered on tip-toe, with a bobbing sort of motion, like that of a Kangaroo crossing a mossy meadow. He had a wink in his eye, and a finger on the side of his nose. "Whisht," said he, "didn't I manage it nately. Bad luck to me, but they pushed me in, *nolens, bolens*."

We must leave the private interview, between the Earl and his faithful servant, to the imagination of the reader.

Dermot O'Dugan was equally successful, the following morning, in getting himself turned out of the castle ; but he managed to carry along with him a smuggled parcel of letters, which had not been regularly stamped ; but Queen's heads were not in vogue at this period.

— One of those letters was for the Earl's brother, John, who was at this time scouring the country in search of Fitz-Thomas, our hero. The following is a copy of the letter :—

“ *From Lyshin Castle.*

“ MY DEAR BROTHER JOHN,

“ It will surprize you to hear that I am confined as a prisoner in this castle. I was entrapped by Dermond O’Conor, who showed me a letter from the President of Munster, addressed to me, which he—O’Conor—says, he took from the President’s messenger ; in which I am represented, as conspiring with the President for the delivery of O’Conor into his hands, and in which the President thanks me, and expresses confidence in us, inasmuch as you and I *delivered Loughquire castle into his hands.* What damnable treachery is here?

“ There appears, in all this, a deep laid scheme, which I have not yet fathomed ; but I suspect O’Conor of playing me false. He told me when he shewed me the President’s letter, he did not believe a word of what was stated in it against me ; but he afterwards left the castle in haste, leaving me locked up in a waiting room ; excusing himself for so doing, on the plea that he must needs lay the whole affair before Tyrone. I write you this to allay your fears on my behalf, for here I am well treated. It may not be wise to adopt any violent,

or immediate steps for my liberty, but I would have you watch the movements of Dermond O'Connor.

“ Your loving Brother,

“ JAMES DESMOND.”

CHAPTER XLVII.

“ And after him she rode with so much speede,
As her slowe beast could make ; but all in vaine,
For him so far had borne his light foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce distaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine ;
Yet she her weary limbs would never rest,
But every hill and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle breast,
He, so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

SPENSER.

THE package also contained a letter for Lady Desmond, better known to the reader as Ellen Spenser. This letter was full of affection, and minute inquiries about her health. It touched lightly on his “temporary confinement” in Lyshin Castle, which, he said, would all be arranged in a few days, by O'Neill; and concluded with expressions of deep love and anxiety for her, and buoyant hopes respecting himself and his prospects. Like Æneas, while hope and confidence sat on his brow, grief lay buried deep in his bosom.

The receipt of the Earl's letter, though written with all care, and with the intention of comforting his lady, sent a pang of agony through her inmost soul, for she at once suspected the darkest treachery.

Nor were her fears for her husband's safety allayed by the messenger sent by Dermot, who knew more of the deception of the world than the fair being whose fears he attempted to calm; for she saw, by his manner, that he also suspected the worst; she therefore resolved to hasten to Lyshin Castle, and plead, in person, with Lady Margaret, for her lord's life and liberty.

This was not the wisest step she could have taken, under all the circumstances; but what woman, who loved as she did, would have hesitated to follow her example? Perhaps her knowledge of Lady Margaret's passion for the Earl, which would have induced her friends, had they known it, to dissuade her from the attempt, was one of the strongest motives to urge her forward. This, in her estimation, increased his danger. No woman, no matter how high her opinion of her husband's honour and love for herself, could sit quietly at home, after hearing that he was locked up in the same castle, or house, with a woman who would sell her very soul to win his love.

Ellen, therefore, after writing a hasty note in reply, which did not inform the Earl of her intention, prepared, after the departure of the messenger, for her journey, a distance of more than thirty Irish miles.

Two horses were at the door, by five o'clock the

next morning, one for herself, and the other for Mac Rory, who was chosen as the fittest and best person, notwithstanding his character of innocent, or fool, for accompanying her to Lyshin Castle. He appeared himself delighted to be chosen, and said "he knew every inch of the road."

The reader will bear in mind that this person was left with Lady Desmond and her mother Mrs. Spenser, when the Earl took his departure for the active duties of the field. Archer, who recommended his being left with the ladies, and even pressed for it, when the Earl seemed to oppose it, spoke of him in the highest terms; and the young man's whole deportment, his docility, kindness, and even intelligence, fully justified the high character which the Jesuit had given of him.

Mac Rory was not only servant, but also *guide* for the road, which latter character the reader will perceive he must have had some difficulty in sustaining, without compromising his character of fool. No young Jesuit was ever compelled to exercise his wit and cunning more than he, in order to procure confidence in his discretion and leading on the one hand, and an unsuspecting reliance in his innocence on the other. In a word, to act both the fool and the wise-man.

The reader understands the position in which

he was placed by Archer, and the part he had to act. He was left as a spy on Lady Desmond, whose marriage with the Earl, his master the Jesuit wished to keep concealed, especially from Lady Margaret, to whose residence the young Countess was now travelling—or *thought* she was travelling, for Mac Rory had already led her considerably to the left of the true road.

Being a lady of intelligence, and a close observer of nature, and knowing a little of the geography of Ireland, she concluded from the hour of the day, and the position of the sun, that they were turning their faces and their horses' heads somewhat too much to the East, and going rather in the direction of Waterford, than of Limerick. She therefore expressed this opinion to Mac Rory, who replied—and she thought with a better accent and more intelligence than usual—"We are on the right road, my Lady ; I know the way."

This satisfied the lady for a time ; but seeing, after another half hour's travelling, that the sun was more directly in their faces than before, she turned about, and said, "You must surely have mistaken the road, Mac Rory ?"

"No, no," said the young Jesuit (shaking his head), "no mistake."

"But look at the sun : you cannot deny that

the sun shines, at this hour, in the East. Either the sun must be out of his course, or we are out of the road."

Now the Jesuit had his choice of answering this acute remark of the lady in two or three ways : he might, had he pleased, have insisted—like the gentleman described in Shakspeare's play of "*Taming a Shrew*"—that the sun was the moon, and the moon the sun ; but then that gentleman had that lady in a very lonely place, and therefore could have made her say that the moon was made of green cheese ;—or Mac Rory might have turned off the point of Lady Desmond's remark in a witty, playful manner, by saying that the sun, in his haste that morning to run his race, had started from the wrong post,—from the Western, instead of the Eastern ; or that Phœbus had quarrelled the over-night with his wife, and had got out of the wrong side of his bed, in the Pacific Ocean ; but he would not have been able to sustain this position, for Phœbus looked as cheerful and as bright that morning, "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber." The young Jesuit might, I say, have answered Lady Desmond in this or the other way ; but as he saw, what Ellen did not *yet* see, a mounted cavalier in the distance, he thought it wisest to give a lying, rather than a rude, impertinent, or even

witty reply ; he therefore answered, " The road will turn to the West, by-and-by, lady."

The traveller soon rode up, and Lady Desmond made bold to inquire of him the way to Lyshin Castle, in Connello.

" Lyshin Castle, in Connello!" said the horseman, with surprise, " why lady, you are turning your back on it."

" I was sure of it," said the lady.

Mac Rory would have here interfered, had he dared, but there was a something in the stranger's eye and noble bearing, and a sound so like the jingle of a sword, beneath the long cloak in which he was muffled, that he thought it more prudent to be silent.

" I am going part of the way, lady," said the horseman, turning with politeness to Lady Desmond, " and shall be most happy to put you on the direct road, and public path, where you will find safer travelling than among these mountains."

" Many thanks," said the lady, " if I am not taking you out of your way, I shall feel grateful for your society and direction, as far as you go."

" I am going within five or six miles of the place you mention. But I wonder," continued he, " you would venture to travel so far, with a single companion, and he an idiot, or innocent, if I judge

aright from his appearance, and that feather in his cap," looking back at the young Jesuit.

Mac Rory's eyes shot fire, as he heard this remark, for he was riding immediately behind them.

"But he should be a villain, indeed, who could injure you, or lead you astray, lady," added the handsome stranger, looking up into Ellen's beautiful face, with respectful admiration. Had Moore written his "*Melodies*" at this time, the stranger might have addressed her, and received her reply in the following poetical lines :—

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good, or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm :
No son of Erin will offer me harm ;
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more."

The stranger's voice—she knew not why—sent a thrill of delight through her whole frame. As his face was somewhat muffled, and as she was timid, and did not often raise her face towards his, she did not see it clearly till they were parting.

"Here, lady, I think I may safely leave you," said he, "for yonder, in the midst of that forest, stands Lyshin Castle, which you seek." As they

said "good bye," their eyes met, when Ellen started with surprise and was about to speak, but she hesitated, and restrained her emotion; she then stretched out her hand with more than usual warmth to the young stranger, who bowed low in his saddle, as he kissed it.

Is it necessary to inform the reader that the handsome stranger was John Fitz-Thomas, the Earl's younger brother. He had been absent from head quarters in search of the lost Earl, when Dermot returned from Lyshin Castle, with the intelligence of his place of confinement, and therefore did not get the letter, which Fitz-Thomas, his brother, had addressed to him.

After the departure of the stranger, Mac Rory, without attempting further deviation from the right road, which was now impossible, as the castle was seen in the distance, led the Countess directly to the wood, by which the castle was environed on every side.

Other thoughts seemed to occupy the mind of this young man, and another spirit to pervade him, which produced a change not only in his whole deportment, but also in his personal appearance and dress. He was the same, but he looked another man. His figure, up to this time, had been lank and awkward; it was now tall, genteel, and al-

most graceful. He rode his horse well. He must have possessed something of that extraordinary sleight of hand, or power of *transmogrification*, by which modern stage players and mountebanks are enabled, with the same coat, trousers, and old hat, to convert themselves, from rustics and buffoons, into gentlemen and officers of the staff, for even the wing of the wild goose sat jauntily on his head, the feathers fluttering in the breeze, or dangling on his shoulder like the plume of a general of brigade.

As they entered the wood, he persuaded Lady Desmond to dismount, and approach the castle on foot, as the safest mode, and one less likely to attract the attention of the lawless people about the place, who might be lurking among the thickets. He, therefore, tied the horses to a tree, and led the way. The further they advanced, the more dense and difficult became the approach, which rendered it necessary for Mac Rory, frequently, to draw near his fair companion, to hold back the branches from her head, or brush away the briars from her feet. In doing so, he observed a silent, but most marked attention and respect; his gestures and manners displaying the breeding and grace of a gentleman, more familiar with the manners of a court, than with those of a kitchen, where he had performed menial offices, for the last few months.

Lady Desmond's agitation of mind, as she approached the castle where her husband was confined, so absorbed her, that, at first, she did not notice the frequency of the young man's presence, and his officious attentions; and when they did attract her notice, she exhibited all the innocent surprise of Eve in Paradise, around whose feet the serpent had been rustling the leaves, and winding his scaly form, before he dared to erect his crest, and address her :—

“ With tract oblique,
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
So varied he; and of his tortuous train
Curled many a wanton wreath, in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye. She, busied, heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To such disport before her through the field,
From every beast, more duteous at her call
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring. Oft he bowed
His turret crest and sleek enamell'd neck,
Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle, dumb expression turned, at length,
The eye of Eve, to mark his play.”

The rapid perceptions of some women are truly wonderful; and Lady Desmond, when her suspicions became aroused, displayed far more penetration than her grandmother Eve, who did not suspect the

serpent's intent before he spoke ; though certainly Eve had not, at this time, eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Women have a quick intuition in detecting the feelings of love, as they exhibit themselves in the actions of men. Ellen read this passion in the eyes of the young Jesuit, before his lips dared to express it, and, as she read, she trembled ; for she saw she was completely in his power. But when he spoke (he—Mac Rory—the *fool*—the *innocent*), I doubt if the sound of the serpent's voice at Eve's ear struck her as more strange and wonderful, than did the words of this young man Lady Desmond, who believed him, up to this time, to be nothing more than a stammering idiot.

“Lady,” said Mac Rory, bowing almost to the ground, before her, with all the suppressed passion of an honourable man, “can your goodness forgive the madness of a wretch who presumes to adore you—who could kiss the foot-prints of the earth you tread upon?”

“What mean you?” said Ellen, starting back, as if a serpent had bitten her.

“Can you, lady, mistake my meaning? I love—I adore you.”

“Let me pass ; the evening approaches, the castle is still at a distance,” said the lady, trying to pass him.

“Not so hastily,” said Mac Rory, who saw more of scorn and contempt, than fear, on her brow. “You shall not leave me thus,” continued he, laying his hand on her arm.

“Get you hence, Satan! Unhand me!” cried Ellen, trying to break from him.

“No, by the God of heaven, not without you,” cried he, casting one arm round her, while he held her by the wrist, with the other hand. “If Satan has my soul, your person shall be my recompense.”

He thus held her, with his long arms and sinewy fingers, like a wild man of the woods. She uttered a long, piteous scream, and fainted :—

“With that, a deadly shrieke she forth did throw,
That through the wood re-echoed againe;
And after gave a grone so deepe and low,
That seemed her tender hart was rent in twaine,
Or thrilled with point of thorough piercing paine,
As gentle hind, whose sides with cruell steele
Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine;
Whiles the sad pang approaching shee does feele,
Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth seale.”

The monster, shocked at the effects of his violence, laid her gently down, and was in the act of bending over her, to bathe her temples with the water of a rivulet which ran near, when he received a heavy blow on the back of the head, which laid him sense-

less on the ground, where he remained for nearly ten minutes.

When he opened his eyes, he saw the face of Maurice Stack staring into his, with a fearful and malignant grin, as if he were not even yet quite sure whether it was the banshee, the devil, or mortal man he had laid low. Seeing Mac Rory open his eyes, and look strangely about him, and fearing he might yet escape him, he summoned courage to take him by the throat, and say :—

“Ha, ha, Mr. Devil, or Banshee, or Beelzebub, or whatever they call you, I have you now ; you’ll play no more of your devil’s tricks on me.”

But before Maurice had finished the sentence, or was aware of his exact position, Mac Rory, who had assumed his usual shape again (like Satan, when touched by the point of the spear), raised his long legs in the air, and brought them, with the same facility, as if they had been a pair of arms, about his captor’s neck.

Maurice, feeling the sensations of a strangling man, threw up his head, in which effort he was aided by Mac Rory, who made a bound forward, as boys sometimes do, when springing to their feet. The effect of this united movement, was to bring him on his back, with Mac Rory seated on his chest, the trooper’s neck between his legs, more firmly

fixed there, if possible, than before. The only advantage of the change was that his head was up, on this occasion, instead of down; but from the confused look of the face, and the starting of the eye-balls, it was evident he was insensible even of this advantage. How long he might have been held there and thus, I cannot say, for, a few seconds after, the Jesuit started to his feet, as he heard the report, and received part of the contents, of two pistols, which were discharged from the thicket immediately behind him. The next moment he disappeared among the trees, closely pursued by four or five horse-soldiers, who were enabled to mark, and keep on his track, by the stains of blood which he left behind him.

It was not long before the first man came to a halt, and waited for his companions, five in number, to approach. The last who came up was Maurice Stack, whose legs were, as we have before stated, unusually short for the length of his body. He was somewhat black in the face, and altogether appeared confused, if not confounded.

“We have lost him,” said the first man.

“Lost who?” said Stack.

“Lost *who*? Are your brains wool-gathering? Who should you think, but the chap we’re in chase on?”

“Then, you may give up the chase.”

“Why?”

“Because that’s the devil; I’ll swear it. It’s him as I told you before ; but you only larfed at it.”

“I don’t see as how he can be the devil, for I know we hit him; and by the same token there’s some of his blood, by that there tree.”

“Well, it’s very odd,” said one of them, raising his head; and as he did so, some drops of blood fell, like rain, on his face. “What’s this?” said he, wiping it off with his hand. “Blood! Does it rain blood?” He looked up, and saw Mac Rory hiding among the branches of a large oak. “There he is!” cried the soldier.

“Where?”

“There.—Can’t you see?”

“No, nor I think you neither.”

“Well, I thought I saw summit like him,” said the man, walking round. “Yes, there he is!” And it was he. Feeling his inability, in his wounded state, to run much further, Mac Rory had climbed the tree, around which his pursuers had now assembled.

The soldiers who could not have desired better sport, than to make a target of his body, immediately commenced firing, but without much apparent effect, for Mac Rory had a sharp eye, and kept his

body well concealed behind the large limbs and branches of this monarch of the forest, to which he had fled for protection. But it would seem as if royal oaks refused sanctuary, save to royal heads.

The party below, finding it almost impossible to hit him from the place where they stood, divided themselves into three companies, which exposed, I think I might prove by a mathematical problem, two-thirds of Mac Rory's body to four of the men. He was not long able, under these disadvantageous circumstances, to escape some of the numerous bullets which were directed against him; but, if wounded, he gave no sign by starting, or crying out; though there seemed not the same agility in changing his position from place to place, and bobbing up and down, as his eye caught the flash, which marked his earlier efforts at escape. He grew languid and feeble, and at length sat perfectly motionless, without moving hand, head, or foot.

"Damn me, but I believe he's dead," said one of the men. As this was the general impression, another of them ventured to climb the tree. As he cautiously approached the bough on which Mac Rory sat, Maurice Stack called out, "Have a care, Bob!"

Bob hesitated; but again summoned courage to draw near, and saw, by the colour of the face, that life was extinct.

Being a wag, and wishing to give Maurice Stack a fright, he tipped over the body, and roared out as it fell, "There he goes, Maurice Stack! Run! run! He's after you! He's the devil."

The dead body descended to within a few feet of the ground, when it became entangled in the tree; but in so natural a position, that you would have imagined, were it not for the pale bloody face, that it was a living man, who had chosen that posture.

Maurice, who could not run from fright, raised his head, and there, within a few inches of his nose, was the face of the bloody corpse.—He fainted.

The trooper came laughing down the tree, with Mac Rory's bonnet in his hand. "There," said he, fixing it on the head of the dead man, "you look a beauty now; and damn me, but you'd frighten the devil."

Mac Rory's body was found to have been pierced with eighteen balls, through the apertures of which had flowed out nearly all the blood in his body; but as I intimated before, he gave no sign or token to his enemies, of their power to injure him.

The party left the body seated in the tree, and returned to the spot where they had rescued the fainting lady,—but when they arrived there, they found she had departed.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

“Human fault, with human grief confess.”

PRIOR.

THE evening of the day on which the incidents related in the last chapter occurred, Lady Margaret was seated in the same room where we first introduced her to our readers. Deep care and anxiety had left their traces on her brow, while her passion lay buried down in her heart. I say buried, for there was more of sorrow than of passion on the surface. “This explanation,” said she, speaking to herself, “can be delayed no longer. I must see him, and tell him all.” She rang a silver bell, which stood at her side, and when the servant entered, said, “See the Earl of Desmond, and tell him I wish to speak with him at his earliest convenience.”

The Earl was paler and sadder than usual. His long confinement, and his anxiety about his wife and friends, had produced the change.

Lady Margaret looked at him with more tenderness and kind feeling than even love, as he entered the room, and invited him to take the seat beside her; but those who can read the soul in the face,

would have marked about her eyes, and mouth, a quiet, yet firm determination of purpose, which they never read, even in that face, before.

“Fitz-Thomas,” said Lady Margaret, addressing the Earl, “it is time there should be an explanation between you and me. I wish you to see the position in which we stand. I shall then leave it with you to decide on your line of conduct; for I cannot endure that you should be longer a prisoner within these walls. Read that,” handing him a letter. The following was the letter: —

“From SIR GEORGE CAREW, Knight, Lord President of Munster, to the High and Noble LADY MARGARET, greeting :—

“The Lord President presents his respects to Lady Margaret, and begs to remind her of the arrangement made between her and the O’Conor Don, for the delivery of the person of the *Sugane* Earl into his hands. The Lord President is now stationed, with a part of his forces, in the town of Kilmallock, waiting the presence of the Lady Margaret, with the prisoner; on the safe delivery up of whom into his hands, in the town of Kilmallock, the President will give the said Lady Margaret the sum of two thousand pounds sterling.

“He sends you this by a safe hand, and confidential servant, *Maurice Stack*, who will bear to him your reply.

“Signed,

“GEORGE CAREW.”

“Am I, therefore, to conclude from this letter, that you are a party to the treachery of your husband?” asked the Earl.

“Yes.”

“I thought I knew you better than I find I do, cousin.”

“You do not know me yet.”

“It is of course your intention to comply with the terms of this letter.”

“No.”

“I do not understand you.”

“I know that.”

“Then will you explain?”

Lady Margaret sate silent and abstracted, with her dark eyes fixed upon him. She at length spoke thus: “I knew of your apprehension, and approved of it; but never intended to deliver you into the hands of your enemies. O’Conor did.”

“Then why join with him in so foul a deed?”

“Ask me not that,” said she, turning her head aside, as her face flushed; “but I sent for you now, to shew you how you can be revenged.”

“On whom?”

“On whom, think you, but on that foul traitor, O’Conor?”

“What! on your *husband*?”

“Yes, but call him not so.”

“And how propose you I should be revenged?”

“By delivering the false traitor into the hands of the man who seeks to traffic in your blood. I will aid you.”

“Into the hands of the President of Munster?”

“Yes. Would it be doing more than the President’s forged letter accuses you of? or than O’Conor has accused you of to Tyrone, in order to excuse his own treachery and treason?”

“And would you have me make truth of their false charge, by doing the thing of which they accuse me?”

“Your justification is easy. This letter of the President is enough.”

“I shall not look to that false knave for justification. If my conduct does not justify me, nothing else shall.”

“Then if you do it not for his sake, oh! do it for *mine*,” said she, softening, and assuming an imploring accent and manner.

“How so? What mean you?”

“Oh! relieve me, I implore you, from the cruel

bondage of his presence ; a presence more dreadful than death. O James Fitz-Thomas ! O cousin ! if you ever loved me, save me from him ; and let me never see his face again," exclaimed she, falling on her knees before him.

"Rise, Lady Margaret ! I entreat you, rise," said the Earl, attempting to raise her.

"Oh ! never, cousin ; never, James, till you promise to shield and protect me from that man !"

"How, or where can I shield you?"

"Oh ! shield me here, in your bosom," said she, casting herself upon him.

He did not shrink from her embrace—he needed not to do so, for he thought of Joseph in the prison-house of Potiphar, and felt strong. She lay and sobbed on his heart, but every pulsation of that heart was calm and constant, and beat only for one ; but he felt for his fair cousin, he pitied her, and therefore did not scorn her. What man of noble nature could, who felt that such a sacrifice of female pride and womanly modesty had been made for him, and him *only*.

What were her thoughts as she clung there, like a shipwrecked mariner to a rock ? Were they thoughts of conquest ? No ; but only of safety. So, at least, they seemed to her. Still, she trembled while she hoped, lest her noble cousin's righteous

indignation, like a mountainous wave, should dash her back to the foaming rocks of vindictive passion, or drown her soul in the depths of despair. But there was no repulsion ; there was no righteous burst of indignation ; no “ *Get thee hence, Satana!* ” All was calm within and around her cousin’s bosom. She felt nothing like even a silent swell of waters beneath her cheek, as it lay there ; for the pulsation of that heart was not stronger or more rapid than usual.

This first surprised, then pleased, and in the end disappointed her. She looked up. There was no thunder-cloud on his brow ; but the light and love and compassion of heaven were there. He felt deeply for her, for he knew she was yoked to a demon. He therefore kissed her fair forehead, as he said, “ Cousin, think no more of this : it is madness ; and it cannot, *must not* be ;—but hark ! some one approaches.”

Does his conduct, pious reader, offend thee ? Do I hear thee say, “ The wretch ! He should have flung her from him ? ”

Be not righteous *over much*. Beware what spirit you are of. Go learn a lesson of thy Master—if he be thy Master—in the eighth chapter of John ; for the servant must have the spirit of his Lord. Let him, let *her*, who is without sin, cast the first stone at them both.

No, pious reader, the Blessed Saviour's, and the noble Earl's, "*Go, and sin no more,*" were more powerful in the reformation of the woman in the Gospels, and the woman here, than all thy righteous indignation. There is nothing so omnipotent, in the conversion of sinners, as love. "*God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.*"

CHAPTER XLIX.

“Nought is there under heav’ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of the mind,
Then beautie brought t’ unworthie wretchedness
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast feälty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feel my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.”

SPENSER.

A SERVANT entered to say, a lady had just come to the castle, who desired to see Lady Margaret.

“Who can she be?” inquired Lady Margaret.

“Did she give her name?”

“No, my Lady, she would not give her name.”

“Then I shall not see her.”

“You had better see the lady,” said the Earl ; “I shall now retire.”

“Send her up,” said Lady Margaret to the servant, as the Earl of Desmond left the room.

The lady who entered was young, and surpassing beautiful ; but she was greatly flushed, and had a wild and startled appearance ; and Lady Margaret, who rose and invited her to advance and be seated,

observed that she tottered from apparent weakness, as she crossed the room.

“ I had not the honour of hearing your name, lady,” said Lady Margaret, after she had given her time to recover.

“ You are Lady Margaret ?” said the stranger, looking at her with a timid and a curious glance, without answering her question.

“ The same, at your service.”

“ The Earl of Desmond is confined within these walls ?”

“ The Earl of Desmond is *within* these walls.”

“ *Not* confined, then ?”

“ I did not say so ; but may I ask why you inquire ?”

“ I wish to see him.”

“ Who shall I say ?”

“ His wife.”

“ *His wife!*” exclaimed Lady Margaret, springing to her feet, and towards the stranger, with the pounce of a tiger. “ *His wife!*” peering into her face. “ Tis false ! False as hell ! He has no wife !”

The lovely young Countess of Desmond started back in terror, as she said “ O ! spare me, Lady Margaret, for I’m his wife.”

“ Who are you ? Speak ! Whence came you ?”

“ Oh ! I’m his wife ; I’m Ellen Spenser ; spare me, and let me see him.”

“ Never ! you may be Ellen Spenser, but you are not his wife.”

“ O Lady ! I am,” said the lovely and timid Ellen, falling at her feet ; “ let me see him, or I shall die.”

“ Then die !” exclaimed Lady Margaret, stamping with her foot. “ Begone ! you strumpet ; and never let me see you within the walls of this castle again.” She rang the bell, and said to the servant, “ Take this person hence ; and have her conveyed without the walls of the castle. Quick !”

But the innocent object of her wrath and jealousy was no longer in a condition to be removed. She fell from her knees on her face, and then rolled over on her side, on the floor, while her whole frame seemed to work and throe with some strange kind of spasmodic convulsion.

“ What shall I do, my Lady ?” said the female servant, who looked down in tenderness and pity upon the stranger.

“ *Do!* Remove her hence. Take her from my presence, before she drives me mad.”

“ But not beyond the walls. It would be her death.”

“ Take her hence, I tell you !”

Lady Desmond was removed with some difficulty, and carried to a private chamber of the castle,

where she was laid upon a straw bed, in one of the servants' rooms.

She remained unconscious for nearly half an hour; the servant of whom we have spoken sitting, in silence, by her side; watching, with deep and curious interest, the convulsions with which her tender and beautiful frame was still agitated.

As she opened her eyes, she started, and asked, "Where am I?"

"In the castle, lady," replied the servant.

"Thank God! then I am near him."

"Near who?"

"My husband."

"I thought so," said the woman to herself, as if her suspicions—whatever they were—were confirmed. She then stooped down, and whispered something into the ear of the lovely invalid, the answer to which was "proof positive."

"Who is your husband, lady?" she next inquired.

"The Earl of Desmond."

The woman actually shrieked out, "O mercy on us! the Earl's wife! and to bring you into this room, and lay you on a bed of straw! Does Lady Margaret know this?"

"Yes," was the feeble reply; for Ellen was now so exhausted that she could scarcely speak above her breath.

“ O God ! I must tell her ladyship of this. She is passionate, but I don't believe her heart is bad. May the angels of heaven watch over you, you darling lady ; sure I knew, the minute I set my two eyes on you, my darling lady, you must be something *uncommon*.”

CHAPTER L.

“And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Una’s sake, of whom I sing
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guileful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv’d to that vile witches shayre.”

SPENSER.

LADY MARGARET was pacing the room, with hurried step, when the servant entered, and whispered something in her ear. Whatever it was, it made her start, with even greater surprise than when she heard the name of her visitor.

“What am I to do, my Lady?” said the servant, who remained for some minutes a silent observer of her mistress’s fearful abstraction.

“Whatever is necessary,” said Lady Margaret. “Let her have every attention and care ; go, leave me.”

“Is she to see the Earl?”

“No.—Begone !”

“Could Archer have deceived me?” said she to herself, continuing to pace up and down the room,

under strong excitement. "Could it be possible that this woman is his wife, after all? *His* child to be born within the walls of *this* castle! Good God! can this be possible; and he never to mention it to me? I cannot, I will not believe it."

While speaking thus with herself, a servant entered to say that "Father Archer was below, and wished to see her ladyship."

"Let him come up," was the reply.

The Jesuit looked ten years older than he did at his last interview with O'Connor's wife. His real age was fifty-five. He looked five years younger than this, a few months before. He now appeared sixty. His face had a worn and wild appearance; his step was less firm, and his whole deportment less decided.

Whence this change? Was it sickness? No, but his measures for the subjugation of Protestantism, and the establishment of Popery, in Ireland, had all failed. His machinery had become disarranged. Disarranged, do I say? not merely disarranged, but broken, smashed, blown up, and flung in pieces, about his ears.

I once happened to be on board a steamer, whose machinery had been blown to pieces by the bursting of the boiler; the deck, the flooring of which had been ripped up by the fierce explosion, was strewn

with various pieces of iron and timber, bent and split in every imaginable way. In the midst of the ruin, stood the captain—to whose want of caution the accident was attributed. He had his hand on the helm, the wheel of which he mechanically turned round and round, without any consciousness of what he was doing. He looked about him vacantly, and silently, while the men were engaged in stowing away the *disjecta membra* of the wrecked vessel. I should never like to look on such a face again. His character, as a commander, was lost for ever. He *felt* it; and saw he must now sink down among the common herd of seamen. The helm would be soon taken out of his hand, and he be “sent about his business.” Did thoughts like these occupy the mind of Archer?

Perhaps we have no circumstance in history, ancient or modern, to compare with the weakness, vacillation, and indecision of Napoleon Buonaparte, after the battle of Waterloo. The pictures of old Hannibal, fleeing from place to place, for his life; and of Marius, an outcast from Rome, standing among the ruins of Carthage, are grand pictures; but the conduct of Buonaparte was positively contemptible. And his manner of life in Saint Helena was not calculated to remove the impression produced by a review of his conduct in 1815,

that men, who have been *once* great, may, by a change of circumstances, become small ; become men of small thoughts, and small talk ; men of ignoble feelings, and morose and peevish tempers. No man is great out of his proper sphere : a stranded whale is a contemptible animal. No, not exactly a contemptible animal ; it is too large for that ; but it is no better than, what shall I say ?

“ Well, what do you say ? ”

Than blubber :—

“ Even so, he lies ;

Blubbering and weeping ; weeping and blubbering.”

“ What a terrible business this is, Lady Margaret,” said the Jesuit, as he entered, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. “ How could you think of acting such a part ? ”

“ What mean you, sir ? or to whom speak you in terms like these ? ”

“ I beg your pardon, madam ; but you must surely know as well as I do, if not better, that the seizure and betrayal of the Earl, and delivery of him up to the President, will destroy all our plans for the wresting of the government of this country from the hands of England.”

“ What care I who governs the country ? But had

you acted towards me in a faithful and honourable way, this had never occurred."

"What mean you, Lady Margaret? Of a surety, I had nothing to do with the seizure and imprisonment of the Earl."

"It would, notwithstanding, have never occurred, had not you deceived me respecting his marriage."

"I cannot understand you, lady."

"And I can afford to give you no further eludation of my meaning. When and where was it that this marriage took place?"

"I still refuse to call it by the name of marriage, for the ceremony was not completed."

"By whom was the ceremony performed?—Yourself?"

"By me! Do you think me mad?"

"By whom, then?"

"By Father Cavendish."

"What Cavendish? My father's old chaplain?"

"Even so."

"A good man; who should have been a bishop; and if all be true that I have heard surmised, you had something to do in retarding his prospects at Rome. But what should hinder that his marriage should not be valid?"

“ The ceremony, I tell you, lady, was not completed ?”

“ How was that ?”

“ Cavendish took suddenly ill ; and died at the altar,” said Archer, looking somewhat confused.

“ Strange ! And you were present ?”

“ Yes.”

“ And desired—as I know—to prevent the marriage from the beginning ; of which your letter to me contains proof. ”

“ I hope you do not mean to imply, Lady Margaret,” said Archer, with a furtive and fearful look, “ that——”

“ Imply what, sir ?”

“ That I had anything to do with the illness and sudden death of my poor friend, Cavendish.”

“ I cannot imagine why such a thought should have crossed your mind,” said the lady, giving the Jesuit a penetrating glance.

“ Oh, very well ; that is enough. But about the liberation of the Earl ; you are not, surely, about to deliver him up to the President ?”

“ No.”

“ But to liberate him ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Well ! come,” said the old man, “ this is better

than I thought. Matters may be restored yet. All is not lost that is in danger. I shall now go, for I have some pressing engagements elsewhere. Lady Margaret," said he, as he departed, "I depend on your honour."

The lady waved her hand, and the door closed on the priest.

"A strange change appears to have come over that man," said Lady Margaret, "and I fear me, he has had something to do with the death of good Father Cavendish ; for he looked self-condemned, when he spoke of the matter. So they *are* married ; although, it would appear, a *murder* was done to prevent it. Verily, there is a decree of heaven in these things ; and we cannot fight against God."

A servant now entered hastily, and said, "The strange lady is dying, madam, after giving birth to a child."

"*Dying*," said Lady Margaret, starting up, and grasping the servant's arm, "you say not that?"

"I do so, my Lady ; and she has sent me with her dying request to you, that you will allow her to see her husband."

"O God ! dying ; and I am her murderer ! Hasten, woman, and inform the Earl ! But, stay ! I shall go myself. It must be broken to him—or—

But no ; do you go, and say—O God ! I know not what to say. Go, and manage it as well as you can : I dare not see him !”

The woman left the room, to convey the sorrowful tidings to the Earl.

CHAPTER LI.

“ Sweet soul, thou art on thy death bed.”

SHAKSPEARE.

WHO is this, that, with muffled face, comes gliding through the dark corridors of Lyshin Castle, towards the sick chamber of Lady Desmond ?

Ha ! is it possible ! If thy heart fail thee not, lady, enter. This spacious room is, as thou knowest, the chamber of sickness ; so tread lightly on the floor. To *thee*, I should rather say, “ Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground :” a saint of God, as pure as one of God’s holy angels, lies sleeping here.

It is night, and the bustle in the castle is hushed : the stillness is such that you can hear no sound, save the deep and quiet sigh which escapes from the bosom of the nurse, as she raises her apron to wipe the moisture from her eyes.

Draw near this bed : tremble not ; she will not harm thee ; but hold in thy breath, if thou dost expect to catch the breathing of the pale form, which lies here. Yes, she still breathes.

LADY MARGARET.—“Nurse, is there any hope?”

The nurse shakes her head in sorrow, and wipes a tear from her cheek.

You start! What at? Yes, there lies the heir of the Last Earl of Desmond. The child is dead. Cover up its face.

Hark! Some one approaches; and in the same noiseless manner as thyself. Who is it? A tall, noble-looking man; but as pale as the breathing corpse on the bed. Haste thee, Lady Margaret; and hide thee behind that curtain, lest he see thee, *now*; and make not sob nor sigh, though thy heart should burst, for that man is the husband of the murdered lady.

The nurse moved away from the bed as the Earl entered, and took her place. He had received his instructions before, and sat and watched his wife's face, in silence.

By-and-bye she opened her eyes, and saw him, and smiled, but did not—she could not—move hand or head to salute him. But *such* a smile! It was woman's smile, but it expressed the love of holy angels, more than the love of woman.

It was thus she saluted him, after an absence of months. Was this cold? No. Did he think so? No, he understood it all; and when he pressed his lips to her's, and kissed her, it was with the reve-

rence of a worshipper for a saint, rather than with the passion of a lover. Why? He saw the mark of death on her face, before she opened her eyes. He felt that God had sealed her for Heaven; that she was no longer his wife, but Christ's bride.

"I am so happy," said she, "to have you here: I feared I should not have seen you before I died."

"And do you feel happy in the prospect of death?" said the Earl, with all the calmness of voice and manner he could summon, for he was told excitement would instantly destroy life.

"Very."

He leaned his head on his hand, and then raised it, to say, "*Although* you leave me behind"—but he hesitated, and said to himself, "No, this might disturb her;" and therefore asked instead, "Whence, Ellen, dost thou derive this strength, and confidence, and holy joy, in the prospect of death?"

"From this book, on my pillow," said she, turning her eyes to where the New Testament—of which we have before spoken—lay; "and now that thou hast come, thou shalt read it for me."

"What shall I read?" said the Earl, taking the book, and opening it.

"The fourteenth chapter of the gospel by St. John."

The Earl read the chapter from beginning to end; and as he read, a fountain of heavenly love

and holy consolation seemed to open in his heart, for tears, which he thought on this occasion he could never have shed, fell in heavy drops upon the leaves of the book.

“Fitz-Thomas,” said the dying saint, “I see thee weeping. What did the Blessed Saviour say to his disciples? ‘If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father, for the Father is greater than I.’”

“Oh! Ellen, you know I love you; and can you wonder I weep?”

“I do know it, and do not wonder. But think what a happy death is mine—to die in thine arms—to have thee so near me, to close these eyes!”

“For your sake, Ellen, I know I should rejoice, for death will be to you a passage from a life of sorrow, an escape from false and treacherous friends”—(here the curtain, behind which Lady Margaret was concealed, shook, as she grasped a fold of it in her hand)—“to a life of endless joy; and to the bosom of that friend who sticketh closer than a brother.”

“Yes, thou sayest truly; but even on earth, Fitz-Thomas, we may gain a foretaste of the heavenly state, and realize something of the happiness of the just-made-perfect.”

“Yes, Ellen, so I should conclude from thy happy state now.”

“And thou shalt be happy, too, Fitz-Thomas.”

“I hope so, when I come to die. Oh! that I were stretched beside thee, now; and my soul as near the gate of Paradise as thine.”

“Say not so, Fitz-Thomas; God knows what is best, and orders our time, and all things, according to His wisdom and His love.”

“Is it of His ordering, Ellen, that the evil should prosper, and the just be oppressed and trampled under foot?”

“He maketh all things to work together for good.”

The nurse here approached the Earl's elbow, and told him “he was making the lady speak too much.”

“I feel very strong,” said the invalid; but she had scarcely said the words before she fell into another of those fainting fits, in which persons, circumstanced as she was, so frequently go off.

She rallied again, but it was only for a short time. She then said, “Kiss me, and read that book for my sake,” and closed her eyes. Was it death? No, not yet, but

“A death-like sleep;
A gentle wafting to immortal life.”

The Earl received the first intimation of returning life, by seeing a smile playing round her mouth. "Desmond," said she, pausing between every two or three words, lest the light of life should be quenched by speaking too fast; "I have a favour to ask of you, and, as it is a dying request, you will not refuse me."

"Mention it, Ellen."

"You told me of the capture of the Earl of Ormond, by O'More."

"I did."

"The Earl of Ormond has a wife and daughter, who are, I hear, good and amiable. I thought, on our marriage, of asking you to use your influence with O'More, to have him released from bondage, but the sudden death of my uncle, Father Cavendish, drove the good thought from my mind. When you left me to join your troops, I had a sad misgiving that bonds and imprisonment awaited you; and the day you departed, I again resolved to make this request."

"And why did you not make it, then?"

"I thought that his detention might be for your advantage; but this was leaning—as we have been taught by the result—on an arm of flesh, and not on God's arm. Desmond, it is not because I love you less, I now say, *have*

the Earl of Ormond released. God will watch over you."

"Ellen, I shall write this night to O'More, and use my best influence with O'Neill to accomplish what you desire. I hold the request, though Ormond is my enemy, as a holy vow on my soul."

"Love your enemies—Bless them that curse you—Do good to them that hate you—And pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," were sentences slowly, but distinctly enunciated, like an angel whispering at his ear. The eyes again closed. Is it sleep? Yes, the sleep of death. Ah! Desmond, you may bend over that form, and gaze into that face, till your eye-balls burst, but she will never smile upon thee again. Yes, that is death. It was cruel—was it not, to slay her? Yes, Lady Margaret, thou mayest tremble, for thou art not guiltless of that lady's death.

The Earl knelt down, in a paroxysm of grief, by the side of her death-bed, covered his face with his hands, and tried to pray, but could not. Lady Margaret seized this opportunity to come from behind the curtain, and make her escape from the room.

CHAPTER LII.

“Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace :
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.”

COWPER.

ONE of the greatest of kings and wisest of men has said, “It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting ; for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to heart.” The great Apostle of the Gentiles has said, “Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope.” Our great English philosopher, Lord Bacon, remarks, with his usual eloquence and truth, “Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed.”

The dealings of Providence are mysterious only to those who do not take the trouble of reading them aright, and who are unable to estimate the highest good, and in what consists man’s highest estate. If the perfection of our natures, the ennobling of our thoughts and feelings, and the fitting us for heaven—if this be best, “it is good for us to be afflicted,”

it is necessary that we should pass through the fire: "Whom he loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." The higher and nobler attributes of man's nature would remain undeveloped, and as if they were not, without the exercise and discipline of affliction.

It was so with the Earl of Desmond. He left that room a sadder, but a wiser and a better man. Neither was the lesson lost on Lady Margaret; but we shall leave her, in the privacy of her sorrow, to her own chamber, and to her God. It was not Mac Rory, but Lady Margaret, who murdered Lady Desmond. The denial of her prayer to see the Earl her husband, was the dagger that went directly to her heart. But as Ellen was a holy saint, ripe for heaven, we may view the burning scorn, and unbridled passions of her jealous rival, as the chariot and horses of fire which God prepared to carry her soul there. Of a truth, "He can make the wrath of man to praise him." He can "make all things work together for good, to those who love Him."

CHAPTER LIII.

“ Affection is a bribe of the judgment, and it is hard to admit a reason against the thing we love.”—SOUTH.

THE Lord President of Munster is lying, with a strong force, in Kilmallock—a town in the County Limerick, about seven miles—as we have already stated—from Lyshin Castle, where the Earl of Desmond is confined.

The President has established his own quarters in the best and strongest fort of the town, and that famous old town had many strongholds, in the year 1600. The President, we say, had quartered himself in the strongest and best place ; for he always made it a point—the first point—to take care of Number One.

The President was pacing a square room, a window of which overlooked the country in the direction of Lyshin Castle, with more impatience than was his wont—for the President of Munster was not often agitated. He was a man that “ waited the movements of Providence,” as he said himself. Like Oliver Cromwell, he deemed it “ unwise to

outrun Providence," as that extraordinary man used to say, when run out of breath in hunting down Charles I. and Charles II.

"The President, then, was a religious man?" inquires one of my readers.

"Something in that way"—as Mr. Squeers said, when he lay in wait at the "Saracen's Head," to entrap pupils for "*Do-the-boys-Hall*."

Why does the President look out of that window so often, and then at the sun? Wait, and you shall hear from himself; for the President of Munster is fond of taking counsel of Sir George Carew.

"It is past the hour, and I see no sign of them; I fear she will not come. That fellow should not have left the castle. You never can depend on a woman; though I believe, in this instance, the mare is the better horse. But Lady Margaret is the cousin of the *Sugane* Earl. I fear she will not deliver him up. Still, two thousand pounds is a large sum of money: I don't think she could resist it."

A fig for your two thousand pounds, Mr. President. Two thousand pounds to seduce the faith of a noble-minded woman, to deliver up to the death the man whom she loves best in the world! Two thousand pounds!—Ten thousand, add. Add thrice ten thousand more. Now weigh her soul. Her soul outweighs them all.

No, she will *not* come ; that you may depend on ; so sit down, Mr. President, and count over the money in the strong box, for your amusement.

“ Though this matter does not turn out just as I had expected, I shall be the winner, in either case,” said the President, rubbing his hands. “ Though I may not win the Earl, the rebels have lost O’Conor. His treachery is now known ; so that he and his Connaught bownoughs may march back to Connaught ; for no Munster-man will trust them for the future.

“ Perhaps it is just as well she does not come, for I shall save the money. What say you, Master George ?”—There is much in what you say, Mr. President ; but still I think I should give the two thousand for the Earl, after all. His head would fetch more than that, if I were to pickle it, and send it to the Queen, as Black Ormond did the old Earl’s. Queer present that—very ; and for his son-in-law, too—ha ! ha ! ha !

“ Ah, it is past six ; I see she will not come at all, and this is the last day. Let me see now how matters stand,” said he, drawing his seat to the fire. “ I have two out of three leaders of this Munster rebellion *hors de combat*, Dermond and that consummate rogue, Florence Mac Carthy.”

That is true—Florence Mac Carthy, we have lost

sight of him for some time. "What have you been doing with yourself? Your cousin the Earl, and a number of other friends, have been asking after you, and now is the time, that the Earl is in prison, to come out, and show yourself a man:—'*I was sick and in prison, and ye came unto me.*'"

"Oh, I've been very sick myself," replies Florence.

Sick! poor fellow—have you? What's the matter with you? I should never have known it, if you had not told me.

"Don't you see how much I have fallen away?"

"Yes, I see you have fallen away from a horse-load to a cart-load."

"Look at my legs and feet; they are wrapped up in flannel. I am not able to put them to the ground.—Oh, damnation, don't touch my toe!"

"Why, man, it's the gout you have."

"The gout!"

"Yes, a sickness one gets from too much eating and drinking; I fear the President's crowns have been a temptation to you."

"Damnation seize the President and his crowns! what do I care for his money?"

"But will you come and lend a hand to get the Earl out of Lyshin Castle? His friends are now mustering, and his brother John has sent me to you to say he hopes you will not be behind."

“No, I can’t—I’m very sorry. I would if I could; but, damnation—’pon my sacred honour——”

“You may go and be hanged,” said Peter Lacy, turning away on his heel. “But let me give you a warning, Florence, and that is, that the President will serve you as *Cyclops* intended to serve one of his prisoners in the cave.”

“How was that?”

“To eat you last.”

“To ate me last! Ha! ha! ha!—Ate me last!—Ha! ha! ha!”

It was in this way, that honest fellow, Peter Lacy, the Lord of Bruff, argued with Mac Carthy, to join with them in an effort for the liberation of their general and leader; but it was all in vain. He was a cunning, stubborn, obstinate brute, whom no one, save his little wife, Lady Nell, could either lead or drive; and she had been so enraptured with Sir George Carew, Knight, the Queen’s Lord President of Munster, who had treated her and her daughters, Kathleen and Honora, with such “high respect and *true* politeness,” at Mallow Castle, that she could not think of allowing her husband to take up arms against him, or join a set of riff-raff rebels.

This being the state of things with the Mac Carthy, his friends in other parts of Kerry had to do their best for the Earl’s release, without him.

CHAPTER LIV.

“Where is the best place to make our battery next?”

SHAKSPEARE.

FIVE days after the death of Lady Desmond, the wood which surrounded Lyshin Castle was alive with armed men, who had assembled there during the preceding night. O’Conor’s treachery had stirred up the blood of the Earl’s true friends, who mustered in large numbers, with their “heavy armed gallowglasses,” and “skipping kernes” to the rescue of their leader. To the honour of many of the Connaught men be it known, that, in this affair, a number of them opposed their captain, or general, the O’Conor Don.

John Fitz-Thomas, the Earl’s brother, Peter Lacy his friend, or “Little John,” and William Burke, his faithful ally, were “the *Triumviri* of the League, to set the Prisoner at Libertie,” as we are told by the Lord President himself.

John Fitz-Thomas, or John of Desmond, was the chief in command ; and well and wisely did he shew himself worthy of the honour, though but a young man.

The force at his command was about one thousand strong. With this, he made dispositions for attacking and scaling the walls of Lyshin Castle in three different places ; but finding himself deficient in scaling ladders, and other military machines for taking fortified places, he resolved to adopt another expedient, that of bursting open the gates—which were exceedingly strong—under the cover of what was, in those days, called a “*sow*.”

As some of my readers, who may have often heard of a battering-ram, may never have heard of a “*sow*” before, I shall describe it. The sow was a warlike engine, somewhat resembling, in shape, the animal whose name it bore. Like the “*Wooden horse*,” used by the Greeks at the siege of Troy, it was filled with armed men, who were sometimes called its “*little pigs*.” Some sows carried a brood of fifty men. As it was composed of strong planks, those within were generally secure, though rolled up to the very walls, or the gates of the town they intended to attack.

Kilmore Wood, in the heart of which stood Lyshin Castle, afforded not only materials for the construction of this peculiarly Irish machine, but also the means of concealment to the party engaged in building it. It grew up in the wood, in a most surprising way, like most Irish pigs ; so that the

people at the castle had no knowledge of its existence or approach, until they heard it grunting, or scratching at the gate to get in, about five o'clock in the morning.

“Hillo !”—exclaimed our friend the Welshman, who was keeping ward at the gate, when he heard the noise made by the workmen inside.—“What de tivil noise is tat ? What is tat tare ?” ejaculated he, looking down on the monster from the top of the wall.

“Don’t you see,” said Peter Lacy, coming out of the wood, “that’s a little Irish pig. It is scratching at the gate for the potato skins.”

“Is tat pig (big) tivil a little Hirish pig ? I taught it twas a pig (big) Hirish pore. Have you many little Hirish pigs in te wood, like tat ?”

“Five hundred : the wood is swarming with them.”

“Den I’ll co and tell de captain about hit.”

“Well, you had better be smart, before it works a hole in the gate ; for it has the devil’s own snout.”

The man, who needed no spur, disappeared in an instant ; and in the course of a few minutes, the officer in command of the party, which O’Conor had left in the castle, came to the wall, and inquired the cause of the assault.

John Fitz-Thomas now came forward, and said,

“I demand the immediate liberation of my brother, the Earl of Desmond, and his friends, who are confined within the walls of this castle.”

“I shall deliver your message to Lady Margaret, sir ; and bring you her reply without delay.” The messenger immediately disappeared, and after the lapse of a few minutes returned, and said, “If the machine be drawn away, and no violent entrance attempted, the gates will be opened in half an hour, as the Earl of Desmond is preparing to depart from the castle.”

“You deliver this message,” said John Fitz-Thomas, “from Lady Margaret?”

“These are her words, sir.”

“And I have your honour for their fulfilment?”

“You have.”

“Draw back the sow, there, and retire to your places in the wood,” said the young man, addressing his followers.

In a few minutes they disappeared ; and all was as still as before. Both sow and little pigs curled up their tails, with apparent delight, and whisked under cover, among the trees.

CHAPTER LV.

“ Things that were ordained festival,
Are turned from their office to black funeral.”

SHAKSPEARE.

BEFORE the half hour had elapsed, the gates of the castle were thrown open; but instead of the Earl and his men, there slowly issued from beneath the portal, a coffin covered with a black velvet pall, bound round with white satin; from the top of which waved black and white feathers. The coffin was borne out with a slow and solemn step, by the friends of the Earl, who had been captured with himself.

The Earl's brother and immediate friends stood for an instant in silent consternation, looking from amongst the trees at the procession, until Peter Lacy whispered in the ear of John of Desmond :—
“ They have murdered your brother ! It is his corpse.”

His words, which seemed to be the true interpretation of the mystery, were no sooner uttered, than the cry of “ *Treason ! treason !* they have killed the Earl—to the gates !” were echoed from

rank to rank, and the next instant a rush was made upon the gate, led on by John of Desmond and Peter Lacy, sword in hand ; but as they gained the porch, they met the Earl himself, who was startled from his melancholy revery by his brother's voice.

Had John of Desmond, or Peter Lacy, seen the Earl's ghost they could not have been taken more aback than they were by his gaunt figure and pale face. He looked like a walking corpse, in his own funeral procession.

"James," exclaimed John, "what is all this? What means the coffin which has passed out?"

"Oh, brother! ask me not now," said the Earl, laying his hand and head on his shoulder, and weeping there like a child.

The funeral again quietly moved on, and wound its way through the wood, the Earl leaning on his brother's arm, and the whole of the warlike party falling into line with slow step and sad faces. They took the road for the wild mountain district, where the Earl first met and wooed his beautiful bride.

It was late at night, near twelve o'clock, before the procession arrived at the church-yard of the old abbey, lying among the mountains of Tipperary. Ellen's grave was dug by moonlight, by the hands of wild soldiers, for the Countess of Desmond was an outlawed soldier's wife ; but though wild in

aspect, they had kind Irish hearts, beating warmly within their bosoms. They laid her gently in her grave, with the care of a nurse placing an infant in its cradle ; they covered her with the green mountain sod, on which the wild heather was still blossoming ; and then knelt down around the grave, and with uncovered heads, offered to heaven a prayer for “ *The rest of the lady’s soul.*”

CHAPTER LVI.

“The residue retired deceitfully towards the place of their ambush, whence issued more. Then the Earl maintained the fight, but the enemy intending to draw the English further into their ambush, turned away at an easy pace.”

HEYWARD.

“Charge! charge! their ground the faint Taxallans yield,
Bold in close ambush, base in open field.”

DRYDEN.

BUT Dermond O’Conor, the traitor, the husband of Lady Margaret, and general of the Connaught bow-noughs, whose treachery wrought all this sorrow, what happened to him? Did he get the two thousand pounds from the English President, or go and hang himself?

“Get the two thousand pounds from the English President!” I think I hear you say, with surprise. “Was the President a fool?” No, but as old a fox, and “as knowing a shot” of a President as ever went to Munster; and we have no hesitation in adding, as great a schemer, if the forging of letters, and the employment of women to undermine the faith of their husbands, be scheming.

But he acted under the broad seal of England,

and had a *carte blanche* from the Queen's Secretary for the practice of every "artful dodge" that would be likely to deceive the Irish rebels.

We know that ; but the broad seal of England, and the policy and cunning of the English Secretary, could not justify iniquity, or make wrong right, although many think they could not have higher authority for their conduct. The sanction of the State gives currency and gilding to almost any kind of villany.

The President, I say, was a schemer ; he seems to have gloried in this character, although he called it by another name ; for he relates his cunning tricks as "good things." We shall, therefore, test his ability in this department, by his own standard, and back the O'Connor Don against him ; and for the two thousand pounds, the Irishman beats the Englishman—that he proves himself the cleverer rogue of the two.

The Earl has escaped from the castle, and the President has the two thousand pounds in the strong box, together with another large remittance from England. These are the President's stakes. What does O'Connor set against them ? His life—or liberty, at least. Shuffle the cards, Mr. President. No man can do it better. Cut, Dermond O'Connor. What have you turned up ? The knave of clubs—

Very good. It is your play, O'Connor. What card is that? A letter from O'Connor to the Lord President of Munster, deploring the failure of the scheme for the capture of the Earl, and making promises for the time to come. But the reader, who has to judge of the skill of the players, must see it:—

“ *Balliallian.*

“ MY GOOD LORD,

“ It so happened, that contrary to my directions, and without my privity, my ward at Castle Lyshin was hardly set upon by the enemy, and was constrained to yield to the surrender of the Earl of Desmond ; but since said delivery, there have fallen into my hands John Fitz-Thomas, the Earl's brother, and one Gerald Fitz-Nicholas, a known rebel, and friend of the Earl's, and the chief of the Walles, or Faltaghs, of Downmoylin, together with Thomas Oge, and the two sons of Rory Mac Shihy, together with their towns and castles, which I am now holding for your lordship. But in respect of the greatness of the enemy, and the fastnesses of their strength in Connello, I must keep to close quarters, till I am relieved by your lordship.

“ I assuredly trust, that my zeal and loyalty in this adventure will cause your lordship leniently to

overlook the failure in the Earl's delivery at Lyshin Castle. If your honour brings a strong force to these parts, while my bownoughs lie here, I can vouch you certainty for the delivery of the prisoners afore-mentioned, and the dismantling of all the fastnesses in these parts, which could not fail to cause a terminating of this rebellion in Munster, with great honour and *eclat* to your lordship.

"I doubt not that my alacrity in this second service will cause your lordship to abate nothing of your promised liberality, and consideration of the two thousand pounds, to have been paid to me on the delivery of the *Sugane* Earl. The which, expecting forthwith, I humbly take my leave.

"Your Honour's to command,

"DERMOND O'CONOR DON."

"Just as I expected," said the President, after reading the letter, as if he had foreseen the turn of events here described. "I have these bull-dogs at each other's throats, now. What shall I do? Shall I leave them, to use one of their own proverbs, 'To pull it and haul it between them,' or relieve O'Connor? The former seems the safest, but the latter the more honourable course of conduct for me to pursue." By *honourable*, the President meant a line of conduct most calculated to confer honour on himself.

But the reader must have discovered, unless I have failed to give a true portrait of the President, that prudence, or caution, was the leading trait in his character, so that his honour, or rather his love of laudation, the organ of which must have been largely developed, had to take its place behind the bump of cautiousness—rather a curious arrangement of bumps in the head of an English general and knight—but so it was. He, therefore, delayed sending an answer to O'Connor, and determined to wait the further development of affairs in Connello.

He had remained but a short time in this inactive state, lying on his arms, watching the movements of the two parties, before he received what he considered correct information, that the Munster rebels were beginning to parley with O'Connor and his Connaught bownoughs for the delivery of the prisoners and the strong castle which he held in his possession. Sir George, fearing that if a union were again to take place between the Connaught and Munster men, his previous attempts at dividing them would go for nought, and that his *divide et vince* would be no more than a warning motto above *their* "bundle of twigs," resolved to hasten with his whole force, which was lying at Kilmallock, to the aid of O'Connor and his Connaught mercenaries.

His forged letters, and manœuvring with women, had not succeeded.

“I have no hope,” said he, as he prepared to start, “to get this haggard into my hand by these kind of lime twigs. I must take the bull by the horns.”

Come, Mr. President, we have you in the field at last. It was hard to draw you out.

Having made all the necessary preparations for his journey, he marched directly from Kilmallock to Limerick. Here he received another letter from Dermond, which caused him to press on with greater haste into the heart of Connello, where he encamped within three miles of Castle Balliallian.

He is too late. How provoking! The first news which he received, when he got there, was, that O’Conor had just delivered up the castle to the Earl of Desmond, whose troops mustered in large numbers in and about it.

What was the President, under these circumstances, to do? To return of course. But that was more easily decided on than executed, for Connello, at that time, was even worse than Dhuhallow. The Earl of Desmond lay near the castle, three miles farther up the country; but the further in, the hotter it grew; and O’Conor, the President’s *pseudo*-friend, had managed to wheel round behind

him, and to take up a strong position at his rear, immediately within a pass by which the English general had to return, as dangerous and difficult to surmount as Satan found the gates of hell, when trying to make his escape to Paradise; with almost as many fearful, grisly, and famished monsters prepared to bar his way.

From out the pass stalked an ogre, as horrible and monstrous to look upon as grim Death. He answered to the mellifluous name of "*Moroghe ni Moe O'Flarty*." He was the chief of the "Ferocious O'Flaherties," the ruins of whose castle stand near Outerarde to the present day. He was lieutenant to O'Connor, and his own following was nearly a thousand men. From the cliffs and fissures of the rocks, and from among the heather, looked out wild faces and fiery eyes, like those of famished wolves, or hungry hyenas :—

“And Death

Grinned horrible, a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled ; and blessed his maw
Destined to that good hour.”

O'Flaherty marched without the pass, walked boldly up to the President, and addressed him in Irish, which I must translate for the convenience of my readers :—

“My commendations to your honour. I think it right to inform you that we are here in camp, two thousand five hundred Connaught men; yet we give your honour to understand, that we will not set upon you in any way, nor molest you in your journey, provided your honour considers us with a piece of money, and gives us your pass, and safe conduct to depart this country; not that we fear you or any one else; but you may well accept of this our proffer, for it is a thing that others of your calling sought for, and could not obtain, although very desirous of having it. Thus troubling your honour no further, only expecting your speedy resolution, I commit you to God.”

When Moroghe ni Moe O’Flaherty had delivered himself of this speech, his friends, who hung about the mouth of the pass, gave three wild cheers, and an “*O’Flaherty aboo!*” which startled the President in his war-boots, and made him tingle the tips of his spurs.

Sir George, even after recovering his equilibrium, looked somewhat blank and chapfallen, and began to remonstrate with the lieutenant; but Moroghe ni Moe O’Flaherty, who did not understand a single word of the Lord President’s reply, shook his red head, and said “*Anan;*” which might mean, “Very good,” or “Very true, my Lord;” but it sounded

more like, "Come, down with the cash, and no more of your jaw."

The President asked to see O'Connor; but he, for some time, hesitated to make his appearance. At length he came forth, and met Sir George half way, between the entrance of the pass where his own people stood, and the ground occupied by Her Majesty's forces outside.

Sir George, who seemed most indignant at his treachery, rated him soundly for his ingratitude to a man who had come to assist him; and told him, in conclusion, to draw off his men, and let him pass.

"I declare on my conscience, my good lord, it is not my fault. I did everything man could do to oppose the purpose of my men; but they were determined to have their own way in this matter, for they say the pay is due to them; and I promised them their *bounough* when you came to this neighbourhood."

"And why did not you earn it, then, by delivering up the castle and prisoners into my hands?"

"That is just what I said to them, my Lord—you have not earned the money."

"And what did they say?"

"They said they did earn it; and that it is all your lordship's fault, for not coming sooner."

“How much do they demand?” said the President, seeing it was no use to parley any longer; and knowing that the Desmond troops lay within a few miles of him.

“A guinea a head, my Lord.”

“How many of them are here?”

“Two thousand five hundred. Is not that about the number?” said he, turning to his lieutenant, and addressing him in Irish.

“Between that and three thousand,” replied Moroghe ni Moe O’Flaherty, who thought he might add a few more.

“Well, I suppose I must pay the money.”

“I must also get your lordship to lend me five hundred guineas,” said O’Conor.

“What! five hundred guineas more for yourself?”

“I require it for the chiefs of my troops, who will not be satisfied without it; but I will send your lordship the money the moment I get back to Connaught.”

“You will be sure to send me this money?” said the President, who did not wish it to appear he had been frightened or bullied out of it.

“I give you my honour for the faithful payment, my Lord; of which my friend here, Moroghe ni Moe O’Flaherty, is witness.”

Moroghe ni Moe gave a grunt.

When the full sum of three thousand guineas had been counted down, which nearly emptied the President's strong box, O'Connor said:—

“I must now trouble your lordship for a pass, as we commence our march this day for Connaught; and we might be set upon by some of Her Majesty's lieutenants and troops, as we march through the country, if we were mistaken for rebels.”

“Well, this fellow has the impudence of Old Nick,” said Sir George to himself; “it is not enough to rob me of three thousand guineas, but he wants me to give him and his rebel fellows a character for being honest men and loyal subjects. But I must comply: he has me in his power.—What sort of a pass do you wish me to give you?”

“If you sign and seal this paper, which I have written to save you time and trouble, it will do.”

The paper ran thus:—

“To Her Majesty's Lieutenants, Deputy-Lieutenants, and all others whom it may concern, in Her Kingdom of Ireland.”

“Be it known, that we hold the bearer, Dermond O'Connor Don, General-in-Chief of Connaught Bownoughs, as a loyal and well-disposed

subject of Her Majesty, who has, by his own counsel and valour, at the head of his troops, greatly aided in the establishment of Her Majesty's prerogative, and in the suppression of rebellion in this Her Majesty's kingdom of Ireland ; we, therefore, commend him and his men to the protection of all Her Majesty's faithful subjects, in his march with his army from Munster into Connaught.

“(Signed), GEORGE CAREW, KNIGHT,
 “ *Lord President of Munster.*”

After this paper had received the Lord President's seal, and had been handed to O'Connor, that accomplished scoundrel bowed low, saying :—

“ I will now withdraw my men, and let your lordship and your forces pass ; and your lordship need have no doubt ”—here he smiled—“ about the five hundred guineas.”

“ I have no doubt in the world about it,” said the President. Neither had he, for he knew right well he would never see a single guinea of the money.

You were beaten this game, Mr. President. Will you play another?

“ One more.”

With whom ?

“ With O'Connor.”

I give you credit for courage at cards.

CHAPTER LVII.

“Vagabond is understood of such a one as Cain, who wanders forth in fear of revengement.”—RALEIGH.

“Not unappeased he passed the Stygian gate,
Who has a brother to revenge his fate.”—MILTON.

SUCCESS generally rewards the labours of good and wise men, and sometimes of evil men ; but when the latter get what is called a “run of luck,” there is—in Ireland, at least—an impression that they will meet a speedy and unexpected downfall : so that good luck is considered the unluckiest thing that could happen to them.

This impression, proverb, or prediction—for we may call it by any of these names, as with some it is merely an impression, and with others a proverb and prediction—may result from the teaching of Divine Writ, which says, “I have seen the foolish taking root, and suddenly I cursed his habitation. I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree, yet he passed away, and, lo ! he was not ; I sought him, and he could not be found. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places ; thou castest them down into destruction : how are they brought

into destruction, as in a moment ! They are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream, when one awaketh, so, O Lord ! when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image."

Or this conviction of the doom which awaits such characters, may result from a close observation of the retributive justice of God, who would seem, on some occasions, when iniquity erects its crest, to "*Come out of His place*," to tread the serpent under foot, and to remind us that there verily is a God who takes cognizance of our conduct. Bishop Butler, in his *Analogy*, argues in this way for a final judgment.

Dermond O'Connor, instead of taking immediate advantage of the President's pass to escape into his own country, as did most of his followers, hung about Munster, and went to see his wife, and asked her to interfere for him with Sir George, in order to procure a *bona fide* pass and pardon. Lady Margaret did as he desired; but whether it was with a hope of being rid of him, or for the purpose of sending him to "Hell or Connaught," I cannot say ; at all events, she went to the President, and the President renewed the pass, and Dermond O'Connor commenced his journey, accompanied by about fifty of his own followers; and—part of the way—by some of the President's troops.

When within a few miles of the town of Gort, he was met by "Theobald Burke of the Ships," who was in command of a hundred of the Queen's soldiers, armed to the teeth ; and who appeared to be waiting for him and his men, who were by no means so well prepared to meet them.

Theobald Burke of the Ships refused to let them march through his district, without a pass.

"If that's all you want," said Dermond O'Connor, looking suspiciously at Burke, "here it is," putting his hand into his bosom, and drawing it out.

Theobald took the paper from his hand, read it, and then tore it in twenty pieces, and cast it into O'Connor's face.

"How dare you?" said O'Connor ; "know you not that this is the Lord President of Munster's pass, who will have thy head for thy audacity?"

"I am prepared," said Theobald Burke, very coolly, "to settle that matter with the Lord President. I have now an account to settle with thee. Thou hast slain my cousins,* traitor ; draw, and take a *pass* from me—a pass to hell!"

O'Connor was a good swordsman, and by no means wanting in personal courage ; and seeing there was no hope of escape, did as he was com-

* Note C.

manded. Burke was the larger and stronger man ; and seemed, at first, to beat the slighter but better-tempered weapon of O'Connor about his head, as if it were an osier wand ; but it notwithstanding turned the blows, slanting, from O'Connor's person, without inflicting a scratch.

O'Connor acted, all through, on the defensive, for he felt assured, if he were to slay, or even wound his fiery antagonist, his life would pay the forfeit. As it was, Burke's followers could hardly be kept back from joining in the fray.

The coolness and skill of the general of the bow-noughts seemed to enrage Burke more than actual blows ; he therefore changed his mode of attack, and began lunging with the sword, which before was making circuits around O'Connor's head. O'Connor, feeling this mode of attack somewhat more dangerous, watched his opportunity, and sent Burke's weapon whirling over his head.

"Are you satisfied now ?" said O'Connor. "Have I won the pass ?"

"You have," said Burke ; but there was a scowl on his brow, and a treachery in his eye which gave the lie to his words.

"But *we* are not," exclaimed Burke's followers, rushing at O'Connor and his men, who gave way before them ; and then took to their heels across

the country, with a hundred men, in full cry, after them.

As Burke's men were two to one to O'Connor's, and better armed, O'Connor and his party had no chance in the open field ; they therefore fled, for refuge, to a neighbouring church, in which forty found shelter.

Ten had fallen by the weapons of their adversaries, before they could reach this sanctuary, which proved no place of protection to them.

Burke's men attempted to enter pell-mell after them ; but so many of them were slain on the threshold, that they thought it the wiser way to desist ; and, notwithstanding the sacrilege of the act, to fire the building, which was thatched with straw.

To do O'Connor justice, he stood his ground and held his position bravely, though suffering with his men, in the midst of the fire, something of the torture of the damned. Like Satan, whom Milton represents as lying weltering in the flames, he spoke words of courage to his followers—

“The companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods, and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire.”

But at length they burst forth, cutting a passage through the midst of their foes ; once more inhaling the cool breeze, which to them was like the breath of Paradise. The whole pack of

Burke's blood-hounds were again at their heels, and as they had not suffered so much as those within the church, they gained on them every instant, and cut them down one after another, as they overtook them, till they almost reached O'Connor, who kept pretty well in advance of his own party ; but seeing it was impossible to escape, he sat down, exhausted, on a stone, till his pursuers came up, who put an end to his misery by cutting off his head, which they brought as a trophy to Theobald Burke.

“ Who won the game now ? ” do I hear you ask ?

The President. But did he play fair ?

“ But could you blame him to employ any kind of device, to catch and destroy such a man as O'Connor ? Was he not a rebel, and a perjured traitor, to both friend and foe ? ”

Yes ; but was not Sir George Carew Lord President of Munster ?

“ And therefore had authority for what he did.”

That is true—I forgot that ; he had the broad seal of office, which justified every species of fraud—not only the forging of letters, but the giving of false passes, or private hints, to those through whose hands those papers might pass. It is stated that Oliver Cromwell, when in Munster, gave a letter to a troublesome fellow whom he suspected as being

disaffected, and told him to carry it to the Sheriff of Cork. The man saw something in Cromwell's eye which caused him to suspect that a trick was intended ; he therefore took the liberty of opening the letter, and, to his surprise and horror, read the words, "Hang the bearer." Whether the Lord President gave any directions or hints of this kind to Theobald Burke, or others, I cannot positively say ; but of this there is no doubt, that he gave O'Connor a pass, and that Burke, at the head of one hundred of Her Majesty's troops, would not let him pass, but slew him, and cut off his head.

"But," exclaims the President, who was something of a religious man, "do you remember what David said to his son Solomon, when he was dying?"

What was it, Mr. President?

"Behold thou hast with thee Shimei, the son of Gera, a Benjamite of Bahurim, which cursed me with a grievous curse, in the day when I went to Mahanaim ; but he came down to meet me at Jordan, and I sware to him by the Lord, saying, I will not put thee to death with the sword. Now, therefore, hold him not guiltless ; for thou art a wise man, and knowest what thou oughtest to do unto him ; but his hoar head bring thou down to the grave with blood.'"

Well, Mr. President, I have four answers for

your quotation. First—David did and said many queer and questionable things. Secondly—Satan quoted Scripture, without understanding it, as you seem to have done. Thirdly—There are considerable doubts among learned divines, respecting the meaning of this very passage ; and, fourthly—Were all the kings of the earth—who are with you, no doubt, high authority, or all the angels of heaven, who are, with me, even higher authority—to attempt to defend a direct breach of faith, though made with the devil himself, I would say to them all—to every man-jack of them, “Get thee hence !” I do not *positively* say that you are guilty ; all I say is, that the whole affair looks *rather* suspicious.

“But you must confess,” says the reader, “that the President won the game, after all, and proved himself the abler man.”

Well, I am—though an Irishman—compelled to confess that if Burke acted under the President’s directions, the Englishman, Sir George Carew, was the—the—the bloodier villain of the two. I hope this candour will be duly appreciated by my English readers.

CHAPTER LVIII.

“It is not my intention to make an apology for my poem : some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none.”—DRYDEN.

I FEARED, indulgent reader, at one time, that the charm of my tale might have passed away with that angel, Ellen Spenser, or the lovely young Countess of Desmond, as I may now call her ; but the murder of Dermond O’Conor having left his wife, Lady Margaret, who is still young and beautiful, a widow, and who must be, perhaps, after all, looked upon as the real heroine of my story, I have now no apprehension of abating a jot of the interest with which I may have been fortunate enough to inspire you.

I come to this conclusion from the state of my own feelings, perhaps the very best test of success ; for it is only now that my work begins to glow, and warm me to the proper temperature.

But I have, as all authors have, my own difficulties to contend with, which I shall explain to you with candour, depending on your kindness

to sympathize with me. I fear I have too many irons in the fire ; and that I shall find it hard to keep them all at a white heat, and in a proper state for the anvil ; and, although I intend to work like a nailor, I have so many new customers coming in, demanding attention ; one saying, “ Will you give a little more point to that,” another, “ I will thank you to work a head on this,” that, “ by this and by that,” as we say in Ireland, I do not know what I should attend to first. There is the poor Earl of Desmond, our hero, wandering about with a lawless band of followers—heaven only knows where—or, perhaps, seated, sad and sorrowful, on the grave of his wife Ellen, among the mountains of Tipperary. There is Lady Margaret, not less sorrowful ; and the exact state of her feelings, if we had time, could be worked into a chapter of some interest. There is Florence Mac Carthy, who begins to suspect he has made a capital mistake in refusing aid to his friends in adversity, arousing himself from his torpid condition, and drawing his long length out of his hold in the rock, to see what mischief he can work by his “ machiavellian ambodextering, and damnable blasphemies and lies.” He first attempts to gain one of the President’s castles, by frightening the captain in charge of it with a “ Blood-an-ouns, fire and fury, captain,

the Philistines are upon you ; there's five thousand of the Desmond horse coming down the glen ; run man, run ! I'll hold the castle for the President till the storm blows by : damnation ! you haven't a minute to lose." But the captain, who knows something of Florence Mac Carthy's " ambodextering," begs to be allowed to keep the castle himself.

Failing in this, he thinks of making a match between Kathleen, his daughter, and the widowed Earl of Desmond, of whose married and widowed state he was alike ignorant. The following description of his last abortive effort to strengthen his own, and the Earl's hands, by promoting the marriage with Kathleen, may amuse the reader.

CHAPTER LIX.

“ The match

Were rich and honourable, besides the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities,
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ NELL, get up on my knee here, my little woman,” said Mac Carthy to his little wife, one evening after he had been visited in his den by Peter Lacy, and reproved by that faithful friend of the Earl for his tergiversation. “ Get up here, Nell, I want to speak to you.”

“ Well, make haste, for I have something to do, and I am in a hurry,” replied Lady Nell Mac Carthy, climbing up to his knee, by the aid of a stool, and fixing herself as snugly there, as she was wont to do in her side-saddle, when setting out from Duhallow to Cork, a distance of thirty Irish miles. “ Well, Flurry, what is it ? Don’t keep me now.”

“ Do you know, Nell, my conscience——”

“ Your conscience, Flurry !” said his wife, with a smile ; “ well, go on.”

“ Yes, Nell, my *conscience* ; but I suppose you think I have no conscience.”

"Well, go on, Flurry."

"Do you know, my conscience is pricking me, for leaving that poor fellow so long in the lurch."

"Who do you mean?"

"Fitz-Thomas, the young Earl."

"What good could you do him by interfering? Now, Florence, you promised me you wouldn't interfere any more, or oppose the President."

"Damn the President. I believe there is some truth in what Peter Lacy says."

"And what does he say?"

"He says that the President is only waiting to ate me last."

"What does he mean by that?"

"Faith, I think his meaning is plain enough."

"And do you believe him?"

"I do. Yes, damnation! I do."

"Well, what do you propose to do?" said the wife, looking somewhat alarmed.

"James Fitz-Thomas is a fine man, and if properly supported, might come by his own yet. Did the girls ever see him?"

"Of course they did."

"How old is Kathleen, now?"

Mac Carthy's little woman here began to screech, and "kink," and shake her fat sides with laughter.

“What are you laughing at, Nell?” said Florence, with an amused and comical expression of face.

“What am I laughing at? Oh! you big rogue,” pressing her little white round fist to the side of his red nose, while her eyes danced with delight. “You suppose I don’t know what you’re thinking about, now.”

“What am I thinking about?”

“Why do you ask how old Kathleen is?”

“Well, how old is she?”

“She was eighteen her last birth-day.”

“Eighteen! Twenty-one, you mean.”

“Twenty-one! Twenty-one! Ha! ha! ha! ha! For shame, Florence; let no one hear you say that. Twenty-one! The poor child! Ha! ha! ha!”

“Child! Faith, you were married yourself before you were her age.”

“Get along with you, Florence; what do you know of girls’ ages? You know more of the ages of your horses and dogs than you do of your daughters’. But why do you ask?”

“Do you think she’d marry James Fitz-Thomas, the Earl of Desmond, if he asked her?”

“*What?*”

“*Do you think she’d marry James Fitz-Thomas, the Earl of Desmond, if he asked her?*” said Mac Carthy, with increased emphasis.

“Well, Florence, I don’t know. But do you think he *will* ask her?”

“I don’t know that either ; but we can try.”

“He is a great deal older than she is, poor child ! He must be more than three and thirty.”

“About that ; but I was more than that when I married you.”

“And wasn’t I a great fool to marry an old fellow like you ?”

“Indeed, Nell, perhaps you would have fared better, had you married Sir Nicholas Brown, and not an outlaw, like me.”

“Get out of that, you old rogue,” said his little wife, putting her arm round his neck, and lifting herself up from his lap, to kiss him.

“Well, well ; let us speak seriously on this matter, Nell. I fear I have made a mistake in not standing by the Earl. I see that this President is thinning our forces and followers every day by his cunning and treachery ; and I know he has no love for me ; but he will not show his teeth, till he is able to bite.”

“Has Desmond said anything to you about Kathleen ?”

“Not a word ; though I think I could bring the matter about ; but I wished to consult with you first.”

“Do you wish me to speak to Kathleen?”

“Why, you could sound her, and see how she feels. Desmond is a handsome fellow, and a fine honourable fellow, too; and I don’t think Kathleen could refuse such a man, with the title of countess to boot.”

“Didn’t I refuse a title for you, Flurry? and you must acknowledge Sir Nicholas Brown was a handsome man.”

“You did, my little duck.”

“Well,” said the wife, getting down from her side-saddle, “I’ll go and speak to Kathleen.”

“Make haste, then, for I’d like to write to-night to Desmond.”

“Kathleen, I want you,” said Lady Nell to her eldest daughter. “Not you, Honora. Come here, Kathleen, into this room. I tell you, Honora, I don’t want you.”

Honora, who saw there was a secret between her mother and sister, followed on tip-toe to the door, and put her ear to the key-hole.

“Kathleen, my love,” said the mother, “do you remember the last time the Earl of Desmond was here?”

“Yes, mother.”

“He danced with you, I believe, though you were quite a child then?”

"He did."

"What did you think of him?"

"I thought him a very fine man ; but why do you ask?"

"No matter, my love."

"Ah ! tell me, now. You *must* tell me."

"Well, I believe he admires you."

"Now, you're joking me."

"No, my dear child, it's too serious a subject to joke about."

"But did he write to father about it? Aint he in prison in Lyshin Castle?"

"No, not now ; he got out of that, my love."

"Ho ! ho ! So, that's your secret," broke in Honora, who heard every word of the dialogue between her mother and sister ; "so, we're to have a marriage, and you're to be the Countess of Desmond, ma'am," said she addressing her elder sister, with a little bitterness. "I wonder what next?"

"It will be your turn next, Honora," said the mother ; "but, Honora, I must request you will not say a single word on the subject, for nothing is settled yet ; and if the marriage takes place at all, it must be arranged with great privacy. So you must not breathe a word of it to anybody." This caution was unnecessary, for while she spoke, Molly, of whose inquisitive propensities we have

before spoken, was, at that moment, outside the door, with *her* ear to the key-hole.

“But when do you think they’ll be married?”

“I cannot say. I hope soon; but that depends on your father.”

The mother left Kathleen and Honora disputing about the colour and texture of the wedding dress, and hastened to Mac Carthy, to tell him that Kathleen had no objection to become Countess of Desmond.

On hearing this, Mac Carthy called for pen and ink, and sat down and wrote the following letter:—

“TO JAMES FITZ-THOMAS, EARL OF DESMOND.

“MY DEAR LORD AND COUSIN,

“Damnation, but I was grieved to the very heart I was not able to help you, when confined in Lyshin Castle by that black-hearted traitor, Dermond O’Conor; but I was at the same time confined to bed with swelled feet, and I thought the toes were roasting off me before hell’s fire; they call it the gout. But thanks be to God you escaped with your life.

“Dear cousin, I know you for an honourable man, or I would not say there is *some one* here at the castle would be happy to see you. Damnation,

why should I baulk at telling you, there is no man in Munster I'd sooner give the hand of Kathleen my eldest girl to, than to you !

“ We hope to see you here next week at farthest.

“ Your affectionate Cousin,

“ FLORENCE MAC CARTHY MORE.”

Had Mac Carthy known that this letter would have fallen into the hands of the President,—as was the case,—he would have allowed his fingers, as well as his “ toes,” to roast off before he would have written it. Sir George Carew saw,—after reading this letter,—that no terms could be kept with Mac Carthy. Ah ! Florence, the President will eat you last ; after you are well roasted.

CHAPTER LX.

“ You shall find him well accompanied,
With reverend fathers and well learned bishops.”
SHAKSPEARE.

“ We will not have this man to reign over us.”
LUKE, xiv. 14.

WHAT was the Lord President's next move? To bring over to Ireland James Fitzgerald, the Parliamentary Earl of Desmond, who was now over twenty-one years a prisoner in the Tower, where he had been immured since his infancy.

As he was the only son of the Sixteenth, or Great Earl of Desmond, the President concluded that the followers of the *Sugane* Earl would at once desert him on the appearance of James in Ireland. The expected landing of the Earl was therefore publicly announced and bruited abroad. But as his arrival was delayed longer than the President supposed, and fearing the young Earl's followers might be disheartened, he resorted to the trick of dressing up a servant in the livery and armorial bearings of the family, and of sending

him through the country to attract the gaze of the people, and set them talking.

Elizabeth, the English queen, was slow in liberating any of her state prisoners. The Countess of Desmond, the mother of this young man, and the wife of the Great Earl, had carried her child to London, as we have already stated, in order to appease the wrath of the queen against her husband ; but, instead of receiving him kindly, and allowing the child the privilege of the palace, as did her father, Henry VIII., the "Court Page," she seized it like a famished lioness, and cast it into her den in the Tower, to be consumed when the next hungry fit for human blood was upon her.

We, therefore, need not wonder that she hesitated in letting the young Earl depart ; but when she consented, she sent him with a safe keeper ; though for such caution there was little need, as the young man was as docile, tractable, and harmless as one of those monkeys which Italian boys lead through the streets of London with a string ; and, like these animals, he looked withered and old before his time, although every care had been taken to adorn him with coat, cap, and feather.

He arrived at Youghal on the fourteenth of October, where we find, from the chronicles of the

day, "He had like to have been overthrown with the kisses of the old *Calleaks*," or hags.

From Youghal he proceeded directly to Mallow, where the President waited to receive him ; for to him was committed the power of regulating all his movements, or, if need-be, of curtailing his liberty.

In a letter from Her Majesty, Elizabeth R., to the Lord President, signed by "*Ro. Cecil*," we read these words :—"Know this from us, that we shall never disallow it, *if you, in your discretion, find it necessarie at any time that you doe abridge him of any libertie or any favour now afforded him.*"

After remaining long enough in Mallow to learn his lesson of instructions from the President, he was sent, under the charge of the Archbishop of Cashel, to Kilmallock.

Nothing could surpass the hearty welcome which the Irish people—the tenants and followers of the old Earl—gave the young man, as he entered this fine old town. The windows and tops of the houses were crowded with spectators, who showered down corn and salt upon his head, as a token of welcome and prosperity.

This state of feeling lasted just twenty-four hours ; for the next day, when returning with the

Archbishop of Cashel, from the Protestant church, both he and the archbishop were hooted, cursed, spit upon, and bespattered with mud.*

There could be no mistaking these signs of the times, or the meaning of the *vox populi* here ; so the President, without much delay, put the hood upon this poor hawk, and sent it back to the queen, who immured it a second time in the Tower, where it died in a few months—some say of poison.

* The young Earl, we are told, “ Came to Kilmallock upon a Saturday, in the evening, and by the way, and at their entry into the town, there was a mighty concourse of people, inso-much that all the streets, doores, and windowes, yea the very gutters and tops of the houses were so filled by them, as if they came to see him whom God had sent to bee that comfort and delight their souls and hearts most desired ; and they welcomed him with all the expressions and signs of joy, every one throwing upon him wheat and salt, an ancient ceremony used in that province upon the election of their new majors and officers, as a predietion of future peace and plenty. The next day, being Sunday, the Earl went to church, and all the way the people used loud and rude exhortations, to keepe him from church. After service the Earl coming forth, was railed at and spet upon.”—*Pacata Hibernia*, vol. i. p. 164.

CHAPTER LXI.

“There were priests and anti-priests in opposition to one another.”—LESLIE.

FOR the service rendered by Milerius Mac-Craghe, or Miles Mac-Grath, who had been once a friend of Tyrone, and a rebel priest, the Queen's letter directed :—“Forasmuch as we do hold it convenient, that the Archbishop of Cashel should not be, in any sort, kept in extremitie, we would have you convert ten dead pays of foot to his use; parcel of that hundred which is appointed to be cashiered for the maintenance of James Fitzgerald. We likewise give order to the Deputy (the Lord Lieutenant Mountjoy) to make an allowance to the archbishop, in the nature of dead pays to preachers, in lieu whereof he may stay the pension of some other who it is not necessary to be provided for.” That is, he was to rob Paul the preacher, to pay Peter the archbishop.

This Miler, Milerius, or Mulmurry Magrath was once a Franciscan friar, and was made Bishop of Down by Pope Pius V. When he embraced the Protestant religion, he was promoted to the

bishopric of Clogher, and soon afterwards became Archbishop of Cashel.

This churchman seems to have rendered signal service to the English Government. We are told by the *Four Masters* (A. D. 1596), that “When the Lord Justice and the Council of Ireland saw the bravery and power of the Irish against them, and that all those that had been previously obedient to themselves were now joining the aforesaid Irish against them, they came to the resolution of sending ambassadors to O’Neill and O’Donnell, to request peace and tranquillity from them. The persons selected for negotiating between them were Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond, and Mulumurry Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel.”

There have existed in Ireland since the conquest by Henry II., or, at least, since the Reformation by Henry VIII., three kinds of Irish priests : first, *the Irish* priest, *par excellence*; secondly, the *Anglo-Irish* priest; and, thirdly, the *Ultra-montane* Irish priest. We have a specimen of the first in Father Cavendish, the friend and guardian of Ellen Spenser; of the second, in Miler Macgrath, the Queen’s Archbishop of Cashel; and of the last in the Jesuit Archer. The first is generally the *better man*; the second, the more *loyal subject*; and the third the more *sincere Papist*.

The first would oppose the Pope, for the sake of his country ; the last would sacrifice his country for the sake of the Pope ; and the second would sell both country and Pope to promote his own interests. The Irish people love the first, the English Government patronises the second, and the court of Rome supports the last.

The first class is now almost extinct ; the second is daily dying out ; the last, as a necessary consequence, is increasing.

I merely assert the fact. I cannot stop in my story to account for it. Whether it results from the "Liberator's" having bequeathed his heart to Rome, or from the Pope's having started as a Liberator himself, or from English legislation on "The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," I cannot positively assert : all these circumstances may have had some influence ; but of this there can be no doubt, that Roman rule, and Roman Ultra-montanism, has made rapid progress in Ireland within the last few years. The old Irish priest is disappearing as fast as the old Irish pig. But I do not think that, in this instance, we have improved the breed by the foreign admixture, which is not as "*racy of the soil*," and far less "Irish than the Irish themselves."

A rare, but by no means an old book (pub-

lished by *Edwards and Savage, Cork, 1829*), called the “MEMOIRS OF CHARLEY CROFTS,” contains an amusing anecdote, and a picture of the *old Irish priest*:—

“Velvetstown, our family residence, is near the old town of Buttevant, once famous for its abbey and castle. The latter is still in excellent order, and inhabited by the worthy *Sir James C. Anderson* (Bart.)

“At the time I speak of, the country was not torn by the horrid spirit of party, which now rages with such unhappy violence from one end to the other. People of all religious persuasions met in the friendly and cordial way they should do. No one appeared more anxious than my father to promote good feeling, and, accordingly, the priest of the parish and a friar that then resided in Buttevant, were frequent guests at his table.

“The friar was one of the good old-fashioned school of churchmen, kind-hearted, simple, and benevolent; his ambition never led him beyond a tolerable black coat, and a good dinner, and a *well greased pair of boots*,* nor his creed to inquire into that of his host or his shoe-maker. I think I see the old gentleman as he stood on the lawn in

* The old Irish priests were called “*Butter-boots*,” by their more *polished* brethren.

the front of the house, where we were playing *goul*; his face the picture of easy good-nature, his glistening, half-winking, laughing eyes, that spoke the joyous mind within, his slightly upturned nose, partaking of the rich purple hue that coloured his fat cheeks, his pouting lower lip, that looked the ready recipient for the wine-glass, a white rope-like cravat, that seemed to mark where his neck should be, and his coat a little browned from the wear, cut in the full clerical fashion, hanging as loosely on his shoulders as if it were placed there to dry."

He was amusing himself looking at their boyish sports, with the good-natured intention of aiding the weaker side, when he gave the ball a kick, which caused it to strike one of Charley's sisters—a delicate child—with so much force, that she fell as if killed.

The poor friar, in distraction at the mischief he had done, fled as fast as his short legs and long boots could carry him, to Buttevant. Hearing the clatter of a horse's hoofs behind him, he quickened his pace, for he thought the avenger of blood, in the person of the father, was after him. He neither paused to look back, nor ceased to run, till he reached his own house in Buttevant, where he sunk on the floor from exhaustion and fright.

The horseman, whom he mistook for the parent, was a servant, sent in pursuit to bring him back, and explain to him that no mischief had been done; but it was some time before he could persuade himself that it was the servant, and not the master, which stood before him, or restrain the *peccavi!* and *misericordia!* which hung upon his lips.

“He often laughed heartily,” concludes Charley Crofts, whose story I have somewhat abridged, “with my father and the priest, Father Roche, at what they called the ‘FRIAR’S RACE’ against ‘BLACK PEG,’ the name of the mare ridden by the servant.”

CHAPTER LXII.

“ Ready to charge, and to retire at will,
Though broken, scatter’d, fled, they skirmish still.”

FAIRFAX.

It is said that “Oppression will drive a wise man mad;” and, judging from the reports of lawless bands which were at this time passing through the counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary, preying, burning, and otherwise destroying the properties of friends and foes, and which were supposed to be under the command of the *Sugane* Earl of Desmond, it would seem that the proverb was being verified in his case.

His uncle, as I have already stated, when fleeing for his life, and hiding in the caves and among the fastnesses of Kerry, was surrounded by a set of wild men, who were called the “*Old Evil Children of the Wood.*” To mark the distinction between the followers of the old and of the young Earl, those of the latter were called the “*Young Children of the Wood.*” But I cannot call them the “*Babes of the Wood;*” or say that the same distinction existed between them that existed between “*Old* and “*Young Ireland,*” for the followers of both these

Earls were "Physical force men." There was no Daniel O'Connell in Kerry, in those days, to preach peace and loyalty !

The President sent frequent parties in pursuit of these wild men, and on one or two occasions succeeded in capturing and slaying a number of them.

Captain Greame attacked a large body of them, near the "Huge fastness of Arlogh," led by the faithful Peter Lacy, whom we have styled the Earl's "Little John." If we are to believe the President's reports, Peter Lacy had his horse shot under him, and lost a hundred and twenty men. The Queen's soldiers captured a hundred and fifty pikes, and a large number of swords, targets, and skeines ; forty horses and hackneys ; three hundred garrons, laden with baggage, value for about five hundred crowns, together with sheep and cows. They also carried off the Desmond colours, which they were flaunting in the breeze, on their march to Mallow, where the President was lying.

The evening was closing in, as they passed through a glen between Buttevant and Mallow, so that they did not see a small party of horsemen, who had advanced from the opposite end, until they were almost upon them. Neither did the other party see the President's men, till they were within a few hundred yards of them. The leader of the Desmond

horse wore a black plume in his helmet. He rode about a hundred yards in advance of his men, and seemed to be absorbed with his own sad thoughts. But he had the quick ear and eye of a soldier, and heard the jingle of military accoutrements, and the sound of laughter from the English ranks, before any of his followers. He started from his abstraction, and looked up suddenly. The first object that caught his glance was his own captured standard. His dark eye dilated, and grew as fiery and ferocious as that of a wild bull ! He drew in his horse, gathered up the reins, turned round to his men, and said, almost beneath his breath :—

“ Are you ready ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Then follow me,” said he, bounding forward, like a lion on its prey. “ *A Desmond aboo !* ” The next instant he broke through the ranks of the President’s troops, like a rock hurled from some fearful height. He unhorsed the man who bore the captured standard, but did not stay to rescue it, so that the standard fell to the ground. During the skirmish, an English soldier attempted to seize it the second time. While stooping to do so, he received a heavy blow from a pike-staff on the back, from Pierce Lacy, the brother of Peter, which left him sprawling on the ground.

“Take that, you damned scoundrel,” said Lacy, raising the colours. “How dar’ you lay your dirty hand on the Desmond standard?”

It was but seldom that the Earl of Desmond rode forth at the head of armed men; and shortly after this adventure, he retired with his friend the harper, to the mountains of Tipperary; and spent most of his time in a cave, near the old abbey where he first met his wife Ellen.

CHAPTER LXIII.

“ Bold Nimrod first the savage chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his game was man.”

POPE.

ONE day, while wandering through the woods, he was seen by some soldiers who were employed by Lord Barry to capture him.

This Lord Barry was a cruel, traitorous man, who had sold himself, soul and body, to the Government and Sir George Carew.

Hugh O'Neill, writing to him a short time before this, says :—“ Your impietie to God, your crueltie to your soul and body, tyrannie and ingratitude both to your followers and country, are inexcusable and intolerable. You separated yourselfe from the unitie of Christ's mystical Bodie, the Catholike Church.”

Lord Barry, who was as bold as he was cruel, returned O'Neill a Roland for his Oliver.*

As a thousand pounds was set upon the Earl's head, Barry and his company of soldiers were on

* The curious reader will find the correspondence in the *Pacata Hibernia*—Vol. I. pp. 36-39.

the alert to arrest him ; and the moment they saw him in the wood, they gave chase. The outlaw fled before them, accompanied by his faithful friend, Dermot.

“ Well, Dermot,” said the Earl, after a long run, “ where shall we turn now ? But you are out of breath.”

“ To the thicket on the left, my Lord : through here,” whispered the harper, pushing aside the branches, and leading the way.

They entered the thicket, which afforded but a few minutes’ respite ; still this was something, especially to the harper, on whose troubled brow the perspiration stood like pearls. The thicket in which they hid was soon surrounded by about a hundred men.

“ Well, Dermot, what next ?” inquired the Earl, with calm resignation. “ We are run to bay at last.”

“ Not yet, my Lord,” replied the harper, starting up, and wiping his brow. “ Your mantle, your mantle,” cried he, snatching the mantle from the Earl’s shoulders, casting it round his own, and rushing out of cover, with the instinct of a lapwing guarding its nest from a hawk. This clever *ruse* carried the whole company of soldiers in pursuit, which gave the Earl time to retreat in the opposite direction. Dermot, who knew the country better

than his pursuers, kept a-head of them for a mile, but finding himself too hard pressed, he dropped the cloak. This exposed the fraud, and brought the party to a stand around it, which gave the harper time to make good his escape.

“This is too provoking,” said Lord Barry, riding up to the party, who stood around the cloak; “only the fox’s hide, after all!—Never mind, boys,” continued he, “we shall have his head yet; and a goodly price is set upon it.”

Do not halloo, or give tongue, too soon, my Lord Barry. You are nothing more than the *setter*; the sleugh-hound is behind you.

“What have we here?” inquired the White Knight, riding up, accompanied by that blood-hound, Redmond Burke, from whose hands he had just escaped (after paying a high price for his liberty), but with whom he now appeared on terms of intimacy. “What have we here?” inquired he. “What! my Lord Barry! I did not expect the honour of a visit from your lordship.”—It was Fitzgibbon’s estate, and Lord Barry and he were at enmity. “What is that?” said he, pointing to the cloak, which lay on the grass.

“Your cousin’s cloak,” replied Lord Barry.

“What mean you by my cousin?”

“Your cousin Fitz-Thomas, the *Sugane* Earl;

or for aught I know, the cloak may be your own."

"Mine ! What mean you ?"

"Yes, *your's* : the cloak you left last year in Mal-low," said Barry, laughing maliciously.

Fitzgibbon looked at the cloak, and as he looked his face grew crimson.

It was his cloak : the very cloak beneath which the Earl of Desmond had made his escape from Mal-low Castle, while the White Knight had been arranging with Sir Thomas Norreys the terms of his surrender to the Queen.

"How came this cloak here ?" inquired Redmond Burke.

"Fitz-Thomas, of whom we have been in pursuit, has just dropped it."

"Is he in this neighbourhood, then ?"

"Yes," replied Lord Barry ; "and if I mistake not, under the protection of his cousin, Fitzgibbon ; but the Lord President of Munster shall hear this."

Fitzgibbon rode on, and when overtaken by Burke, who stayed to make further inquiries, seemed absorbed in deep thought.

"Fitzgibbon," said Burke, addressing him, "do you intend to let Lord Barry get the thousand pounds for the apprehension of the *Sugane* Earl ?"

“ Lord Barry get the thousand pounds! No, not, if I can help it.”

“ But you can help it, for he is hiding on your property, and that money would be of some service to yourself,” continued Burke: “ it would more than compensate you for what you paid me, and the injury you sustained from Lord Ormond’s people during your imprisonment.”

“ I was thinking of these things before you came up.”

“ Now is the time to act. Are you aware that Barry suspects you of harbouring the Earl? and as sure as he does, he will report you to the Lord President, Sir George Carew.”

“ Suspect *me* of harbouring *Fitz-Thomas!*” and his face lighted up with malicious surprise ; “ then, if he does, he does me injustice ; for I was not aware until now of his presence on my property.”

“ So I thought,” replied Burke ; “ but now you are aware of it, you should not lose the opportunity of profiting by the information.”

“ What ! deliver him up to the Lord President, and he my cousin !” replied the White Knight, looking into Burke’s face to see what he thought of such an act.

“ Of course ! If *you* don’t, Barry *will*.”

The White Knight shook his head.

“And you will let another reap the reward, and forfeit the favour of the Government and Sir George Carew?”

“I never suspected you, Redmond Burke, of so much loyalty or friendship for the Lord President.”

“If you suspect me of either the one or the other, you are much mistaken.”

“What, therefore, can be your motive in urging me to this deed?”

“A desire to share the profits.”

“You are frank.—If I ever think of it I shall ask your aid.”

“You promise that?”

“I do.”

“Well, that is decided; let me now ask, before we part, what was it made you look so like a duck in a thunder storm, when Barry spoke about the cloak? You reminded me of the day Fitz-Thomas exposed you before O'Neill.”

“No more of that, Redmond,” said the White Knight, turning pale with mingled feelings of fury and shame; “no more of that, if we are to be friends.”

“Well, when shall I see you again to arrange about his capture?”

“I have not yet decided on it at all; but you

shall hear from me soon,—in a week, or perhaps less.”

“The sooner the better. As Barry has had his hand in the nest, the bird will soon leave it.”

CHAPTER LXIV.

“Hark! What harmony is this?”—ANON.

THE Earl, and his friend the harper, lay concealed in the Cave of the Grey-sheep, above the Glen of Aherlow, in the mountains of Slieve Grot, in Tipperary; “a cave which had a narrow mouth, yet deepe in the ground.”

It was past ten o'clock at night. A bright May moon cast its cold beams across the mouth of the cave. The Earl (who looked pale and sorrowful) and Dermot, the harper, were seated over the expiring embers of a fire. They feared to make either a blaze by night, or smoke by day, as their enemies were on the *qui vive* throughout the whole district.

The harper hesitated, though often pressed, to place his fingers on the *cruit*, lest some foe, lurking in the thicket, should hear it, and pounce in upon them.

But he was persuaded this night to play. It was a melancholy air, which brought tears to the eyes of both, and along with them the vivid remembrance of the dead.

“Give me the harp, Dermot,” said the Earl, seizing it eagerly.

“Hush! my Lord,” exclaimed the harper, in alarm.
“What is that?” pointing to the side of the cave.

“What was it, Dermot?”

"I saw a shadow cross the mouth of the cave."

“It must have been a cloud, crossing the face of the moon. See, it has just emerged from beneath it. It is now bright again.”

The Earl then began, and played, with a power and pathos which surprised his companion, the following extempore effusion :—

“ A Nymph, escaped from Flora’s bowers,
I thought thee, ’midst that field of flowers ;
 ’Twas early spring.

“ Phœbus was shining on thy brow,
Ellen, my soul, I see thee now,
And hear thee sing.

“ Dark clouds were rushing through the sky,
The morning, Ellen, you and I
Were joined in one.

“ Those clouds foreboded direful ill;
O God ! I bow me to thy will,
 Though left alone.

“ I see her shade among the trees,
I feel her breath upon the breeze
That fans my cheek ;

“ I hear her in yon rippling rill,
I see her on yon sunny hill.
Oh, speak ! Oh, speak !

“ When kneeling by her holy grave,
Or 'midst the darkness of this cave,
In lonely glen ;
“ May Ellen's spirit from on high,
To wipe a tear, or catch a sigh,
Be present then.”

A voice replied :—“ AMEN ! AMEN !”

The Earl, who heard the words distinctly, started to his feet, and cried :—

“ Who's there ?”

“ Who do you mean ?” replied the harper, who was somewhat deaf.

“ Was is it you that said ‘ Amen ?’ ”

“ No, my Lord. Did you hear any one say it ?”

The Earl mused, and looked perplexed.

“ It is very mysterious ! I heard the words, Amen, amen, whispered as distinctly in my ear as I now speak to you.”

“ I heard nothing at all, my Lord, but—”

“ But what, Dermot ?”

“ Hem ! hem ! hem !” replied the harper.

The harper always hemmed, when about to broach a matter which he deemed of importance. The Earl, who was acquainted with the old man's

peculiarities, and who knew that three distinct hems of premonition denoted something more grave and important than usual, said :—

“ You were going to speak, Dermot ?”

“ Hem ! hem ! hem !—Does your lordship believe in ghosts ?”

“ Ghosts !—Why do you ask ?”

“ Because—because—because—I seen a ghost.”

“ A ghost !—Where ?”

“ In the churchyard of the Old Abbey.”

“ When did you see it ?”

“ Last night.”

“ You must have made a mistake, Dermot.”

“ Faix, I seen it as plain as I see you.”

“ What was it like ?”

“ Oh, I know whose ghost it was,” replied Dermot, without answering the question.

The Earl of Desmond was by no means a nervous man, but there was something in the harper’s words and manner and the expression of his face which sent a thrill through his frame. He remembered the body of his wife, and also that of the murdered priest, lay in the churchyard of the Old Abbey, where Dermot asserted he had seen the ghost. It was, therefore, with more interest than usual he asked “ *whose* ghost did you see ?”

“ Mac Rory’s.”

“ Mac Rory’s !”

“ Do you think I could be mistaken ?”

“ You must have been mistaken here !”

“ Does your lordship think I don’t know Mac Rory? that I don’t know his yellow jacket and red cap, with the wing of a wild goose sticking up in it? Bow, wow, I should be a goose myself if I didn’t?”

“ Do you mean to tell me you saw all this in the churchyard ?”

“ I do ; and I’ll sware it.”

“ What, you saw Mac Rory, the Jesuit’s spy ?”

“ I don’t know what he is ; spy or no spy, I see his ghost.”

“ Was not the body of Mac Rory found in the Wood of Kilmore ?”

“ So I was tould.”

“ Was it buried ?”

“ Faix I don’t know. P’raps, that’s it. As sure as life that’s it. Bow, wow, I have it now.”

“ What do you mean ?”

“ Did your lordship never hear tell how that the spirits of the dead wandher about till they get Christian burial? Think a’ that ; the crathur!—that his body is lyin’ in Kilmore Wood, and he to come wandhering here all this way for Christian burial! God save us ! and be marciful to his poor shoul !”

“Whereabouts in the grave-yard did you see this ghost, as you call it?”

“Be the grave of the ould priest, Father Caven-dish.”

“When did you see it, did you say?”

“About half-past twelve o'clock—as well as I could judge be the moon—last night.”

“What o'clock is it now?”

“About eleven.”

The Earl mused with himself for a few minutes, and then said, “I think it is time to lie down, Dermot.”

“I think so too, my Lord,” replied the harper.

Their beds were mountain heather, laid in opposite corners of the cave. Dermot rose from the side of the fire, wished his lord good night, walked over to the side of the bed, reverently bowed his knees and head in prayer to the God of heaven—not forgetting to pray for Lady Desmond's soul—and lay down.

CHAPTER LXV.

“ I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in this grave-yard, yet I will adventure.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE Earl threw a few additional branches on the red embers, and when they began to blaze, he drew a book from his bosom—it was Ellen's Testament—and read with deep and serious interest the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, where the apostle makes his great argument for the resurrection of the body. Having finished it, he looked towards Dermot's bed, who was still awake, thinking, no doubt, of the ghost. He then approached his own bed, followed his servant's pious example, and lay down.

It was not twelve o'clock when the harper gave the usual intimation of being sound asleep ; on hearing which the Earl rose, drew Dermot's mantle around him, and hastened, with curious feelings and throbbing pulse, to the church-yard of the old abbey ; for he knew that in such an affair his faithful follower would not practise a deception

upon him—that he must, therefore, have had *some* ground for what he had stated.

He entered the grave-yard with a slow but firm foot-step, but it required a strong mental effort to give his step that firm tread. Having approached the grave of the good priest, he took up a position behind a stone, which concealed his person from any one approaching in an opposite direction.

He had remained there for nearly an hour, and was thinking of returning to the cave, when he heard a noise near him, and turning quickly round, saw Mac Rory's cap and feather protruding from a broken hole in the corner of a large tomb. As the head was turned from him, he had time to conceal himself behind the stone, without being observed. After the head came the shoulders, and then the lank body, and last of all the long legs, like a serpent, drawing its long length from its nest in the earth. The thing then crawled on its hands and feet to the grave of Father Cavendish, at the foot of which it kneeled, and beat its breast, and prayed.

“Dermot was correct,” said the Earl. “There he is—cap, feather, and all—but if I do not greatly mistake, it is Mac Rory in body, as well as in spirit.”

After saying this, he raised his head above the

stone, just as the moon broke clearly through a thick cloud, and what was his surprise and horror, not to see the face of Mac Rory, but that of *Archer*; not the face of a feigned fool, but that of a real maniac. He could not be mistaken in the horrible grin, which distorted every feature, as Archer raised his head, and caught the Earl's eye.

The maniac uttered an inhuman cry, and fell senseless on the grave.

The Earl was standing near him as he recovered, but it was quite evident he had no recollection of his person, for he exclaimed :—

“Avaunt, Satan ! It was not I that murdered him. No—it was Mac Rory. It was my son.”

“*Your son !*” exclaimed the Earl, starting back, as Archer uttered these words. He was then, for the first time, struck with the remarkable resemblance between the father and son—the old and the young Jesuit. Archer took advantage of the retrograde movement to crawl back to the vault, which he did with evident terror, looking fearfully behind him, till he made his escape good into the sepulchre whence he had issued. Desmond directed his footsteps towards the cave, in an awfully excited state of mind, and left the maniac among the tombs.

CHAPTER LXVI.

“We seem ambitious God’s whole work to undo.”

DONNE.

WAS it Ambition that destroyed Archer?

“I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam
To be exalted with the threatening clouds.”

Poor Archer! Poor Human Nature! What a fearful doom! Ye would be as gods, but God has said, “Upon thy belly shalt thou go.” Ye, who would sit in the seat of God, and usurp the worship of God, hear ye the decree of the Most High:—“Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches, and shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit: let his portion be with the beasts, in the grass of the earth. Let his heart be changed from a man’s heart, and let a beast’s heart be given unto him; to the intent that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will.”

And this is Archer, the secret agent of Rome, the man with the clear grey eye, and the calm intellectual brow.

The same, though no longer the same.

Was it Ambition—that noble, lion-like passion, which nearly slew the *Divine Dante*—that destroyed Archer?

Ambition wounded him, but did not slay him. It was Human Nature that destroyed him; Human Nature, which this priest thought he had trampled under foot; but he did not succeed in crushing its head. It was only wounded: the serpent was still alive, and lay coiled up beneath the altar, waiting its opportunity to get vengeance for its wound.

Archer! you had a son—an only son. His name was Mac Rory. Is that his bloody corpse you see dangling from the tree in Kilmore Wood?

You start! Ah! Thou dost now feel the serpent's sting at thy heart. Thou dost now writhe and strain within its coils. Yes, here we see the *father* and the priest. And it redeems thy character. Thou wert, after all, more man than demon.

When returning from his last interview with Lady Margaret, he saw Mac Rory's dead body on the tree, as the troopers had left it. That sight destroyed his intellect. He became from that moment a raging maniac. He arrayed himself in Mac Rory's doublet, bonnet, feather, and all. But the feather had lost its juvenile and jaunty air, and looked dirty, dabbled, and fierce.

CHAPTER LXVI.

“ With furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows.”—POPE.

THE White Knight sits moodily within his castle, like King Saul in his palace, when meditating the destruction of David.

“ A letter from the Lord President of Munster,” said the servant—who was his foster-brother—handing him the letter, and marking, as he left the room, his master’s dark mood.

The letter ran thus :—

“ THE LORD PRESIDENT OF MUNSTER, TO THE WHITE
KNIGHT :—

“ SIR,

“ I am in present receipt of intelligence from my Lord Barry, of Barry-court, than whom Her Majesty has no more loyal subject in Munster, of the narrow escape of that arch-traitor, James Fitz-Thomas, commonly called the *Sugane* Earl, and of your suspected complicity therein. Lord Barry asserts that had he received due and timely assistance from you and your people, the Earl

could not possibly have escaped his hands. Know, therefore, that you must answer for your conduct in this matter with your life and lands ; and if found aiding or abetting this cursed rebel, you have no mercy to hope for at her Majesty's hands.

“Signed, GEORGE CAREW, Knight,
 “*Lord President of Munster.*”

Such a letter was not calculated to improve the knight's mood or temper. The clouds thickened round his brow, and his eye looked fierce and bloody as he started to his feet, and paced the floor in mental agony. “This is terrible ! After doing my utmost to hunt him out, to be accused of complicity, and threatened with loss of property and life !”

“Is that thrue ?” inquired his foster-brother, who had overheard him, and now re-entered the room.

“It is true,” replied Fitzgibbon, striking his forehead with violence.

The man looked at him long and compassionately in silence, and at length said, “I think I could tell you whereabouts he is.”*

* “As soone as he (the White Knight) was returned to his house, he made the like moane unto some of his faithfulest followers, to stirre up their minds to helpe him in the perill

“ Say you that ?” exclaimed Fitzgibbon, springing towards him, and holding him by the arm—
“ Where ?”

“ I know whereabouts ; that is, among what mountains ; but not the very place ; but I think I could make it out.”

“ Enough.”

“ But we will want some sogers to take him.”

“ We shall have them. My horse.—Quick ! I must see the President at once. I shall get a force from him.”

he stood in. One of his followers, which loved him dearly, compassionating the perplexity hee was in :—‘ But would you, indeed,’ said he, ‘ lay hands upon James Fitz-Thomas, if you knew where to find him ?’ The knight confirmed it with protestations. ‘ Then follow me,’ said he, ‘ and I will bring you where he is.’ ”—*Pacata Hibernia*, vol. ii. p. 241.

CHAPTER LXVII.

“ Under our tents I’ll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.”

SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT takes Lady Margaret so frequently to the Lord President of Munster, to Kilmallock, and even to Mallow, which is at a greater distance from her abode at Lyshin Castle? Is she also conspiring against the Earl of Desmond, and giving private information respecting his haunts?

Doubt not the faith of Lady Margaret, gentle reader. But she suspects others of treachery, and one especially, the *White Knight*.

Ah! *Fitzgibbon Blanc!* thou didst wisely to change thy name. Thy black treason to thy cousin has stained thy shield, which should never more be allowed to hang in hall with shields of noble knights. Thou hast disgraced thy whole kin, and left a blot on the page of Irish history, which can never be washed out.

“ I am delighted to see you, Lady Margaret,” said the President, leading her to a seat in the window of the castle which he was then occupy-

ing in the town of Kilmallock. "Have you been able to find out anything more respecting the Earl's place of concealment? I would sooner you should win the thousand pounds, which her Majesty promised, than any other of her Majesty's subjects."

He said this with a bland smile.

Lady Margaret, who strove hard, and succeeded, in preserving a face for the occasion, replied :—"I have just had certain intimation that the Earl is now in Kerry, not three miles from Tralee."

"Say you so?" exclaimed the President; "not three miles from Tralee! This is news, indeed. Where?"

"Ah! you must excuse me, Mr. President, from giving you more particular information, till I know in what way the thousand pounds is to be insured."

The President smiled as he said, "Would not my honour, Lady Margaret, be enough?"

As she was about to reply, a servant entered to say, "The White Knight is below, and desires to see your lordship without delay."

"Tell him to walk up."

"Why did you say so," said the lady, "till I had time to leave this? I do not wish to be seen in your company."

"I did not flatter myself I was so dangerous,"

replied the Knight, smiling, "but we can arrange this matter. Do you step in here," opening a secret door.

When the White Knight entered, the President seemed to receive him rather coldly and ceremoniously till he learned his business ; he then said, "Step a little more this way," for the White Knight was standing near the door by which Lady Margaret had disappeared ; but as fortune would have it, the change of position brought the two men to the thinnest part of the wall, or partition, through which the lady within could hear every word that passed between them.

"I think I have found out the haunt of the Earl at last," said the White Knight.

"You don't say so," said the President. "Where?"

"Tipperary."

"Tipperary ! Are you sure ? I heard —— . Whereabouts in Tipperary ?"

Here the White Knight whispered something in the President's ear, which Lady Margaret could not distinctly catch, but she heard enough to make her tremble.

"What force do you require ?" said the President, in a low voice.

"A hundred men."

"When do you want them ?"

“ To-morrow morning.”

“ They shall be ready the day after to-morrow. I cannot let you have them before.”

“ That will do.”

As the White Knight departed by one door, the President opened the other for Lady Margaret, who found it difficult to conceal her agitation for the short time she remained in Sir George's company. Neither did he now appear as anxious to arrange with her the conditions for the capture of the Earl, as when she first entered the room. As both seemed disposed to abridge the interview, she took her leave, after settling some minor details respecting the safe delivery of the money to the party giving the most correct information.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

“Cave here. Halt ! here are outlaws.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“High at his head, from out the caverned rock,
In living rills, a gushing fountain broke.”

POPE.

ABOUT four o'clock in the morning—the morning after the interviews between the President and Lady Margaret, and the President and the White Knight, recorded in our last chapter—the gates of Lyshin Castle opened, to allow two females, muffled and mounted on good horses, followed by a groom, to pass out. The gates then quietly closed after them.

It was the month of May, and the morning was calm and beautiful. Kilmore Wood, through which they wound their way, was fragrant with the hawthorn and sweet-brier ; the trees around them, and the vegetation beneath their horses' feet, were dressed in their greenest and newest suit ; but the party did not seem to heed those things. The mistress—for one of the females betokened by her apparel, deportment, and position in front, that she stood in this relationship to the other—pushed branches

aside with indifference, upon which May flowers blossomed, and wild berries clustered, which another could scarcely have passed without plucking.

This did not result from want of sympathy with the beauties of nature around her. If you had looked in her face, you would have at once perceived deep abstraction.

I need not inform the reader, that the first horse-woman was Lady Margaret, and that she was on her way to the mountains of Tipperary, where her cousin, the Earl of Desmond, lay concealed. Her object was to warn him of his danger, and to inform him of what she had learned the day before, of the treachery and intentions of the White Knight. Like John Howard, who had but one object—that of ameliorating the condition of the prisoner—and who, even in the city of Rome, did not turn aside to gaze on works of art, neither did Lady Margaret, to admire the higher works of nature.

She speeds to the Earl of Desmond, although she had not met him, or ventured to look into his face, from the day that Ellen died. It is true, she tracked his footsteps at a distance, and sometimes, in the silence of night, stole forth, like a thief, to his chamber door ; and more than once bent her knee on the threshold without, while she heard his

soul in the agony of prayer within ; and the depth of even *his* agony was not, on these occasions, to be compared to *her's*. There the poor penitent remained for hours, but his quiet step across the room would start her from her post, like a timid dove. What ! Lady Margaret like a timid dove ! Yes ; and if you look at her face, as she raises her thick veil, to breathe more freely the fragrant air, you will see a change in its whole expression. It is more calm. There is less passion, but more softness and more love. It is more like the sun in October, than that burning luminary in the heat of August. A few months have cooled down the fire of her eye, and the passion of her soul.

Lady Margaret's nature was corrupted and changed by an unhappy marriage. A marriage with a traitor, who was alike incapable of love or honour, was to her a bondage which she could not endure. The legal and moral restrictions of the marriage vow chafed her, as did a martingal a noble steed ; for she felt their high and holy obligations ; her conscience was at one time as tender as the mouth of a young horse, but it was destroyed by her confessor ; and to follow out the figure, when she once got the bit between her teeth, nothing could hold her back from going headlong to destruction ; or, to change the figure, her husband

always stood as an obstacle in her path, against which the tide of her affections chafed and broke, and from which they were driven back like the waves which burst upon a high and rugged rock. To these unruly feelings, the marriage ceremony seemed to say—"hitherto shalt thou come, and no further ; and here—at thy husband's feet—shall thy proud waves be stayed."

But there were occasions—I have described one or two of them—when her passions rose and rolled on to the object of her true love, like mountain waves of the ocean. They rose high above the rock against which they usually chafed : they submerged it, and put it out of sight, and embraced and kissed the shore, on which they expended all their strength. It was so with Lady Margaret the day she fell on Desmond's bosom.

It is true, that a convulsion of another kind—of pride and indignation, at what she deemed a slight put upon her love and person by her cousin—caused her to fling this block of Connaught granite into her own path (while she hurled it, in her passion, as she thought, into his). She reaped, therefore, only what she sowed. But had she been better mated, she might have lived and died a loving, noble, and most estimable woman. As, in this case, gentle reader, you would have lost the pleasure of

hearing her story, perhaps you may be disposed to say—"She was best as she was."

Lady Margaret, I say, appeared a changed woman. She thought so herself ; that love, as a passion, had no more place in her bosom ; that it was the love of kindred and cousinship which was bearing her forth, thus early in the morning, towards the wilds of Tipperary. Ah ! Lady Margaret, you deceive yourself. Though there be no agitation, and no high waves, the waters may be as deep, or even deeper, than before.

"You do not believe me, then?" I think I hear her exclaim.—"Nurse, ride hither.—Open thy cloak ; but let me stand as a shelter from the morning breeze.—What dost thou see?—A lovely babe !—And whose, think ye?—The child of *Lady* Desmond. Dost thou *now* believe I love him only as a cousin?"

No ; thy nature, Lady Margaret, is too noble to hate that innocent and lovely babe ; and there was too much of purity and heaven about its sainted mother, to hate it for *her* sake ; but thou dost love it for the *father's* sake.

But where art thou carrying that child, Lady Margaret?

"To its father."

She knew the joy it would afford him. It was a

girl, resembled the mother, and she thought the sight of the child—which could not be left or reared in those wild parts—would induce him to return with her to Lyshin Castle, one of the strongest forts in Munster, where he could lie concealed, and his hiding-place be the less suspected, as it lay so near Kilmallock, the town where the President had concentrated his forces.

The plan proposed was wisely thought of; and the measure adopted, that of carrying the child to the father, most cunningly arranged. None but a woman's wit would have hit on it. We shall see how it worked.

The evening was closing in, as they entered into the bosom of the wild range of mountains where the Earl was lying. When within a mile and a half of the cave, they were obliged to dismount, and conceal their horses in a wood. Lady Margaret now took the infant in her own bosom, and pressed it to her heart, with all the affection of a mother.

The man who accompanied them in the character of a groom, was the husband of the nurse, and the foster-brother of the Earl. Learning from his wife the object of Lady Margaret's mission, he had no hesitation in conducting the females to the Earl's hiding-place.

But it could not be approached without difficulty,

for they had to walk for some distance in the bed of a mountain stream, which wound its way along a steep ravine, at the end of which was the cave. Across its mouth hung a weeping ash, which, in winter, received the spray of a waterfall which shot over it, and the cave beneath it.

She pressed the babe more closely to her heart, to allay its palpitation, as she drew nigh the place ; but the pressure of that soft form seemed rather to increase than to decrease the throbbing. "How will he receive me?" thought she ; and then, she whispered to herself—"What, if he were not here? If I were to call, and he not to answer me? What if some traitor have taken him hence? for the White Knight seemed to know of his hiding-place, and why wait for a hundred men to apprehend one?" But still she pressed forward ; though not the first, but the last, for the groom and nurse led the way. When within a few yards of the mouth of the cave, a mailed hand was laid on her shoulder.

She started in terror, and almost dropped the child.

"Be not alarmed, Lady Margaret," said the White Knight, with a smile and a leer, "I shall trouble you to advance no further ; though but for your assistance, I doubt whether I should have

been able to make out the Earl's hiding-place. I find you overheard what I said at my last interview with the President. I knew you would act on the hint."

Lady Margaret gave a wild scream, which resounded through the glen, and fainted.

"Remove this lady hence, and without delay. Let her be taken beyond the mouth of the ravine, before we bring out the prisoner," said Fitzgibbon to one of his men.

Lady Margaret was removed in an unconscious state, accompanied by the nurse and child. The nurse's husband hastened to the cave, to warn the Earl of the approach of his enemies.

The White Knight, accompanied by Redmond Burke, of "Muskry-quirke," and seven or eight followers, well armed, now drew up to the mouth of the cave, and called out, "James Fitz-Thomas, come forth, and render thyself a prisoner."

"Shall I fire, my Lord?" exclaimed Dermot, the harper, taking up an old musket; "I'll blow the head off that black traitor, Fitzgibbon."

"If you love me, you will offer no resistance," replied the Earl. "There has been blood enough shed in my defence already; and now it would be useless. Put down the piece."

"Oh, my Lord, if you love me, let me have *one*

shot at that white-livered villain before I die. I'd die aisy after."

"If you seek the Earl of Desmond, I am he," said the Earl, walking to the mouth of the cave.

"Seize him, Burke, and hold him prisoner for me," said Fitzgibbon, committing the Earl into the hands of the same man who before had held himself as prisoner, "making him lackey it by his horse's side, on foot, like a common horse-boy."

Desmond, who could not but mark the accomplished and able manner in which the White Knight had wrought out his revenge, said, "I expected this, and do not regret it. Life has been to me, of late, a heavy burden ; so that your treachery, Fitzgibbon, comes as a kindness. Lead on."

"I've another word for that," cried the poor old harper, rushing out of the cave, with a musket in his hand, followed by the Earl's foster-brother, who was armed with an old rusty sword ; "I've another word for that :—*Fag a bealac!** *Desmond aboo!*"

The party who came to arrest the prisoner started back in terror, not knowing how many more might issue from the cave. Dermot took advantage of their panic, by letting fly the ball from the musket, which passed clean through the

* *Fag a bealac!*—"Clear the way."

two cheeks of the White Knight, shattering most of his teeth.

"That spiles your beauty, at any rate," said the harper, triumphantly.

"*Brain* him," said Fitzgibbon to his foster-brother, clapping his hand to his mouth, with the look of a fiend.

It was no sooner said than done. The poor harper was laid prostrate on the ground, by a heavy blow on the back of the head.

The Earl started forth like a tiger, and caught the man who gave the blow, by the throat. While he held him, he looked down, and saw the shadow of death coming over the face of his old friend ; but it looked so like the shadow of a summer cloud, beneath which a smile lay concealed, that he unconsciously relaxed his hold of the murderer, and bent down over the face of Dermot, and called him by name.

Dermot opened his eyes like a child, smiling out of a happy sleep, and whispered, "*Kiss me.*"

The Earl bowed himself down, and kissed his cheek.

"Don't forget the *cruit*," said Dermot.

"Do you wish to mention anything else, Dermot?" inquired the Earl, in his dying ear.

"Yes," was the quiet whisper of the dying man.

“ What is it ?”

“ The—the—the *flannel bag*.”

These were his last words, and as he uttered them, the Earl saw upon his face, and playing round his mouth, the last expiring rays of that native humour, which had so often lighted up and cheered his own path through life.

The White Knight carried his prisoner from the cave to his castle ; and held him bound there till he sent to Kilmallock for soldiers, to conduct him safe to Shandon Castle, near Cork, where the Lord President was then lying.

CHAPTER LXIX.

“It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.”—HEB. x. 31.

WHEN Lady Margaret recovered consciousness, her first inquiry was for the Earl ; and her second for the child, the safety of which seemed some consolation to her in her sorrow. “As he is gone, let us depart. Thank God ! the child is safe,” said she, kissing it, and bedewing its face with her tears. “Had they known *whose* it was, they would have seized it also.”

But for want of a guide, these two women wandered about for some time, they knew not where,—in search of the horses, which they had left behind them in the wood.

The evening was closing in, as they approached the old Abbey, of which we have so often spoken.

“I fear,” said Lady Margaret, turning round to the nurse,—who was following her, with drooping head, and moist eyes, weeping for the capture of her husband—“I fear, Mary, we must spend the night in these ruins, for I see neither house nor hut in view.”

“ It’s little I’d care to lie down, and take my last sleep among them, my Lady, but for your and the child’s sake ; for something tells me they’ll hang him.”

“ Hang whom ?”

“ My poor husband, my Lady,” said Mary, lifting her apron to her eyes, and sobbing aloud.

“ Mary, they are in God’s hands,” said Lady Margaret, with deep solemnity ; but in speaking thus calmly and solemnly, she gulped down the sorrow which rose to her throat, and placed her foot upon the compunction and remorse which seemed to say :—“ Thou hypocrite ! what hast thou to do, to take my name upon thy lips ?” But Lady Margaret was no hypocrite, though she felt thus.

“ I know they are in God’s hands, and He is a *good* God,” said Mary ; “ but they are also in the hands of cruel men.”

“ They *are*,” said Lady Margaret, “ and I am now,” continued she, musing to herself, “ in the hands of a *just* God ! Let him smite !” said she, looking up to heaven, with daring and remorse both in her mood ; but there was something of the spirit of the publican stirring in her heart, notwithstanding the blasphemy of her lips. At this moment the child in her bosom cried.

“ Mary,” said she, “ this child is waking ; how

shall we preserve it in this place, through this dark night? Go, and look about you again, at the other side of these ruins, for some habitation."

The servant did as she was commanded, and left her mistress seated on a green and flowery grave.

Lady Margaret, to amuse the child, plucked the wild flowers, which grew beside her; and, as she did so, her eye caught the newly cut inscription on the head-stone :—

"ANNO DOMINI, 1600.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ELLEN SPENSER,
LATE COUNTESS OF DESMOND."

She gazed on the simple words, like one entranced. She trembled as she gazed, like the king who saw the writing of a man's hand on his palace walls. "O God! my sin doth find me out, even here. Ellen Spenser, I am thy *murderer!* And thy blood calls for *vengeance!*"

At this moment she heard a rustle at her shoulder, and turned round her head, thinking it was the nurse, when her eye caught the dark and malignant glance of Archer, the maniac, dressed in Mac Rory's clothes.

"Ha! ha! *Lady Archer*, damned deceiver, I have found you at last!" exclaimed the madman, springing upon her.

The nurse, who was not long in finding the mansion of the old priest, where Mrs. Spenser still resided, hastened back with the intelligence to her mistress ; but when she came to the grave, where she had left her, she was gone, without having left a trace behind her.

CHAPTER LXX.

“Caesar’s ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom, my condemned lord
Is doomed a prisoner.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.”

IDEM.

THE White Knight has had his thousand pounds, and the President has gotten his long-desired prey; over which he gloats.

Being informed by the Queen’s council that if the Earl should die before his arraignment, the Queen could not be invested with his lands, and that his brother John’s claim to the title and property would be good in law, he hastened forward his trial and condemnation, in order to bring him in “dead by law,” and confiscate his property to the Crown.

The Earl is in irons in Shandon Castle, which is guarded within and without by a strong body of English soldiers.

He is seated on an oaken bench, his manacled hands between his knees, his head bowed down in sorrow. His appearance betokens that his days

cannot not be many. The President seeing this, acted wisely in hastening his condemnation, for it did not deserve the name of a trial.

He sat thus the whole of the night, with Captain Slingsby for his keeper, who was a silent spectator of his sorrow. Neither exchanged a word for many hours. The chronicler of these events is unable to decide whether the silence of the English officer was the result of moroseness, or of refined feeling. We are disposed to take the charitable construction of his conduct, and to think that, seeing the depth of the prisoner's sorrow, he was silent, like Job's friends, who "*Sat down with him on the ground, seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great.*" Had Job's friends never opened their mouths, their conduct would have been quoted as a beautiful example of eloquent sympathy, instead of being held up to the world's scorn, as a specimen of heartlessness and cruelty.

The Earl himself was the first to speak.

"Captain Slingsby," said he, looking towards the narrow window, through which the morning light was beginning to dawn, "I am sorry to have been the cause of your losing your night's rest."

"Do not mention it, my Lord," said Slingsby, who seemed to feel the kindness and delicacy of the

remark, "I feel more on your account than my own."

"But I believe," continued the Earl,—and here something like a smile lighted up his pale and sorrowful face,—“it is not the first night’s rest you have lost by me.”

"That it’s not, my Lord," said Slingsby, who understood his meaning, "you have given us quite enough to do both by day and night."

"For which you cannot feel obliged to me."

"Oh, I don’t know that: if a man fights fair, either with me or against me, I find no fault with him, and have no pleasure in his misfortunes."

"I am obliged to you for doing me this justice: I have often saved the lives of English prisoners; and have more than once made arrangements for their escape."

Slingsby looked up hastily and indignantly.

"Do not mistake my meaning," said the Earl, smiling. "I have no intention of tampering with your honour. I have no desire to escape; but as I was saying, I have often saved the lives of English prisoners, and more than once made arrangements for their escape, when I saw the wild people around me were meditating bloodshed. My conscience does not accuse me of having ever sacri-

ficed human life, except in open and honourable warfare."

"I believe you, my Lord," replied Slingsby, with warmth; "on my soul, I believe you. But will you excuse me for asking (if it is not impertinent), how a nobleman like you, who might have led an honourable life, could have chosen rebellion, and the company of such wild men?"

"It was brought about by circumstances."

"That is a very general word, my Lord."

"It would require that I should give you a sketch of my early history, to explain what I mean; which, to you, could have but little interest."

"I should greatly like to hear it, and, upon my soul, your silence for the last six or seven hours requires something in the way of compensation; but as the morning is cold, we shall be none the worse of a tankard of ale."

The ale was brought, of which they both partook; the Earl moderately, the English captain heartily. After which the prisoner thus began:—

"My father was the elder brother of my uncle, called the Great Earl of Desmond. He was the son by the first wife, so that by birth I am the proper heir to the title, and not my cousin, who lately died in the Tower of London. After the death of my uncle, I was urged by my

followers to assume the title, but hesitated to do so, not wishing to rekindle the embers of civil war ; but finding that, if I refused, my brother John would raise the standard of rebellion in my stead, I consented. For the share I have taken in the present rebellion, the late Lord President is partly to be blamed."

"How was that ?" asked Captain Slingsby.

"Sir Thomas Norreys, who was then lying in Kilmallock, fearing I might be induced to join O'Neill, marched suddenly from Kilmallock into Connello, arrested me, and had me carried prisoner to Mallow. Understanding that it was probable I should be kept a prisoner for life, like my poor cousin, who never offended her Majesty in any way, I made my escape from Mallow castle."

"Upon my soul, it would be hard to blame you."

"From that period I have been active in the field ; but it was the Lord President, Sir Thomas Norreys, who pressed me with the alternative of taking the sword, or relinquishing my liberty. Circumstances, and the misfortune of being born to a title, have made me what you see me. This is the sum of my offence. That I have never used my power cruelly and unjustly, is evident from this :—There are a number of English settlers around me, possessing property which was once

mine by right of birth, but I defy any one of them to say that they ever suffered in body or goods by me; but many of them have fled to me for shelter, and I have often conveyed them away to places of safety, or protected them from the hands of their enemies."

"It's a cursed hard case," said Captain Slingsby, as he stalked across the floor, with a heavy stamp upon his heel. "But they accuse you, my Lord, of conspiring with the King of Spain and the Pope of Rome to separate this country from England, and uproot the Protestant religion. Is this true?"

"The Government have too good evidence of this, in letters from under my own hand, for me to deny it, Captain Slingsby; so I should not hesitate in making the confession, though I believed you to be a less honourable man than I hold you."

"But how can you defend such conduct?"

"When I was driven to assume my title, and to take the field, I fought for the full and complete redress of *all* the evils by which my country was afflicted. I became a rebel in earnest."

"I see: in for a penny, in for a pound, you thought. Well, what do you consider the evils of your country?"

"First of all, the Protestant religion."

“The *Protestant* religion ! What fault can you find with that ?”

“I am a Catholic.”

“Oh ! I see ; and every man likes to have his own religion. But, my Lord, some of these foreign priests and Jesuits are a vile set. Are they not ?”

“And some of the Protestant priests are no better.”

“That’s true,” said the soldier, shrugging his shoulders. “There’s the Archbishop of Cashel, Miles Mac Grath, as black a Papist in his heart as ever walked in shoe-leather. It was a great mistake, and a crying shame, to make that rebel an Archbishop.”

“These are some of the things of which we complain.”

“Well, what else ?”

“The extortions and unlawful dealings of the sheriffs, and other officers, appointed by the Queen, to rob the people of their property ; their great number of courts, which are for gain, and not for justice ; the bringing writs from Dublin for small causes ; the vexation of processes from the Spiritual Courts, where, by fines and bribes, the people are corrupted, and grieved, especially by the High

Commission ; and to complete all, the late order of Council to corrupt the money.”*

“ There, by my soul, I agree with you, for I hear the troops are to be paid, for the future, with this new base coin.”

“ Ah ! there it is. See how you start, when you feel the boot pinch yourself. And need you wonder that a people, pinched and goaded in a thousand places, should start, and rush into rebellion, as they have done ?”

Slingsby felt, at that moment, more than half a rebel ; at least from his boots to his sword-belt. But being in heart a loyal soldier, and, withal, in head, a sensible man, he asked, very shrewdly, “ But would it mend the matter, think you, to bring the Spaniards or the people of the Pope here ? They have done some queer things in Spain and Italy themselves.”

“ That is true,” said the Earl, seriously.

“ It might be, after all, ‘ out of the frying-pan into the fire,’ ” continued Slingsby.

“ There is something in what you say, but—”

“ One might go further, and fare worse, you know,” broke in Slingsby.

“ But we think matters could not be much worse.”

* See Note D.

“I don’t know that,” said Slingsby ; “there might be hotter places than Munster ; and I know no men so likely to get one into them than those Italian Jesuits.”

The Earl here fell into deep thought. Perhaps he was thinking of Archer.

A few days after this dialogue the prisoner was indicted before a sessions holden in Cork, where he was arraigned, convicted, and adjudged a “notorious traitor.”

CHAPTER LXXI.

“ The Groves of Blarney, they are so charming.”

WE left Florence Mac Carthy in Dhuaragil Castle, his wild mountain lodge, on the banks of the Blackwater. We return to find him at Blarney, his birth-place.

I fear my readers will not give due credence to the statement, that Florence Mac Carthy More was the man who gave the world-wide fame to the “Blarney Stone.” Writers of fiction, like the boy in the fable, who cried “wolf! wolf!” when there was no wolf, are scarcely believed on their oath. But believe it or not, I assert it as a fact, that Florence was the man.

“ It is conjectured,” says Mrs. Hall, “that the comparatively modern application of the term Blarney first had existence when the possessor, Lord Clancarty, was a prisoner to Sir George Carew, by whom he was subjected to several examinations touching his loyalty, which he was required to prove by surrendering his strong castle to the soldiers of the Queen. This act he always endeavoured to evade by some plausible excuse, but as invariably professing his willing-

ness. The particulars are fully detailed in the *Pacata Hibernia*.*

By Lord Clancarty Mrs. Hall, I suppose, means Cormac Mac Dermond, the Lord of Muskerry, who escaped from the hands of the President, Sir George Carew. He was a very respectable man in his own line—I mean the Blarney line—but he could not hold a candle to Florence Mac Carthy, when *he* was engaged in putting on the “soft solder.”

The President is staying at Mallow Castle. “How shall we be able to entrap that old rogue? What say you, Jephson?”

“I really cannot say, sir.”

“I doubt if he would venture to Mallow again. Eh, what think you?”

“I suspect not.”

“And Blarney is one of the strongest castles in the province of Munster. I hear it is composed of four piles of buildings joined in one, seated on a main rock, and that the wall is eighteen feet thick, and well flanked at each corner.”

“So I understand.”

“I have it!” said the President, as a new idea struck him: “I am going to Kinsale, to view the fortifications of Castle Park. I shall take Sir Charles Wilmot and Captain Roger Hervey with me;

* See Hall's Ireland, vol. i. p. 48.

and on our return we will make a shew of going to hunt a buck in the neighbourhood of Blarney."

"Well?"

"And being hot and weary, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, we shall take the castle in our way homewards; and calling for wine and usquebaugh—whereof Irish gentlemen are seldom disfurnished—we shall gain admittance, and hold possession till a sufficient force, which I shall have in ambush, comes up. What think you of the plan?"*

"That it is a good one; but I doubt if it will succeed; you can, however, try."

"Never venture, never win, my friend."

Florence Mac Carthy More, being a large heavy man, spent a great portion of his time seated on a stone at the top of Blarney Castle. Here he would continue for hours together, cogitating in what way he might best humbug and bamboozle the Lord President. Here he sat hatching schemes like cockatrice eggs, till the Blarney-Stone became hot beneath him.

"What!" screams one of my fair readers, "you do not mean to say that the Blarney-Stone, which I kissed, is the same that——"

I do!—There, don't faint.—It was in this way that it attained its wonderful property.

* *Pacata Hibernia*, vol. ii. pp. 598–9.

“ What sort of stone is it ? ”

A black stone, on the top of the tower.

“ Then that’s not the Blarney Stone. The real stone is built into the wall, several feet below the battlements.”

Don’t believe a word of it ; the guides about the place may have told you so, but they were only humbugging you, anxious to enjoy the sport of seeing one fool let another down by the heels to kiss it, hoping, perhaps, if they were Englishmen—“ the most gullible men what is ”—that they might fall and break their necks.

Florence was sitting on this stone, looking over the battlements, when his quick eye caught a reflected ray of the sun, as it glinted from a trooper’s morion, among the Groves of Blarney.

“ Damnation !—What’s that ?—Ware-hawk !—Roast-beef ! ” cried Florence to himself ; he then began to whistle ; and then to hum an old air, not unlike “ The Groves of Blarney.”

Having got through the first stanza, with his eye on the same part of the thicket, like a cat watching a rat, he called up the officer on guard, and pointed out to him the suspicious appearance.

“ If that be a party of the sheriff’s men, or the President’s troopers, set a counter ambush, and do not allow them to escape to Cork without smelling

your powder. Curse upon them ! send them back to Cork with a flea in their ear."

The officer had barely time to make his arrangements, before a hunting party (bearing with them a fat buck, thrown across the back of a horse) were descried in the distance. They rode up to the castle gate, and asked for admittance and refreshment after the labour of the chase.

The brief reply was : " The Mac Carthy is from home."

The Lord President, with his finger on the side of his nose, addressing Sir Charles Wilmot :—" He smells a rat, Sir Charles."

Florence, watching them through one of the loop-holes :—" Catch a weazle asleep !"

The President, looking up at the guard on the wall—like the fox at the crow, in the fable—" This appears a fine old castle, my man."

The Guard, cavalierly :—" Yes, the castle is well enough, sir."

President :—" If the interior is equal to the exterior, it must be well worth seeing."

Guard :—" It's well enough, in that way, too."

President :—" Would you have any objection to let us see the inside ?"

The Guard shaking his head :—" Contrary to orders—could not do it, on no account."

President :—" Oh ! if that's the case, my good fellow, I would not ask you. Nothing like obedience to orders." Aside to Sir Charles :—" He smells a rat."

Mac Carthy, who overhears the dialogue with the guard—" *Bathershin !*"

Exeunt, President, Sir Charles Wilmot, and hunting party.

Mac Carthy—" Ha ! ha ! ha !"

CHAPTER LXXII.

“His bows and scrapes and ‘if you please,’
They’d coax the birds from off the trees.”

NOSBIG.

ABOUT a week or ten days after this attempt to take the castle by stratagem, the President changed his tactics, and resolved to try blarney : Blarney *versus* Blarney.

Florence was, as usual, seated on the famous stone, when a messenger brought him the following letter : —

“ *Mallow Castle.*

“ MY GOOD LORD AND KIND FRIEND,

“ It grieves me to inform you, that last Saturday se’nnight, as the Sheriff of this County was passing through a glen between Blarney and Cork, he and his men were met there, and set upon, by some of your people, whereby some of Her Majesty’s troops were murdered. I am fully convinced that this foul deed was done without your privacy, but as the story tells so much to your prejudice,

I write to advertise you of it, and to request you will lose no time in coming to Mallow, to lay a statement of the affair before the Council, when you may rely on my best services.

“Your faithful Friend,

“GEORGE CAREW.”

“Ha ! ha ! ha !” exclaimed Florence, after reading the President’s letter. Now what does he take me for? Or does he think to catch me, by throwing salt on my tail? But I must send him a civil answer :”—

“*Blarney Castle.*

“MY DEAR LORD,

“It grieved me to the very heart, to learn of the mishap to the Sheriff’s men, whom my people mistook for the followers of that arch-rebel, James Fitz-Thomas. As your letter finds me laid up with the gout in my left leg, you must excuse my presence in Mallow; but I shall depend on *your* advocacy in my favour.

“Your loving Friend and humble Servant,

“MAC CARTHY MORE.”

“I must put more pressure on this slippery scoundrel,” said the Lord President, after reading his reply, “or he will never come.”

“ Mallow Castle.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I am in receipt of your favour of the 28th ult., and write to say that judgment will go against you by default, in the matter of the Sheriff’s men, if you hasten not to Mallow, on receipt of this ; in which case I shall be compelled to send a sufficient force of men to arrest your person, and have you conveyed to the county jail, which would greatly distress me. I do not understand your calling James Fitz-Thomas an ‘ arch-traitor,’ after so lately offering him your daughter’s hand in marriage.

“ Yours ever to serve,

“ GEORGE CAREW, *Knight.*”

“ Whew !” said Florence Mac Carthy, on reading this letter, “ this puts all the fat in the fire. Nell, look here. What do you think of this ? This explains our not getting an answer from Fitz-Thomas about Kathleen. As sure as day, the letter fell into the President’s hands ; but I must take him easy.”

“ Blarney Castle.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ A thousand thanks for your last kind letter. Expect me in Mallow without delay. What you say about Fitz-Thomas and my daughter Kathleen is reasonable enough. The poor child was

always fond of him ; but I opposed the match from the first ; till hearing of a private arrangement between you and Dermond O'Connor, and thinking that the Earl, who was staying at Lyshin Castle, was making his peace with the Queen, I resolved not to be behindhand ; and I know no surer means of keeping him steady to his allegiance than such a union with my family, who are all loyal, and bound heart and soul to Her Majesty's government.

“ My wife, Lady Ellen, sends her commendations. She and the girls, Kathleen and Honora, often speak of your handsome behaviour to them at Mallow. The devil take me but they often make me feel half jealous.

“ I hope I may be able to get my boot on the left leg. Hold me, till we meet in Mallow,

“ Your most assured Friend,

“ FLORENCE MAC CARTHY MORE.”

The President waited for a week, but no Mac Carthy came. He sent to inquire the cause. Could it be the boot ? “ No,” Mac Carthy replied, “ on his soul and veracity, that all he was waiting for was the President's safe pass to Mallow, and back again.”

Now the President would have had no objection

to give him a safe pass to Mallow, but “ *Back again,*” —“ that,” said he, “ is a horse of another colour. It is of no use dallying any longer with that scheming scoundrel. He is too sensible of his disloyal practices to appear before the Council. I must, therefore, take the bull by the horns, and send a force to Blarney which will bring him in against his will.”

He did so : but before the force arrived Mac Carthy had fled to the wilds of the West.

CHAPTER LX XIII.

“Who when they heard that noise,
In haste forsook their rural merriment.”

SPENSER.

“There’s one yonder arrested and carried to
Prison, that was worth five thousand of you.”

ANON.

THE Mac Carthy More had a “Palace”* in the county of Desmond. A large party was assembled in the Great Hall.

For shame, Florence, to be keeping festival, and your poor friend, the Earl of Desmond, a manacled prisoner in Shandon Castle! But Mac Carthy’s motto was—“No matter ; let every man take care of himself.”

The Mac Carthys to the thirty-first degree were, as usual, invited to the feast, but it was evident from the way in which Kathleen and Honora turned up their noses at some awkward attempts

* “The castle of Palice, otherwise *Caislean na Cartha*, stood a naked ruin, so late as 1837, when it was destroyed in the night by an accursed road-jobber, and its material removed to repair the adjoining highways, to the grief and indignation of the whole people of the district.”—*Hall’s Ireland*, Vol. I., p. 217, note.

of their country cousins to go through the newest figures in the dance, that they were thinking of the English officers at the Mallow ball, and wishing they were there.

Judge, therefore, of their delight and surprise to see one of these gentlemen walk into the hall, and up to the place where Florence was sitting.

“Mother ! mother !” said Honora, who had the sharpest eye ; “there is Captain Thingumbob, from Mallow.”

“What? Who do you mean, my dear?” said Lady Nell, who was the last to see the gentleman.

“Captain Thingumbob, mother ; he that danced with me in Mallow ; he is talking to my father.”

And there was Captain Thingumbob, sure enough, looking as bland and as smiling as the first rose of summer.

“You are as welcome as the flowers of May, Captain Thing——I forget your name. How kind it was of you to come out here to see us. But why not send us word, that we might be prepared for you?”

But that would not have suited the Captain's arrangements ; he, therefore, “ha ! ha'd !” and hoped Lady Ellen would excuse him ; “but really I had to come here in haste, my Lady, with a message to his lordship, the Mac Carthy More, from the Lord

President, or I should have been most happy to have partaken of your kind hospitality, and joined in your festivities."

"Well, my Lord," said the Captain, turning to Mac Carthy; "may I expect the pleasure of your company with me to Mallow Castle?"

"No, confound it, I can't go," replied Mac Carthy.

"There is no use making any objection," whispered the officer, "for I have a force around the house that will compel you."

"Damnation! I won't go."

"Then, I arrest you here," said the officer, knocking heavily with his sword on the floor.

"Arrest my husband!—arrest my father!" exclaimed the ladies in a breath; "for shame, sir!—I thought you a gentleman."

"Arrest the Mac Carthy More, in his own palace!" screamed a hundred of his country cousins, men and women. "Throw him out of the window! Duck him in the horse-pond!"

"Stand back—make way!" were the hoarse sounds which now startled the festive party, accompanied by the tread of armed men, and the rattle of the swords and matchlocks of twenty or thirty soldiers, who made for themselves a clear

passage to the spot where Mac Carthy and the officer were standing.

Seeing it would be madness to resist—for more than 400 soldiers were within call—Mac Carthy allowed himself to be led forth, mounted, and carried off at dead of night, from the bosom of his family and friends, to the cold walls of a prison.

As I have no language to express the sorrow of his wife and children, or the wild and fierce lamentations of his servants and friends, I shall not attempt it, but leave this scene to the imagination of my readers. Did any of them ever travel from Cork or Killarney to Dublin, by the Great Southern and Western Railway, when a party of emigrants were bidding good-bye to their friends at the station of Millstreet,* Mallow, Buttevant, Charleville, Knocklong, or Limerick Junction, or at any of the stations from that to Dublin? Did they ever hear the wild cries, and see the big tears rolling down the faces of men and women, old and young? Did they mark how they held their departing friends in their long and fond embrace, till the porters and guard had to interfere and use violence—actual violence and blows—to tear them asunder and get the emigrants into the carriages? Did they then

* The *Millstreet* station is in the “Mac Carthy country.”

observe the party outside contending with each other for the last squeeze of the hand that was stretched out of the window, fighting and pushing for it, as if a ten-pound note were in the out-stretched palm? Did they hear the last wild and fearful wail, as the guard sounded his whistle, and the train moved off? If they ever heard or saw this, they may form some idea of the scene at Palace that night. But even this falls short of the wild anguish of the relations and friends of Mac Carthy More, as they saw him torn from the warm bosom of his family, and carried off, in the midst of armed soldiers, to the gloomy solitude of a prison.

I once witnessed such a railway scene as I have attempted feebly to describe. I was in the carriage with some of the emigrants, and watched the working of the men's faces, and their attempts to preserve their manhood, as the carriage left the station-house ; and, as the reader may imagine, I had some difficulty in preserving a decent and composed countenance myself. Judge, therefore, of my surprise, to see one of them leap up after the lapse of about five minutes, wipe the tear from his cheek on the cuff of his coat, and dance a jig ! Yes, positively, dance a jig ! "Give me that bottle, Tim. Damn the use in crying : sorrow killed a cat !"

As the President's soldiers entered the ball-room in the midst of the festivities, they, of course, *for a time*, interrupted the amusements of Mac Carthy's cousins. Lady Mac Carthy and the girls withdrew to their own room for the night; but it would have been expecting too much from human nature, to think that all would follow their example;—a *small* number, therefore, remained behind, say about *eleven-twelfths* of the whole, and made themselves as happy and merry as whiskey punch and Irish jigs could make them. They could not have enjoyed themselves more, had they been *waking* the Mac Carthy himself, “stretched” there, “body and bones,” before them.

Did Lady Mac Carthy, or the daughters, blame them for this? No; they knew they required something to comfort them. They also knew that any one of them would have laid down his life for the chief, or gone to prison in his stead. As this could not be, what was the use of sorrow? “Sorrow killed a cat.”

We may laugh at all this; but, of a truth, there was as much philosophy as madness in it; as much of kindness as of inconsistency. Had they gone, “every man to his own home to weep apart,” there would have been more propriety and more decorum, but less of nature, and less of truth.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

“ He sees the room,
Where the whole nation does for justice come ;
Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
And judges grave, on high tribunals, frown.”

WALLER.

“ With trial fire touch me his finger end,
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE indictment brought by the Lord President against the prisoner, Mac Carthy More, was most voluminous, and contained an immense number of distinct counts, which, for the convenience of the reader, I must sum up under a few general heads, such as, firstly, acts of personal and public rebellion against Her Majesty's subjects, officers, and troops ; secondly, aiding and abetting acts of public violence against same, committed by his intervention ; thirdly, holding correspondence with, and abetting and aiding that arch-traitor, the *Sugane* Earl of Desmond ; fourthly, corresponding with the King of Spain, and the Pope of Rome, for the bringing over forces to subdue Her Majesty's Kingdom of

Ireland, and wresting the government thereof from Her Majesty's hands ; fifthly, holding counsel with that arch-Jesuit, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin ; sixthly, for defrauding the Lord President of Munster of the sum of four hundred crowns, public money, advanced by him to the said Florence Mac Carthy, for travelling expenses to London ; and, seventhly, for a number of other " false and Machiavellian ambodextering practices," too numerous to be mentioned, against Her Majesty's Government, and the Protestant religion in Ireland, as by law established.

The counts having been all read in the prisoner's hearing, he was asked whether he pleaded " guilty or not guilty."

" Not guilty," replied Mac Carthy.

The counsel for the Crown then read the first count, of personal acts of public rebellion, which he endeavoured to establish by the affair between Mac Carthy's troops and Captain Flower, near Kinsale, which happened just before the President came to Cork.

The reader remembers that Mac Carthy was there, on that occasion, when a number of Her Majesty's troops were slain by men who lay in ambush, but that he took good care to keep his person out of view. But his presence was proved

by the letter from the Earl of Desmond (which the reader has seen), thanking him for his activity ; which letter, along with many others, was seized by the party by whom he was captured. But he disputed the legality of the evidence.

For the second count, for aiding and abetting public acts of rebellion, the proofs were most defective, as he seldom committed himself by writing, or by sending a message through any one in whom he could not place the most perfect reliance.

For holding correspondence with the *Sugane* Earl, a large number of the Earl's letters (in which he spoke of having received letters and messages from Mac Carthy), were produced, but not a scratch of a pen from Mac Carthy himself.

To this count the prisoner pleaded, as before, that the Earl's letters to him could not be received as proper legal evidence of his having written to the Earl.

For holding correspondence with the King of Spain and the Court of Rome, a letter from the Spanish Ambassador was produced, but against the receipt of this the prisoner raised the same point, of non-legality.

In support of his collusion and correspondence with the Jesuit, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, it was proved that a confidential servant

of the prisoner was present at a secret council, for asking aid of King Philip and the Pope.

Mac Carthy replied, that he did not send him, and could not be made responsible for the conduct of his servants, unless he was proved to have given them instructions.

For defrauding the Lord President in the sum of four hundred crowns, Mac Carthy distinctly and solemnly exclaimed : “ Not guilty ! ”

“ What ! ” said the President, losing all patience, “ have you the damnable audacity to deny that I lent you four hundred crowns, to pay your travelling expenses to London ? ”

“ My travelling expenses to London ! Why, I never thought of going there, and I do not see why I should require the money. *Where*, and *when* did you lend me this sum ? ”

“ In a private room of Mallow Castle, after dinner.”

“ *After dinner !* I never transact business after dinner. That explains it.”

“ Explains what ? ”

“ The mistake.”

“ What do you mean ? ”

“ Either that you were drunk, and *thought* you lent me this money, or that I was drunk and left it behind me ; for the devil take the crown I

brought home from Mallow. But if your lordship has any acknowledgment, or receipt, for four hundred crowns, I will pay you at once, for the dirty trifle is not worth speaking about."

Saying which, he put his hand in his pocket, and jingled some coppers.

The President looked at him for a minute, in amazement, but Mac Carthy looked as serious and composed as a man who felt he was speaking the truth.

"I assure you, gentlemen," said the President, turning to the Court and counsel, "I paid the prisoner this money in the way, and time, and place I have stated."

"I beg to remind you, my Lord President," said Florence, that as you are prosecutor for the Queen in this case, your testimony cannot be received. Have you any other witness of the transaction?"

The President chafed, and whispered the counsel for the Crown, who shook his head, and proceeded to the last count:—

For a number of other false and Machiavellian ambodexterating practices against her Majesty's Government, and the Protestant religion, as by law established.

A great number of examples of cunning and false practices were here adduced, with which we shall not trouble the reader. In support of this

charge, the counsel for the Crown produced *one* letter, written in Irish, by Mac Carthy himself. As translated by the Queen's counsel, it read thus:—

“Damnation,* I cannot but commend me heartily unto you, as bad as thou art, and doe also most heartily commend mee to your wife, and to your two sonnes. I would bee very glad to speake with you for your good ; and because I cannot speake with you my selfe, yet I would have you in any wise credit your daughter, Mistres Mac Donoghe, concerning me, and to believe from me, whom shee sends, or what she sends you word of, by a trusty messenger. I would have you to determine about Pierce Oge, and that I may spake with you, I mean about Gortnetoberd, of Tullease ; send word to Pierce and Dermond of the day with him ; and send mee word, and I will come without all faile. In the mean time I leave you to God.

“Pallace, this seven and twentieth of August, 1600.

“Your assured, loving Friend,

“FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.”

This mysterious letter, which would do honour to Oliver Cromwell himself, was interpreted thus,

* This is a copy of the original letter.

by the person to whom it was addressed :—Pierce Oge was brother to Peter Lacy, the Earl of Desmond's Lieutenant, or, as we have more than once called him, Little John. It was intended to encourage him in his rebellion, by Mac Carthy's promise of assistance, and of his soon joining the party in the field.

Mac Carthy strongly protested against such a construction being put upon "a simple, innocent letter."

"What was the object of it, then?" exclaimed the President; "what did you write about?"

"Why, in the first place," replied Mac Carthy, "it's not properly Englished."

"Then, what is the English of it?"

"The English of it, do you say?"

"Yes."

"Well, your lordship has the letter in your own hands, and there are plenty of Irish scholars here; and if they can make treason out of a friendly letter to my cousin, asking after his wife and his son's health, and telling him that his own daughter will tell him that she left us all well, they have more knowledge of the Irish than I have."

"Do you deny," said the counsel for the prosecution, seeing that nothing could be made of the

letter ; “ do you deny that you attempted to bring about a marriage between the *Sugane* Earl and one of your own relations ? ”

“ Deny it ! No.”

“ Oh ! you confess that, then ? ”

“ To be sure I do ; and is there any treason in trying to marry a handsome man to a fine girl ? Well, after that, what next ? Is it to a convent you’d send her ? I took you for better Protestants than that.”

The address of the prosecuting counsel was brief ; and in its style characteristic of the period :—

“ Treason, gentlemen,” said the learned barrister, “ may be of four kinds ; treason *in corde*, or *in mente*, in the heart or mind, which is the root ; treason *in ore*, which is the bud ; treason *in manu*, which is the blossom ; for he and his followers have been more than once found with arms in their hands against the estate and government of Her Majesty in this kingdom ; and treason *in re*, or reality, for he has himself, in person, led forth his people and destroyed the lives of Her Majesty’s troops, as in the case of the ambush against Captain Flower and his party, near Kinsale.”

“ Confusion seize me,” said Mac Carthy, after the learned counsel had sat down, “ if I understand a single word of your *cory, rory, mory*.

It's all Greek to me. You're as bad as a priest at mass. But if you mean to say, or even insinuate, that I'm not in heart and soul altogether and entirely devoted to Her Majesty; and that I wouldn't spill the last drop of blood in my body for her; if you say this, why then—you say what's not true."

"Have you anything else to say?" said the President, addressing the prisoner.

"Nothing, my Lord; an honest and innocent man doesn't need many words to defend him; and I am a plain, blunt man, who speaks the truth."

"Let the prisoner be now removed," said the President.

After his removal, there was a short consultation among his judges, which ended in bringing him in guilty, on all the counts of the indictment.

When this decision was communicated to Mac Carthy, he said—"It was a shame to condemn an innocent man, who had been always honest and loyal to Her Majesty, and who would shed the last drop of blood in his body to defend her, and support her throne."

CHAPTER LXXV.

“The Red Cross Knight is captive led.”

SPENSER.

SIR GEORGE CAREW wrote to the secretary, Robert Cecil, advising that the Earl of Desmond should be sent as a prisoner to the Tower of London ; humbly praying that his life might be spared, “In policie of state, for while he lived his brother John could not make any claim to the title or property. But if he were put to death, the younger brother would be set up by the rebels for a new Idoll.” For these very politic reasons, the Queen resolved to spare his life,—at least, for a time.

We must now request the reader to accompany us to the Tower of London.

As this old and interesting pile of buildings has been so often and so ably described by the best writers of the present day, I need say nothing of its palace, chapel, armoury, winding corridors, secret cells, or underground passages.

The apartment in which the Last Earl of Desmond was confined was the same in which

his young cousin James had died, a few months before.

The Earl, in his lonely cell, did not feel as lonely or as unhappy as the reader may imagine. He had learned, while living in the cave, to keep company with himself. His thoughts were not unpleasant companions; although they were clothed in sable. But the sable garment was often fringed with white; for he not only thought of Ellen his wife, in tribulation, or lying in the grave-yard of the Abbey, but of Ellen in heaven, clothed in white robes. He also thought of her, and—how delightful the thought!—he thought of her as his ministering spirit and guardian angel.

Then, again, he had his Testament,—*her* Testament. Was it sin to prize it more,—to prize the very words of God more,—*because* he knew that she prized and loved them; and to read these passages which she had marked, especially the fourteenth chapter of John, more frequently, and with more pleasure than the rest? If so, he sinned often.

Then, again, he had his harp, the harp of poor Dermot, and he often played on this. He had also, in that cell, the lute on which Ellen played; but this hung silent on the wall. He felt

respecting it, like the captive Jews who hung their harps on the willows by the waters of Babylon ; and who could not sing "the Lord's song in a strange land."

The Earl declined in health daily. He could live without any relaxing of his frame, in a cave, through the mouth of which the cold November breezes freely entered ; but he soon felt the want of pure air in the close dark cells of the Tower.

His keeper perceiving that his cheek grew pale, and his frame reduced, allowed him the privilege, for two hours in the day, of walking in a long chamber near the corner of the building, where the "*Regalia*," or "Crown Jewels," were formerly kept.

One day, while pacing up and down this long chamber, he saw from within the bars of a window of another cell, the face of a man, looking down upon him, with a close and scrutinizing glance ; but the moment the tenant of this cell caught the Earl's eye, he withdrew. Each day the Earl of Desmond found himself the object of the same close scrutiny ; so much so that he omitted his customary walks, in the long chamber, and wiled away the hours with his harp.

When this was the case, the strange prisoner

listened, as if charmed by the sounds. The first time he heard them he raised his head, with surprise. " Ah ! how often have I heard that harp in Ireland. Let me see: it was among the mountains of Kerry I first heard that sweet sound. He plays incomparably well. Who can he be ?"

One night, after his walk in the long chamber, during which he thought there was more wildness about the stranger's face than usual, the Earl heard deep groans, issuing, it appeared, from the cell in which the stranger was confined. Suspecting there must be something amiss, that the prisoner must be either sick or dying, he knocked hard at his own cell door, and after some time succeeded in arousing the keeper, who came to learn the cause.

The Earl told him of the groans, which had now ceased.

The keeper and he hastened to the stranger's cell, and were first startled by seeing blood flowing from beneath the door. When the door was opened, they found the tenant of the cell lying on his back, on the floor. By his side lay a dagger. He had attempted suicide, by wounding himself in the breast. The stranger was in a fainting state, from loss of blood. They laid him on the bed, and succeeded in staunching the wound.

The Earl asked permission to remain by the side

of the wounded man through the night, which was granted. The strange prisoner's face was pale, and dabbled with blood, his forehead was very high, the hair dark, and the eyes small.* He was a tall man, of a majestic appearance; but the expression of the countenance was care-worn and haggard, like that of an ambitious and baffled noble, whom adverse fortune had rendered desperate. It was nothing like that of the sad and moping suicide; neither was it like what we imagine of the Elder Cato, who fell on his own sword at Utica. The man lying in his blood, before the Earl, had what Sallust calls the "*iron body*," but not the "*iron mind*," of the Old Roman.

"Where was it that I saw that face before?" said the Earl of Desmond, musing with himself, as the morning light broke into the chamber, and cast its rays on the face of the suicide. "It excites within me curious and contradictory associations: very pleasant, and very sad thoughts."

But, hush! the sick man speaks. Hearken, and you will learn something of his history:—

"Ah, Cobham! thou hast played me false. I

* Aubrey says, "Sir Walter Raleigh was a tall, handsome, and bold man, but his næve was, that he was damnable proud. He had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long-faced, and sour eye-lidded—a kind of pigge-eie."

accused thee not, my Lord. Thou weepest at thy weakness. It is now too late. The die is cast, and I must die for it. Die the death of a traitor! Would that dagger had reached my heart!—but I wanted nerve. Strange, that my hand should tremble! Was it love to this flesh, or fear of death? I never feared it in the field. How is this? (Opening his eyes and looking about him.) On the bed? I thought I fell upon the ground. Ah! a bandage on the wound,” said he, placing his hand on his bosom. “The keeper, or a leech, has been here. Oh! how I thirst!”

“Drink,” said the Earl, holding towards him a vessel with water.

The wounded man seized the vessel with avidity, pressed it to his lips, and held it there till he emptied it. The cool draught seemed to revive him, and to send new blood through his veins. He looked up, as he relinquished his grasp of the vessel, and said :—

“Who art thou?”

“A friend.”

“A *friend*!” repeated the sick man, with a pale, sarcastic smile. “I never had but one. Art thou a leech?”

“No.”

“Who, then?” said he, looking into the Earl’s

face, more earnestly. "What! my fellow-prisoner! —How came you here?"

"I heard you groaning through the night, and awoke the keeper."

"And hast thou watched here, through the long night?"

"Yes."

"*That* is friendly. I have seen thee before; nor is thy voice quite strange to my ear; and the sound revives past scenes;—but where, I cannot say."

"We have met before, Sir Walter Raleigh," replied the Earl, who now recollected meeting him at Kilcoleman Castle.

"Thou dost know me, then? I thought I could not be mistaken. Who art thou?"

"The Earl of Desmond."

"The Earl of *Desmond*!" exclaimed Sir Walter, with a start. "Then I *am* mistaken; for I never met thee before." A sad expression came over Sir Walter's face; he let his eyes fall, and remained silent for four or five minutes. The Earl, observing his sorrowful abstraction, did not interrupt the current of his thoughts. "My Lord," said Sir Walter, looking up after a time, "I merit no kindness at *thy* hands. By watching over me thus, thou dost return good for evil; for, I did my best

to destroy thee and thine in Ireland; and got a portion of thy plundered inheritance."

"Think not of these things, Sir Walter; these were done in open warfare; but I owe you kindness, notwithstanding, for you saved my life twice; and for my sake, spared the life of a most dear and valued friend."

"What mean you? When? How?"

"Do you remember the massacre at Smerwick, in Kerry?"

"Can I ever forget it? Would to God that I could! but I acted there under the orders of Lord Grey of Wilton."

"Ah! Lord Grey of Wilton. His name is for a mockery, and his *faith* is for a proverb, in Ireland," replied the Earl.

"Nor doth it surprise me aught."

"We speak in Munster of the *Fides Greia*."

"Know you that Grey and I quarelled, respecting that massacre?"

"I never heard it," replied the Earl.

"The Queen was in high displeasure at hearing of the massacre, and the breach of faith with the Spanish prisoners, of which infamy and disgrace I got my share, though but Grey's instrument; I therefore complained to him of my suffering, in reputation and honour, on his account, and ex-

pressed my high indignation, at which he took offence, and so we fought."

"It would have been more honourable to express and feel that high indignation, and cross swords with the Deputy, *before* than *after* you heard the Queen's opinion of the action."

"True. I did object to the performance of the deed, but not with the strength of purpose that became my honour; moved, in part, by my hatred of Spaniards and Spanish priests; for a conspiracy with whom I am now charged, and expect soon to suffer death. How mysterious are thy dealings, O God! But didst thou not say, I saved thy life, and the life of thy friend? pray let me hear it, for if it be true, it will pluck some of the poison from the wound, which cankers in my breast to the present hour."

"You, peradventure, remember, in the upper loft of the fort, when your men were about to slay a priest, a boy threw himself upon him, to save him?"

"Well do I remember it; and a noble and handsome boy he was."

"And that when your soldiers were about to pull him off, and murder the priest, you said, 'No; spare them *both*!'"

"I do remember that."

"I was that boy."

“You? why you look an older man than I do.”

“Nevertheless, I was that boy, and that clergyman was my friend ; and for his sake, though you and others have slain my people, and portioned my property among you, I can forgive you all ; and here’s my hand, Sir Walter.”

Sir Walter took the Earl’s hand in silence, pressed it to his lips, and as he did so, a tear fell upon it. He then looked up, and said : “ This is one of the happiest hours of my existence. If you can forgive me, can I doubt of the forgiveness of God ? For this charge of treason I *know* I shall die.”

“ You surprise me, Sir Walter. For what treason have you been condemned to death ? ”

“ *Accused*, or charged, but not yet condemned. It is for the treason of the *Main*. Lord Grey’s was the treason of the *Bye*.”

“ Lord Grey ! Is he a traitor, too ? But what mean you by these terms, the Main, and Bye ? for I know nothing of the world without these walls ! ”

“ The treason of the Bye—called by some the ‘ Priests’ treason,’ inasmuch as Watson and Clarke, two Catholic priests, were the promoters ; and called by others the ‘ Surprising treason’—had for its first object the seizing of the person of the King.”

“ And what was its principal object ? ”

“ To advance the interests of the Catholic religion.”

“ And say you that Lord Grey of Wilton was engaged in this? I understood he was half a Puritan. Surprising !”

“ One of the chief movers, but he expected to be made Earl Marshal, and Master of the Horse. He lost all favour after he had been dismissed the Irish service, and was esteemed a bloodthirsty man, who regarded no more the lives of Her Majesty’s subjects, than the lives of dogs.”

“ And what is the treason, of which you are accused ?”

“ I have been falsely accused as the grand mover in the treason of the Main, or the Spanish treason.”

“ And what was its object ?”

“ To aid the Catholic religion by the assistance of the King of Spain, as thou didst in Ireland.”

“ The two men most unlikely in all the world, I should have supposed, to do so, if I might judge by Lord Grey’s massacre of the Spanish troops at Smerwick, and your interference with the Spanish interests in America.”

“ True, I was not such a madman as to make myself, at this time, a Robin Hood, a Wat Tyler, or a Jack Cade. I knew, also, the state of Spain, its weakness, poverty, and prostration. I knew

that six times we had repulsed their forces ; thrice in Ireland, and thrice at sea ; and the last time at Cadiz, on their own coast ;—but, notwithstanding, I shall be condemned—there is a conspiracy to take my life.”

“ On what evidence art thou charged with treason ?”

“ On the evidence of Lord Cobham, who was himself engaged in the plot ; but after accusing me he repented of his black treachery, and withdrew his false accusations.”

“ And they still accuse you ?”

“ Even so.”

“ Methinks they cannot condemn you on such evidence.”

“ It’s best to be prepared.”

“ Yes ; neither of us can say when he shall be called on to render up his account ; and death comes more commonly in the natural course of Providence, than by the axe or the rope.”

“ Dost thou fear to die ?” said Sir Walter Raleigh, looking earnestly into the Earl’s face, who spoke with calm resignation.

“ No, not now.”

“ Not *now* ? Thou didst once, then. Whence this change ? Whence dost thou derive thy present confidence ?”

“ From this book.”

“ What book is that ? The New Testament.—What !—This is the Protestant version. Art thou not a Papist ? Stop !—I should know this writing. Whose is it ? Tell me not. Let me see ; whose initials are these ? E. S. They are my friend’s, *Edmund Spenser’s*.”

“ Thou dost know the writing, then ?”

“ Of a surety : I could not be mistaken.”

“ Then there can be no doubt,” said the Earl, musing with himself.

“ How didst thou get that book ?”

“ From a friend,” said the Earl.

“ Poor Spenser !” exclaimed Raleigh ; “ I often visited him at Kilcoleman Castle ; and he came to me to Youghal. Those were happy days. Dost thou know that he called me the ‘ *Shepherd of the Ocean*,’ in his ‘ *Colin Clout* ?”

“ Yes.”

“ He went with me to Ireland, and acted as secretary to Lord Grey, and also had a portion of thine estates.”

“ Three thousand acres.”

“ Even so ; but he paid dearly for them. His castle was burned by the Munster rebels, and his daughter perished in the flames.”

"He died in London," said the Earl, turning the conversation, "did he not?"

"In a garret," replied Sir Walter, fixing his eyes on the Earl, while his thoughts appeared active with a distant object.—"I have it now," exclaimed he with surprise. "I have been thinking and puzzling, for days, as I marked thee through the bars of my cell, walking up and down the chamber, where it was I saw thy face before."

"Where?" said the Earl, with a faint smile.

"At Kilcoleman Castle. Am I not right?"

"You are."

"I knew I could not be mistaken in the noble appearance of the brave man who saved the life of my friend's child from that wild animal. I had been up before, but waited for a weapon."

"You were up in good time, and did good service."

"God forgive me, but up to this hour I had a suspicion it was your party that fired the castle."

The Earl was silent.

"Am I right?"

"You are."

"I thought so."

"But against my knowledge and will."

"That was evident from thy speedy reappearance on the ground to quench the flames; and by saving

the lady. But the poor child, whom thou didst save so nobly from one death in the morning, died by another at night. It seemed as if God so willed it. Dost thou believe in fate ? that the hour of our birth and death are decreed ?”

“ I believe that all things are ordered of God.”

“ Of a surety ; so the Scripture teacheth.”

“ Dost thou know any particulars of the death of Spenser, the father of the child ?”

“ He died in deep distress,” said Raleigh.

“ And he thy *friend* !”

“ Even so ; but I was abroad, and heard not of it till my return ; however, Lord Essex, when he heard it, sent to befriend him, but it was too late. Sir Philip Sidney, while he lived, was his fast friend. He called Sir Philip *Astrophel*. But Sidney died in '86.”

“ What of Essex ? You say he befriended the poet before his death. How ?”

“ On hearing of his distress, though in disgrace and sorrow himself, he sent him twenty pieces. But it was too late, for Spenser was dying when he heard the news.”*

* Ben Jonson says, that the Irish having robbed Spenser's goods, and burnt his house, and child, “ He and his wife escaped ; and after, he died *for lake of bread*, in King-street, and refused twenty pieces, sent to him by my Lord

“Poor Essex !” said the Earl, “he was one of the bravest and noblest generals the Queen ever sent to Ireland. I never met him in the field myself, but my friend, O’Neill, spoke most highly of him.”

“Ah ! he was a noble-hearted man ; but was not able to measure swords with the Earl of Tyrone. O’Neill found the Deputy Mountjoy an abler general.”

“And more cruel man.”

“That I grant you.”

“In times like these no man of conscience or kindness can rise to eminence, either in the court or the field.”

“A most wise reflection, that,” replied Sir Walter Raleigh, who, as he thought on his own position, laid it as unction to his wounded spirit.

“I heard thou wast an enemy of Essex, and didst even mock him on the day he was led forth for execution. Surely this cannot be true ?”

“A most atrocious falsehood !” replied Sir Walter, who seemed to warm with righteous indignation. “I was not of his faction, and I helped to pluck him down ; but for his worth I loved him.”

“But thou didst not act like *Brutus* ?”

of Essex, adding, he was sorrie he had no time to spend them.”—See Note E.

“No ; I admire not Brutus : nor had I hand in the compassing of Lord Essex’s death, for I knew it would be worse with me when he was gone. I am accused of standing in a window over against him, when he suffered in the Tower, and puffing out tobacco, in disdain of him ; but I take God to witness its falsehood. I had no hand in his blood, and was none of those that procured his death.”

“I believe it,” said the Earl, who marked his fervour of manner, “and am rejoiced to hear it from thine own lips.”

“I shed tears for him when he died ; and as I hope to look God in the face hereafter, my Lord Essex did not see my face when he suffered, for I was far off, in the Armoury, where I saw him, but he saw not me. My soul has been many times since grieved that I was not nearer to him, because, as I understood afterwards, he asked for me at his death, to have been reconciled to me.”

“I believe you, Sir Walter Raleigh ; I believe you,” replied the Earl.

The entrance of the keeper, with a surgeon and dressing for the wound, which was not dangerous, here interrupted their conversation. They parted with expressions of sincere friendship, hoping to meet soon again.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

“There is nothing more dangerous than this deluding art of alchymy.”—HOOKER.

“In desart hast thine habitance,
And these rich heaps of wealth doth hide apart
From the world’s eye, and far from her right usance.”
SPENSER.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH’S restoration to health was rapid. After his recovery he was daily engaged in preparing for his trial, which, as every reader of English history knows, took place at Winchester, on the 17th of November, 1603.

The Earl almost trembled to meet Sir Walter, the day he returned from Winchester to the Tower. But when he saw a smile upon his face, he concluded he had been acquitted ; and said :—

“May I wish you joy?”

“That depends,” said Sir Walter, “on the view taken by your lordship of my position.”

“Art thou acquitted?”

“No—condemned.”

“Condemned ! But not to death?”

“Yes, to death.”

“ When ?”

“ On the 12th of December ; not quite a month from this day ; so we do not Christmas together.”

Here he was mistaken, or misinformed, for James I., who said “ he would not wish to be tried by a Winchester jury,” did not sign the warrant for his execution, but left him a prisoner in the Tower for thirteen years, during which time he was occupied with his “ History of the World,” and chemical pursuits, till liberated by James, whom he promised to enrich by the products of a gold mine in Guiana. The Earl of Desmond, therefore, enjoyed much the companionship and conversation of this remarkable man ; and sometimes aided him in his chemical experiments. Two or three years rolled by in this way, not unpleasantly or unprofitably.

Whether at liberty, viewing the beauties of nature, or in prison, driven in on the contemplation of your own mind, or up to the hopes of a better world, it is pleasant to have one friend at least—perhaps one is enough—to whom we may open our hearts, and tell our joys, or sorrows.

The enthusiasm with which Sir Walter prosecuted some of his chemical experiments amused and interested the Earl. Like a great many men of his age and sanguine temperament, Raleigh imagined the discovery of transmuting the baser

metals into gold *was to be made*, and that *he* was the man to make it. He sometimes imagined himself hastening, half-dressed, from the Tower to the feet of James I., like Archimedes from the bath to the palace of the Tyrant of Syracuse, crying as he held the new-made gold in his hand, "*Eureka ! Eureka !*"

On some of these occasions, his excitement surprised and even distressed his calmer companion, for they were generally followed by corresponding fits of gloom. He had been working at one experiment for nearly a month, and had brought a heat to bear upon his materials, which was surprising for the age in which he lived. As the melted ingredients dissolved into a liquid, he dropped into the molten mass one substance after another, watching its changes of colour, which now began to cast a yellow or golden hue across his face, as he bent over the smelting pot. When the experiment approached a crisis, Sir Walter's excitement became almost maddening and demoniacal, and more than once reminded the Earl of the scene described by Spenser, in the "House of Mammon :"—

"Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
Unto another roome, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had been taught:

Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred founnaces all burning bright :
By every founnace many fiends did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight ;
And every fiend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metal ready to be tryde.

“ One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame ;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcan’s rage to tame,
Who, maystring them, renew’d his former heat :
Some scum’d the drosse that from the metall came,
Some stir’d the molten ore with ladles great,
And every one did swinke, and every one did sweat.”

“ I *have* it !” he exclaimed, at length. “ Reach me forth that alembic.”

He let fall a liquid, which had previously cost him some time and trouble in distilling, drop by drop, expecting every instant to see the glowing substance in the crucible assume the true golden shade ; but by-and-by it began to change colour and assume a darker hue, till, to the anguish and horror of the excited alchymist, it became as *green* as copperas.

“ May all the fiends in hell seize it, and me also, but it has failed again !” exclaimed he, dashing the crucible from the furnace with his heavy boot, which scattered the burning materials through the chamber.

For several days after this he confined himself almost exclusively to his own cell, holding converse with his gloomy thoughts, so that the Earl feared he might make a second attempt to destroy himself; it was, therefore, with pleasure he marked his brow, after a time, clearing up, and saw in him a renewed love of his presence.

When the Earl discovered that his placidity of mind was sufficiently restored to allow of his speaking calmly on the failure of his attempt to make gold, he said to him :—

“ Didst thou ever read the following passage in this book ?”

“ What book is that ?”

“ The *Faerie Queene*.”

“ I have read it all. The poet has given in that book a description of myself.”

“ I was going to point you to a passage, descriptive of your state of mind, when trying to manufacture gold.”

“ To what part dost thou refer ?”

“ To the seventh Canto of the Second Book, where,—

“ Guyon findes Mammon in a delve,
Sunning his treasure hore ;
Is by him tempted, and let downe,
To see his secrete store.”

“Dost thou compare me to the noble *Guyon*, the representative of *Temperance*, or to *Mammon*?”

“Thou dost sometimes remind me of the one, and sometimes of the other, as thy moods of mind vary.”

“I think I know the part to which thou dost refer. Is not this it?”

“‘What secret place,’ quoth he, ‘can safely hold
So huge a mass, and hide from heaven’s eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?’
‘Come thou,’ quoth he, ‘and see.’ So by-and-by
Through that thick covert he him led, and found
A darksome way, which no man could descry,
That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horror compassed around.”

“Read on,” said the Earl, “and mark the cost at which this gold is won and held. The passage is full of fearful truth.”

“At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to Plutoe’s griesly rayne:
By that way’s side there sate infernell Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.”

“Read on,” said the Earl.

“ On the other side, in one consort, there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate ;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight ;
And trembling Feare still to-and-fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him might :
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lye ;
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

“ And over them sad Horror with grim hew
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings ;
And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messenger of heavy things ;
Of death and dolor, telling sad tidings :
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asonder could have rifte,
Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.

“ All these before the gates of Pluto lay ;
By whom they passing spake unto them nought.
But th’ Elfin Knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioining, ne them parted ought :
Betwixt them both was but *a little stride*,
That did the House of Richesse from Hell-mouth divide.”

“ This does, indeed, contain fearful truth,” said Sir Walter Raleigh, sighing, after reading the passage with marked emphasis and deep feeling.

“ And yet, like a second Sir Guyon, thou wouldst

enter with Mammon, to see his treasures," said the Earl.

"Sir Guyon was a *temperate* and noble knight," replied Sir Walter.

"But he did a foolish deed, to enter so dangerous a place," replied the Earl.

"A true knight never fears danger," replied Sir Walter.

"A wise knight is not fool-hardy," said the Earl. "How can he, who rushes into danger of his own accord, pray to be delivered from temptation?"

"Thou art right," said Sir Walter. After a pause, he added :—"There is a passage in the Third Book, where, I think, the poet intends to describe me again, to which I shall point you. It is in the legend of '*Britomart*,' or '*Chastity*,' by which Edmund Spenser intended to represent the Queen. He first describeth the Earl of Essex, under the name of *Artegall*, who is wounded to the death by the spear of the Virgin Britomart. She next meets *Marinell*. The poet so describeth me, on account of my many voyages. Marinell (or Mariner) is represented as crossing her path, after her wound in the love affair with Essex is somewhat healed :—

" ' Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gyllop towards her did ryde.

Her dolours soon she ceast, and on her dight
 Her helmet to her courser mounting light,
 Her former sorrow into sudden wrath
 (Both coosen passions of distroubled spright)
 Converting, forth she beats the dusty path,
 Love and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.'

" Marinell, who mistaketh her, in her warlike array, for a knight, rideth up, and thus addresseth her :—

" ' Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make,
 By this forbidden way in my despight,
 Ne doest by others death ensample take ;
 I read thee sone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
 Least afterwards it bee too late to take thy flight.'

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
 She shortly thus :—' Fly they, that need to fly ;
 Wordes fearen babes ; I meane not thee entreat
 To passe ; but maugre thee will passe or dy.'
 Ne longer stayed for th' other to reply,
 But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly knowne.
 Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the breast, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown."

" And of a truth, Sir Walter, had the Queen a fondness for thee ? Didst thou ever thus '*strooke her on the breast* ?' "

" Well, my Lord, thou dost put to me a question difficult of answering. I once stood high in the Queen's favour."

" Her partiality for handsome men was notorious," said the Earl.

“ In three years from my first introduction to Her Majesty, I was made Captain of the Guard, Seneschal of Cornwall, Lord Warden of the Stanaries, and received a grant of twelve thousand acres of thy estates in Ireland, and a patent for the licensing of the venders of wine in England.”

“ When did you lose her favour ?”

“ When she heard of my private marriage with Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, one of her maids of honour ; of which she became acquainted during my absence abroad ; and for which offence she had me thrown into the Tower immediately on my return.”

The Earl smiled as he replied :—“ She deemed your admiration of her maid of honour a disloyalty and dishonour to herself.”

“ The poet, for certain, refers to me, here. It is on the *sea-shore* he causes Britomart to meet Marinell, and to leave him there for dead, notwithstanding his ability of enriching her kingdom :—

“ ‘ But she againe, him in the shield did smite,
With so fierce fury and great puissaunce,
That, through his three-square scuchin percing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce,
The wicked steele through his *left side* did glaunce ;
Him so transfixed, she before her bore,
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce ;
Till, sadly soucing on the *sandy shore*,
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowed in his gore.

“ ‘ The martiell mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the *strond*, which as she over went,
She saw *bestrowed all with rich aray*
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre ;
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or pearles, or pretious stones, an howre,
But them despised all ; for all was in her powre.’ ”

“ Dost thou remember, my Lord,” continued Sir Walter, who seemed to hang with interest on the last lines, with their

“ rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre,”—

“ dost thou remember, one day, of my speaking to thee of a country in South America, rich in gold ?”

“ Yes, *Peru* : you speak of it in the History of the World.”

“ Not that ; but hast thou heard me speak of ‘ *El Dorado*,’ or the ‘ GOLDEN COUNTRY,’ as the words mean ?”

“ Never,” said the Earl.

“ Ah ! were we without of this dungeon, and possessed but of one ship, I could bring thee to a country where we could quarry gold as thou dost stones, and where precious stones are as the pebbles beneath thy feet.”

“ Have you ever visited that country ?”

“ Never.”

“ Where does it lie ?”

“ On the Eastern shore of South America, between the River Orinoco and the mighty River Amazon.”

“ How know you of this ? or, knowing it, how happens it thou hast not visited it before ?”

Sir Walter seemed a little at a loss for a proper reply to these simple queries.

“ I know not. It is of late I have received correct intelligence on the matter (but a few months before I was made prisoner here) ; and the cares of other matters not allowing of my giving the subject due consideration, it lay buried in my mind—out of sight, like a hid treasure, which I have dug up in this dark cave, and, with God’s assistance, will now bring to light.”

“ And what are your sources of intelligence ?”

“ I have secret information, which I am bound in honour not to reveal, even to thee ; but I can tell thee this much of the history of the region, and the discovery thereof. Thou hast heard of Pizarro the Victorious ?”

“ I have heard of Pizarro.”

“ He had a brother, Gonzalo Pizarro; much beloved by an Indian chief, or Cacique.”

“Ca—what?”

“*Cacique*. Thou art not acquainted with these Indian titles, though, by my faith, some of thy Irish Munster names are far more barbarous to my ears, and more unpronounceable by human tongue ; but the Cacique, when dying, revealed the secret of the gold district to his friend Gonzalo Pizarro.”

“Did Gonzalo Pizarro visit the country?”

“No ; he not being able to go there in person, sent his friend, Francisco Orellano.”

“And did Francisco Orellano find the report true?”

“He, I am happy to tell thee, *never returned*.”

“*Happy !*”

“Yes ; had he returned, the report would have blown abroad, and the Spaniards had possessed them of all the region.”

“But how know you of the truth?”

“I told thee I had *other private* information, which I am held by oath and honour not to reveal.”

“Nor would I tempt thee,” replied the Earl, who did not believe a word of a story which induced James I., several years after, to release Raleigh from the Tower, and send him to Guiana.

“But while I remain bound in this cell, that

rich treasure must lie bound in the bowels of the earth. "What thinkest thou," continued he, fixing his piercing eyes on the pale, calm face of the Earl of Desmond, "could we escape from the Tower?"

"*Escape!*" said the Earl, with surprise.

"Aye."

"I would not make the attempt. I am as happy, or I should say, *content* here, as I should be anywhere; and therefore say, *Spes et Fortuna, Valete!*"

"Have thy sorrows unmanned and mastered thy spirit?"

"No; but I hope I have mastered them, or at least learned to bear them."

"Dost thou not long to see the lovely face of Nature; the trees and green fields? What wouldst thou now give to breathe the mountain air of thine own green isle?"

Sir Walter's remarks brought back something of the light of life to Desmond's eyes. "Oh, much!" said the Earl, with re-awakened enthusiasm, for he remembered Ellen's grave.

"Thou *shalt* see thy country, then."

"What dost thou mean?"

"To make my *escape*, and *thou* shalt accompany me."

“ It is impossible.”

“ Nothing more easy.”

“ How so ?”

“ To take the keeper by surprise, seize his keys, and go forth in disguise, beneath our mantles.”

“ But he will give the alarm.”

“ We must *silence* him, then,” said Sir Walter, with a dark expression.

“ What ! Slay him ?”

“ If I did not, he would slay me ; and I am justified in defending my own life.”

“ But he would not slay thee, if thou didst not give the first provocation. The man has been kind, and has strained a point to grant us many indulgences. This would be a most grievous return. No, thou shalt never do so, Sir Walter.”

“ We need not slay him, then, but seize him, and stop his mouth.”

“ If I join thee, Sir Walter, have I thy pledged honour that thou wilt do this man no bodily harm ?”

“ Thou hast ; provided——”

“ No provisos.”

“ Well, fear not for the man’s life ; I shall see to that.”

“ When, therefore, dost thou propose to carry out thy scheme ?”

“I could not be prepared to-night. By to-morrow, with God’s help, I shall have my dispositions made. I know nearly all the chambers of the Tower, and they are most numerous ; and now, methinks, we might escape from the cellars to the ‘Ditch,’ and so gain Tower Hill. I know a place, near Shoreditch, where we could lie till the heat of the chase were over. But all will be arranged by to-morrow.”

CHAPTER LXXVII.

“ Bid her well beware,
Lest by some fair appearing good surprised,
She dictate false, and misinform the will.”

MILTON.

“ Who can speak
The mingled passions that surprised his heart ?”

THOMSON.

THE next day, as the reader may imagine, was one of anxious excitement with the two prisoners. They paced the long chamber with impatient steps, and waited to see the sun casting his few short rays above the Castle-yard, and thought how long he was in crossing that narrow space, instead of hastening his journey towards the west. But as it was the month of November, and the weather dark and gloomy, the night soon set in.

At seven o'clock, the keeper usually locked the cells. It wanted but half an hour of it. Sir Walter paced the chamber, with a gag and muffle for the keeper's mouth grasped firmly in his hand. The Earl was seated on an oaken bench, thinking of Ellen's grave. As he was silent, he

was the first to hear the keeper's footsteps sounding through the long corridor.

"He comes," said Desmond, in a whisper, to Sir Walter.

"I'm ready," said Sir Walter, taking up a position behind the door. "When I seize his arms behind, do thou stop his mouth with these," handing him the gag and bandages. "There, stand thus, with thy hands behind thy back, so"—placing him.

The keeper approached, turned the key, and pushed the door half open. There was a pause, and a whisper outside, and a rustle of female drapery. They looked down. In the half-open doorway stood a beautiful child. The child looked up into the pale face of the Earl, who stood before her. The Earl looked down like one entranced, upon the child, on whose face the light of the keeper's lamp rested ; and as he gazed, his heart palpitated, but he knew not why.

Sir Walter, at this moment, stalked from behind the door. The instant the child caught his grim visage and gigantic figure, emerging from the darkness of the chamber, into the light of the lamp, it started back in fear, and disappeared.

A second time, before the Earl had gained presence of mind to speak, she stood in the door-way, holding the hand of a lady, who was so closely

muffled in sable attire, that it seemed impossible either to see her face, or mark the outline of her person.

The child was as like Ellen Spenser, the late Countess of Desmond, as child of her age could be like a mother ; and as like what Ellen was when rescued by the Earl from the enraged bull, as twin sisters ; with the same golden hair, and eyes of heavenly blue. She wore the same necklace of oaken beads, from which hung the same golden cross. The Earl, who marked all these things, trembled from head to foot with strange sensations ; and then said, raising his eyes to the face of the lady :—

“ Lady Margaret, whose child is this ? ”

“ *Thine*, Desmond, *thine* ! The child of thy wife, Ellen Spenser,” exclaimed Lady Margaret.

“ *Mine ? Her’s ?* ” said the Earl. “ Her child is in heaven, and lies buried with its mother. Speak ! is it not so ? ”

“ No, Desmond ; it died *not*.”

“ Dost thou not deceive me ? ” said he, holding the child with both hands, but a little distance from him, still refraining to embrace it.

“ I would not do so for worlds ! She is *thine*.”

“ Then come to thy father’s bosom ! ” cried he, drawing the infant within his arms, pressing it to his heart, and weeping over it like a woman.

Will the reader believe it, that Sir Walter, whose plans were so completely frustrated—(for which the keeper may bless his stars—for notwithstanding the knight's promise, the man might have got an unlucky blow)—will the reader believe it, that the baulked and brave Sir Walter betook himself to a corner, to conceal his sympathy with father and child? and wept heartily as he witnessed the strange recognition? Even the keeper felt an unusual twitching about the corners of the mouth, and a sort of moisture in his stony eyes.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

“ The daughter of Lady Elizabeth, who died in child-birth.”

ANON.

“ LADY MARGARET,” said the Earl, the next day—as she brought the child to visit him—“ how does it happen that I did not hear of this sweet child before ? I understood that Ellen’s child was still-born.”

“ So we all thought, at Lyshin Castle ; and it was not till the next day that the child gave any signs of life, and these were so feeble, that we did not tell you of it, lest we should revive hopes that might be blasted in an hour. The child’s life was despaired of the day you left the Castle.”

“ But why not tell me afterwards ?”

“ It was months before we knew where to find you ; and by a mere chance that I heard of your hiding-place in the cave, among the mountains of Tipperary.”

“ And why not tell me of it then ?”

“ Ah ! Desmond, I fear to tell thee all, even now.”

“ Why so ? Fear not, cousin.”

“It was I who led the White Knight and his party to thy place of retreat.”

“You ! Lady Margaret !”

“Yes ; but not to betray thee, Desmond.”

“Explain thyself, cousin ; for thy words are to me enigmas.”

“Soon after learning of thy place of concealment in Tipperary, I heard of the White Knight’s visiting the President at Kilmallock, to betray thee, and therefore repaired to Sir George Carew myself, hoping by a cunning device to put him off thy track.”

“What was thy device ?”

“I told him I knew of thy place of refuge—that it was in Kerry ; but I said I would give him no particulars till I had been secured of the reward which was put upon thy head—a thousand pounds.”

“What said Sir George to that ?”

“He seemed right well pleased, and promised to give me satisfaction for the payment of the money ; but before I left him, Fitzgibbon, the White Knight, was announced, and Sir George Carew, seeing I did not wish Fitzgibbon to know of my being there, opened the door of a private chamber for me, to wait till he spoke to thy cousin. While in this chamber, I heard Fitzgibbon declare to the President that he knew of thy place of retreat—

—that it was in Tipperary ; and ask a sufficient force to apprehend thee. He said this so distinctly, that I heard him through the thin partition ; but I believe Fitzgibbon knew of my being in the next room, and spoke so as to be overheard by me—that the affair was so arranged between him and the President. Indeed I have since heard that Sir George boasted of having ‘outwitted and countermined’ me, to use his own words.”

“It is like Sir George Carew, or Lord Totnes, as we must now call him.”

“When Fitzgibbon went forth, I hastened back to Lyshin Castle, and the next morning, by break of day, departed, bearing your child with me, knowing the pleasure it would afford you to see her face.”

“That was kind indeed of thee, cousin ; I knew nothing of this before.”

“We expected to be in good time ; for the President said, in my hearing, that he could not give Fitzgibbon the men he required till the day after I left Kilmallock.”

“By whom were you accompanied ?”

“By the poor woman who nursed Lady Desmond in her sickness, and her husband, a follower of thine.”

“I know ; the poor fellow was taken with me at the mouth of the cave, but there we were separated,

so that he had no opportunity of telling me of these things."

"The White Knight and his party," continued Lady Margaret, "tracked our steps, though we knew it not then, all the way from Lyshin Castle to the cave, and came up with me when I was following the bed of the mountain stream."

"I heard a woman's scream, just before Fitzgibbon and his men came up ; was it thine ?"

"I suppose so ; for I know not what I did."

"What happened after this ? How fared you at their hands ? Did they send you home ?"

"No ; they left me and the nurse to wander in the wood, with the child ; and I believe they carried off our horses, for we could not find them. After wandering there for hours, and the night approaching——"

"Thou hast suffered much, for my sake, cousin. But let me not interrupt thee. You wandered in the wood, you say, for hours."

"I know not how to describe what happened next."

"You spent the night in the wood ?"

"Oh, no ; not in the wood, but in the churchyard of an old abbey ; and, oh, Desmond !"

"Ah, *you saw him, then ?*"

"Dost thou know of whom I would speak ?"

“Archer?”

“Oh, God!—yes; but I cannot tell thee now,” said Lady Margaret, covering her face with her hand. “He seized me, as I sat on Ellen’s grave, and carried me and the child within a horrid tomb.”

To save her feelings, I must tell the story myself, although I cannot hope to be able to do so with the same graphic power.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

“ Who had his dwelling among the tombs.”

MARK, v. 3.

LADY MARGARET was seized, as the reader remembers, by the maniac, Archer, when seated with the Earl's child on Ellen's grave. She was carried by him, in an unconscious state, within the tomb from which the Earl saw him crawl a few nights before. The tomb was large. Archer placed his prisoner in the dark end of it, and sat himself near the broken aperture. She speedily recovered her senses. Although the night was long, she observed that he did not sleep, but kept careful watch, and peeped and peered at her, through the darkness. She saw him better than he saw her, for the few rays of light which entered the tomb, through the opening, fell across his pale maniac face. Her slightest movement seemed to startle him. He sometimes cried out, “Avaunt! Keep back, foul fiend! It was not I that murdered him—it was Mac Rory!”

When the day broke, and cast a few rays of light within the darkest parts of the vault, Lady Margaret

discovered that the floor was strewed not only with human bones of every description, but also with the *disjecta membra*—heads, claws, entrails, and feathers, of birds of various kinds, which the maniac had caught in the woods; among which were the wood-pigeon, blackbird, and even crow, lying half consumed, sending forth a horrid effluvium.

“Are you hungry?” said Archer, looking over at her, as the day advanced, for he was in the habit of going into the wood, to seek food.

“Yes,” said she, hoping he might go out, and thus afford her the opportunity of escaping.

“Ah! I know thy wiles; if I were to go forth to the wood, thou wouldst run away.”

“Oh! no, I assure you, I shall remain here, with the child.”

“Thou liest, Jezebel. Thou wouldst be divorced from me, thy lawful husband; but thou shalt not. Thou art married, in holy wedlock, to SIN, DEATH, and the GRAVE, a Trinity in Unity. I am the Father, Mac Rory the Son, and thou art the Mother and Child. ‘*Hail! Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women; and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.*’ Know you not that infants’ flesh is tender, and as delicate eating as young chicken,” said he, casting a wolfish and hungry look at the child. “Josephus, the Jewish historian,

informeth us, that the Jewish mothers ate their infants, through the siege. The early Christians were accused by the Heathen of eating their children at the Holy Eucharist. ‘*Unless thou eat the flesh of the Son of God, and drink his blood, thou hast no life in thee.*’ *Believest thou this?*”

“Yes,” said Lady Margaret, trembling from head to foot, and pressing the infant to her bosom so close, as to cause it to cry.

“What is that?” said the maniac. “Does the child cry for food?”

“Yes.”

“And why dost thou not give it the breast?”

“I have nothing for it.”

“Thou hast not the nature of a stork. The pelican wounds its own bosom, and feeds its young with its blood. But stay, I will catch a bird for the poor babe. The warm blood will nourish it; and thou shalt have the flesh;” saying which, he left the tomb, and ran off to the wood. I need not say, that Lady Margaret took advantage of his absence, to make her escape. She was fortunate enough, on leaving the churchyard, to see the old house, where Father Cavendish and Ellen had lived; and here she found not only the nurse, but Ellen’s mother. Not wishing to separate the child from the grandmother, or to leave it behind her in

Tipperary, she remained in the neighbourhood for twelve months, till the death of Mrs. Spenser ; but she suffered so much, in mind and body, that it was not till after the lapse of three years she felt strong enough to visit England.

CHAPTER LXXX.

“Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet,
Mine and my father’s death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“How did you procure admittance to the Tower?” inquired the Earl, after hearing those dreadful events in her life, during his capture and imprisonment.

“By the influence of the Earl of Ormond, who is now, with his daughter, in London.”

“The Earl of *Ormond!*” repeated Desmond, in surprise; after which he mused deeply. “I thought my family had no fiercer enemy than he.”

“Yes;—knowing that, I first applied to Lord Totnes, the late Lord President of Munster; but he refused me his aid; and I then waited on Lord Ormond.”

“What said he?”

“He asked me sternly, what claim I had for making such a request, for a man who had captured him, and kept him for a year a prisoner in a robber’s hold.”

“The man who liberated, but did not seize thee,” I replied.

“What! knew you of my part in Ormond’s liberation?” inquired the Earl with deep interest; for he thought he was alone in Ellen’s dying chamber when he made her the promise on the subject.

“Desmond, I know it all: I was in Lady Desmond’s chamber, and heard all, the night that angel died.”

“And didst thou tell Lord Ormond of it?”

“No—but his daughter. I told her all; and she asked to see the child, and fondled it and took it to the Earl.”

“And what said he then?”

“It was late, but he started up in haste, called quickly for his horse, and rode forth to Whitehall; and in half an hour returned with an order to the Marshal of the Tower, to afford me and the child free admittance.”

“That is far more than I expected from the Earl.”

“Before we parted, he asked to see the child again; laid his hand upon its head, and said: ‘If thou wert not a girl it would not be safe to send thee within the Tower, for His Majesty thanked God thou wert not a *male bairn*. ‘Go now,’ said he, ‘and tell Desmond, that I have pledged my

word to the king, that no unfair advantage will be taken of this privilege, for I hold him as a man of honour.’”

“ This was noble and kind of Ormond. Thou hast suffered much, dear cousin, in thy attempt to serve me and save my life, and the life of this dear child. I thank God that I knew not of it till now that it is passed, for I could not have aided thee. Thy sufferings have been greater than mine own, for here, within the walls of this prison, I have spent some happy hours ; but thou hast increased my joy by bringing me this child.”

“ *Happy*, Desmond ? And were they happy hours alone in this prison ?”

“ Yes, I may call them such. It is not the place where the body dwells, but the state of the mind which produces happiness.”

“ Yet thou lookest pale and thin ; and thine eye is hollow.”

“ I am not as strong as when you knew me in Ireland, cousin,” said the Earl, with a smile. “ And there is something here,” continued he, laying his hand on his side, “ which tells me I shall soon be laid by thy brother, in the Tower Chapel. Knowest thou that he lived and died in this dark cell ?”

Lady Margaret was too much affected by his words and manner to reply.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

“The lion’s whelps she saw how he did bear,
And lull in rugged arms, withouten childish fear.”

SPENSER.

GENTLE reader, can you imagine true peace of mind, and as much happiness as God has allotted to any of his children to enjoy on earth, under the circumstances in which you now find the hero of our tale? Would you rather—had Irish or English history allowed it—that I had sent him forth, with that brave soldier, Sir Walter Raleigh, to his El Dorado, and allowed him to return, laden with treasures, to be placed at the feet of Lady Margaret? Would you rather have had it so, than that he should die in the Tower? Would you rather that Sir Walter, like the Genius of Ambition, or the God Mammon, should carry him forth, across the stormy ocean of life, to make shipwreck of both soul and body, or, that that sweet child, like a guardian angel, should have power to hold him back, and detain him as a prisoner in the Tower?

“We have heard of God’s angels, bringing his

saints *out* of prison ; but never before heard of an angel detaining them there.”—Was this the reply you were going to make ?

I believe angels visit prisons, as often as they do palaces ; but not to bring prisoners forth, but to comfort and support them, and prepare them for heaven.

“But you do not call Lady Margaret an angel?”

No, but she was a woman, and a noble-minded woman, whose heart and soul affliction had purified. She had travelled from Munster, in the depth of winter, after a long and severe illness ; and had submitted to contumely and rebuke, before she succeeded in gaining an entrance to the Tower ; and she did all this from pure love—for passion was now dead ; that the father might see the child of the woman who won his love from herself. After keeping that child at her side until it wound itself around her heart, till she loved it as a mother, she brought it to the Tower of London, to leave it there, like a caged bird, for she knew its sweet face and merry voice would cheer the father’s heart.

It was kind of her ; but the father would not allow that sweet bird to be caged within the prison walls of the Tower of London. It flew to his cell and side, both morning and evening ; and was sometimes there, in the large chamber, before the

cells were opened, running from his door to that of Sir Walter Raleigh's, crying "*Peep!*" and receiving from each, and more especially from Sir Walter—who became a great favourite—as awful and roguish a "*Boo!*" through the key-hole, as ever child delighted and feared to hear. And if she happened to come before he had made his toilet, (to which he always paid attention), with her "*Rap a-tap-tap*"—he was ripe and ready for the game:—

SIR WALTER :—"Who is there?"

ELLEN :—"A Grenadier."

SIR WALTER :—"What do you want?"

ELLEN :—"A pint of beer."

SIR WALTER :—"Where's your money?"

ELLEN :—"I forgot it."

SIR WALTER—"Get-a-gone! you silly blockhead."

The last line was managed with so much comical earnestness, and grenadier stateliness, that the child generally ran off, with her head thrown back, in peals of merry laughter.

How beautiful are children at their play! How hearty and musical their laugh! How bright and full of joy the expression of their eyes! How natural and graceful all their movements! Parents and those of advanced age can enjoy no higher, or holier pleasure, than that which results from administering to the happiness of children. We

soon become cloyed with the pleasures which we seek *for ourselves* ; the surface soil of our hearts is too rank and strong for the production of flowers to suit our advanced taste ; but not so, while seeking to make others—especially innocent young children—happy.

Of an evening, Sir Walter would amuse the child with stories, of which he had a rich store, both home-spun and foreign. “Little Red Ridinghood” was a great favourite ; and a story of a little boy and two lions, “*Dare-all* and *Fear-all*”—a pure invention of his own. The child would sit on his knee, and look up into his terrible lion-like face, with awe and rapt delight, while he told her how the little boy went into the forest, to get something for his poor mother to eat, and how, when he wandered about, up came the terrible lion, *Dare-all*, and shook his mane, and flashed fire from his eyes, and gave a roar, which made the trees of the forest tremble ; and how the little boy fell on his knees, and put up his little hands, in prayer, to God ; and how the face and fury of the lion changed ; and how he came over to the little boy, and took him up on his back, and carried him into his cave ; and how he was there in the cave, like Daniel in the lion’s den ; and how the lioness gave him some of the lamb she was roasting for her cubs.

“Roasting!—do lions eat roast lamb?” broke in Ellen.

“Of course ; when they cannot get it raw.”

And he told her how the lion carried the little boy home, with a shoulder of lamb, for his mother’s supper ; and that when it grew dark in the forest, they met another desperate lion, as black as night, called *Fear-all*, who wanted to kill the little boy, and eat him up. And he told her how *Dare-all* fought with *Fear-all*, and took him by his beard, and slew him.

“Have lions beards?”

“Oh, yes.”

“As big as yours?”

“Bigger.”

“And have lionesses?”

“Yes.”

“Lady Margaret has no beard.”

“She is not a lioness.”

And he told her how the lion brought the little boy home to his mother, and warned him not to go so far into the forest again ; that if he had not gone on his knees, and prayed to God, he would have eaten him up himself.

“Do lions speak?”

“Yes ; the lions in my story spoke ; and when you grow older, you will know what they mean.”

And it would seem as if the lions had spoken to Sir Walter Raleigh himself ; for he forgot all about his El Dorado, or the “ Country of the Gold.” The company of this sweet child kept even *his* thoughts from wandering too far from home.

“ Did the little boy ever go into the woods again ?” asked Ellen.

“ Ah, that he did, and often paid dearly for it,” replied Sir Walter, with a sigh, as he reflected on his own adventurous career.

“ And did the lions eat him ?”

“ No, he is alive still ; though——”

“ Where is he now ?”

“ Locked up in a strong tower.”

“ Is it like this ?”

“ Very.”

“ Can’t he run away ?”

“ He was going to do so, a short time ago ; but——”

“ But what ?”

“ He did not like to go alone.”

“ Has he any one living with him in the tower ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Who is he ?”

“ A Holy Palmer,” said Sir Walter, looking over at the Earl.

“ What is that ?”

“ A good man, who has been at the *Holy Sepulchre*, and has learned there the vanity of life.”

The Earl, who sat a silent listener, thought of his wife's tomb, and, as he thought, the silent tears ran down his cheek.

“ And wouldn't the Palmer go with the little boy ?”

“ No ; he refused to go at first.”

“ Why ?”

“ Because they could not escape without killing the man who had the key of the prison where they were locked up, and the Palmer said he would not kill the man.”

“ Which, when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
‘ Not so, O Guyon !
That same is *Furor*, cursed cruel wight,
That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe :
And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight.”

“ And did the little boy want to kill the man ?” inquired Ellen, who did not understand these lines.

“ Yes ; he intended to kill him, for he often killed men before.”

“ He must be a very wicked little boy. Well, is that all ? is that the end of the story ?”

“ No, there is some more.”

“Tell me the rest?”

“This little boy, as you call him,—but he is grown up to be a big boy, now,—persuaded the Palmer to go with him, for he told him he would not kill the man that had the key; he also told him that, when he was out of prison, he should go to the Holy Sepulchre again; and when the Palmer thought of the sepulchre, his eye got bright, his pale cheeked flushed, and he said, ‘*I will go with thee.*’”

“Well, did they go?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Just as they were setting out, a beautiful angel came to the door, and looked into the cell, and said,—‘*I am come to stay with you here.*’”

“An angel! What was it like?”

“Well, it was very like a little girl I know.”

“Is she a very pretty little girl?”

“Very.”

“And is the angel with them still?”

“Yes.”

“Well?” said Ellen, who wished to hear more, but did not exactly know what question to put next.

“That is the end of my story to-night,” replied Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Earl would often sit for hours a quiet spectator, listening to Sir Walter's stories, with only less pleasure than the child.

When Ellen was fatigued with romping and excitement, she would go over to her father, climb up on his knee, lay her cheek on his breast, and look into his face ; and he would look down into her deep clear eyes—in which he saw, or thought he saw, a depth of undeveloped thought and holy feeling—till those eyes closed in sleep.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

“Time itself, under the deathful shade of whose wings all things wither, hath wasted that lively virtue of nature in man.”—RALEIGH.

MONTH after month thus rolled by, and the suns of May and June began to fling their cheering and warm beams even within the prison chambers of the Tower; but as the days lengthened, and the sun took a wider span of the heavens, in the same proportion did the light and vigour of manhood decline in the person of the Earl, who now crossed the chamber of his prison-house like the shadow of what he was when he entered it.

Before the end of July, he was confined altogether to his bed. His condition was now such as to demand a relaxation of the discipline of the prison. His bed was brought out into the large chamber, and Sir Walter was allowed, at all hours, to have access to him; and kindly and skilfully did he perform the part of leech and nurse. His knowledge of chemistry, and his habit of working at the fire, together with his great experience as a traveller, had made him something between a mediciner and

cook ; and he spared neither thought nor pains-taking to turn his knowledge to advantage, while attending at the sick-bed of his friend. He knew how to make chicken-broth, or truss wild fowl, and it would have done one's heart good to see him converting his alembic into a stewing-pan, and making skewers for a roast turkey, of the gags intended for the mouth of the keeper. Nothing appeared too costly or too good for the dying Earl.

But Sir Walter Raleigh was a *man*, and therefore not the most fit nurse for a sick chamber. Though kind and skilful, and humble in spirit, he was tall, and stately, and proud to look upon ; and his heavy heel sometimes caused the Earl to start from some pleasant dream. Sir Walter, I am sorry—I am, indeed ; but I must dismiss you. You must give place to Lady Margaret. Woman is the only true ministering angel in the chamber of sickness. You can make yourself useful in many ways, but the sick-bed must be left to the care of the softer sex.

“ Oh, woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please ;
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.”*

* Marmion, Canto vi. 30.

It was near midnight. Lady Margaret sat beside the bed of the dying Earl, who was sleeping. A lamp burned on the table. Lady Margaret's face looked sad, but beautiful in its sorrow, as she watched by her cousin's side.

"Ah! Margaret, is that you?" said the Earl, with a happy smile of welcome, as he opened his eyes. He said no more. The eyes closed again, but the smile rested on the brow, like the track of an angel's foot, which had carried off the spirit of the sleeping Earl, to the very gates of Paradise.

"He called me *Margaret*!" said his cousin. What a thrill of pleasure the pronouncing of that name sent through her whole soul! He had not called her "*Margaret*" for many a long day before; but the smile had no earthly association about it to warm her desolate heart.

"I know thou hast forgiven me, yet painful 'tis to see
A tranquil smile upon thy cheek, where a warm blush used
to be."

She watched his face, through the night, by the light of the lamp, and, as she watched, she saw the pale shadow of death spreading over it. But it was evident he suffered no pain, for there was not a muscle distorted. The shadow cast over him was that of the wing of his guardian angel, shield-

ing him from the point of the arrow of the Angel of Death.

She rose, and looked into his eyes, and started. He was dead.

In a paroxysm of grief, she cast herself on the body, and kissed his dead face, and hung over him in wild sorrow ; but as she feared being overheard, she struggled hard to smother her sobs. She would have no mortal to share with her the luxury of that hour.

“ God comfort you !” said a hollow voice, behind her.

She rose up hastily, turned quickly round, and saw the sorrowful face of Sir Walter Raleigh, through the gloom of the morning twilight. He might have marked—but he did not—a red spot on her pale cheek.

Oh, woman ! who can paint the beauty of thy modesty, or measure the depth of thy love ?

CONCLUSION.

THE Earl's body was laid by the side of his cousin's, in the Tower Chapel. Before his death he committed the care of his child to Lady Margaret. He also gave her, as a token of affection, Ellen's Testament; with directions that she should instruct his child in its sacred truths, an obligation which Lady Margaret conscientiously discharged; and, in doing so, realized the fulfilment of the promise, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." Herein she found, like Hagar, "streams in the desert;" or, like the woman of Samaria, "a well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

The Earl left Sir Walter Raleigh his sword, but with an injunction not to use it.

A few days after the funeral, Lady Margaret left the Tower, and returned to Munster, carrying little Ellen Desmond with her. Here I lose the thread of the child's history; but I understand that a lady bearing this name married into a respectable family in Munster, whose descendants bear the name of F——.

A few more words will suffice for the completion of this history. Sir Walter Raleigh, as the reader may imagine, was very miserable for some months after his friend's death, and the departure of little Ellen. In the course of time, new arrangements in the prison brought him to the cell next to that occupied by our friend, Florence Mac Carthy, who literally "*scraped* an acquaintance" with him, by making a hole in the partition wall. Sir Walter laid open to his new friend his great discovery in El Dorado, at which Mac Carthy's grey eyes glistened and winked again.

"Damnation, I'm your man, Sir Walter. We'll gag the keeper, or knock him on the head, as you think that the safest way. Mention the day, and I will not fail you."

"Ah! this is the right sort of man," thought Sir Walter;—but, when the day came, Mac Carthy left Sir Walter in the lurch, so that the grand scheme was delayed.

What happened to Sir Walter after this, the reader knows as well as I do. *Mi venga la muerte de España*—"Let my death come from Spain," were words he was in the habit of using, for he concluded he would not suffer, after so long a delay of the sentence. But these words were literally fulfilled. If Spanish revenge be slow, it is also

sure. Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded to gratify the malice of the Spanish monarch, with the commerce of whose kingdom he had so often interfered. The conduct of James I. in this affair makes one of the bloodiest and blackest pages in English history.

The faithful Peter Lacy—who bore the title of Lord of Bruff—joined the standard of O'Neill, and fell in battle, near Armagh, fighting against the forces of Lord Mountjoy, the Irish Deputy.

I find, from the *Pacata Hibernia*, that a Jesuit, named *James Archer*, was actively engaged in the siege of Dunboy, who afterwards escaped into Spain. Could this be the man whom we left as a maniac among the tombs? For the elucidation of the difficulty, I beg to refer the reader to the *notes*.*

The Lord President, after contending successfully with the Spanish forces which landed at Kinsale, and after having succeeded in entrapping a number of Irish chiefs (whose allegiance he doubted), by sending them a polite circular to meet him in Cork, wrote to England for permission to return home. He bemoans in his letters, in the most pathetic language, his banishment in Ireland from the presence of the Queen, which he thinks must be intended by God as a punishment for his sins.

* Note F. Page 370.

He concludes one of his epistles to Her Majesty, by "*kissing the shadowes of her royall feet.*" He arrived in England, just in time to join the public proclamation of her successor, James I., which, as we are credibly informed, gave him "new life;" for, like Pompey, he would rather worship the rising than the setting sun. For his zeal in His Majesty's service he was created an Earl—the Earl of Totnes. To gain this title, he would have kissed,—what shall I say?—I really cannot imagine.

John Fitz-Thomas, the Earl's brother, escaped to the Continent, and distinguished himself in the Spanish service. He died in Spain, leaving one son, named Garret, on whom the Spanish monarch conferred the title of Count; but as neither father nor son assumed the Irish title, James Fitz-Thomas, the hero of our tale, was "*The Last Earl of Desmond.*"

NOTES.

NOTE A. Page 13.

“ ONE John Nugent, sometimes servant to Sir Thomas Norris, late President of Mounster, pretending some wrongs and iniuries to be offered unto him by the State, ioyned with the Rebels, and became (to his power) the most malicious and bloody Traitor in all these parts. At last, having, as it should seem, spit his poyson, and spent his venome, sought to Sir Warham Saint Leger and Sir Henry Power, the Commissioners, to be received into protection, who, more for feare of the hurt that hee might doe, then hope of the good that hee would do, granted the same, untill the Lord President's pleasure (who was now ready to depart from Dublin towards Mounster) were further known. At this time, therefore, Nugent came to make his submission to the President, and to desire pardon for his faults committed. Answer was made, that for so much as his crimes and offences had beene extraordinary, hee could not hope to bee reconciled unto the State *except hee would deserve it by extraordinary service*, which, saith the President, if you shall performe, you may deserue not only pardon for your faults committed heretofore, but also some store of Crownes to releev your wants hereafter. Hee presently promised not to bee wanting in any thing that lay in the power of one man to accomplish, and *in private* made offer to the President, that if hee might be well recompenced, he would *ruin*, within a short space, either the Sугan Earle, or John Fitz Thomas, his brother. And indeed very likely hee was both to attempt and performe as much as he spake. To attempt, because hee was so valiant and daring as that hee did not feare any thing, and to execute,

because by reason of his many outrages before committed, the chief Rebels did repose great confidence in him. The President having contrived a plot for James Fitz Thomas (as is before showed), gave him in charge to undertake John, his brother; but *because the matter might be caried without any suspicion* upon the next morrow, the Councell being set, and a great concourse of people assembled, Nugent renueth his suite for the continuance of his protection. But the President rehearsing in publike audience, a catalogue of his mischievous outrages, lately committed, told the Councell, that having farther enquired, and better considered of Man and Matter, for his part he thought it an action of very ill example to recieu unto mercy such a notorious Malefactor; the Councell were all of the same opinion, who, reviling him with many biting and bitter speeches, and assuring him that if it were not for a religious regard that was holden of the Queene's word, hee should pay a deare price for his former misdemeanour; and so with publike disgrace was he dismissed their presence."—*Pacata Hibernia*, vol. i. pp. 67-69.

NOTE B. Page 20.

It is clear that this *Earl of Clancare* must have been, as Doctor O'Donovan says, "a craven coward." His memorial of submission to Sir Henry Sidney commences—"The most humble submission of the unworthy and most unnatural Earl of Clancahir, otherwise called Mac Carthy More, unto the Right Honourable Sir Henry Sidney, Knight."—See *Transactions R. I. A.*, vol. xv.; *Antiquities*, pp. 73, 74; *Annals of Ireland*, A.D. 1596, vol. vi. p. 1994.

NOTE C. Page 193.

"A gentleman of the house of O'Conor Don (Dermot, the son of Tuathal) was in command over a large party of Irish soldiers, who were in the service of the Earl of Desmond, in Munster, during the last year.

“ When the Baron of Castleconnell (Richard, the son of Theobald, son of William, son of Edmund Burke) heard of Dermot’s arrival there, he and his brother Thomas mustered all the forces they were able, both horse and foot, of his own and the Queen’s people, and they continued to fire on Dermot and his people (while they were passing) from the monastery of Uaithne to the bridge of Bun-briste, in the county of Limerick, and many of his officers and common soldiers were slain during this time. As Dermot and his people were crossing the aforesaid bridge, these two sons of Theobald Burke, *i. e.* the Baron and Thomas, advanced with pride and boldness in front of their own forces, and towards the borders of Dermot’s party. But they were not able to return back safe, for they were surrounded, prostrated, and unsparingly put to the sword by their enemies. What Dermot and his people committed on this occasion was the cause of lamentation—namely, the killing of the Baron and Thomas; for though they were young in age, they were manly in renown and noble deeds.”—*Annals of Ireland*, A.D. 1600, vol. vi. pp. 2145-7.

NOTE D. Page 271.

“ *A Letter from Her Majestie to the Lord President concerning Base Money.*

“ Having found, by long experience, that the using of sterling moneys in the payment of our Armie there [Ireland], and for our other servises, doth bring marveilous inconveniencies both to that Realme and to this; and that the wisdom of all our Progenitors (for the most part) did maintaine a difference betweene the Coynes of both Realmes (*that in Ireland being ever inferior in goodness to that of this Realme*), we thought it reason to revive the ancient course of our Progenitors in that matter of Moneys, and have caused a Coyne proper for that our Realme in Ireland to bee stamped heere, and we do now send a great quantitie thereof thither, to be employed for the payment of our armie and other uses, &c.”—*Pacata Hibernia*, vol. ii. p. 261.

NOTE E. Page 314.

THE POET SPENSER'S FAMILY AND PROPERTY.

I find from a copy of an "Inquisition taken in the towne of Mallowe, in the Countie of Corke, the 7th day of August, 1611"—which Sir Denham Norreys has kindly sent me for perusal—that a son of the poet, named Sylvanus Spenser, came into possession of the lands granted to his father:—"The said Jurors doe finde and present that the p.te or p.econ [part or portion] of a Seignory granted by these patents from the late Queene Elizabeth unto Edmond Spencer, late of Kilcolmayn, in the Countie of Corke, Esquire, Deceased, after his death descended unto Sylvanus Spencer, his sone and heire, whoe doth nowe possesse & enjoy the same, in manner & forme as followth, viz.: The said Sylvanus Spencer is seized in his demeasne as of fee of the Castell of Kilcolmane, wth c̄ c̄ c̄ acres of land p.cell of the said Seignory, being the demeasne lands of the same."

The "Search" or "Inquisition" then goes on to say that other portions of the property were set and leased to Edward Henton, who had 400 acres, David Lowes, who had 200 acres, Geffrey Hoorde, who had 100 acres, John Liech, who had a house and 100 acres, John Ridgwaie, who had 400 acres, John Roche, who had a house and 100 acres.

The Inquisition goes on to say that "The said Jurors doe finde that the twoe ploughlandes, called Ballyellish Ardgilbert and Ardadame, containing vi c: [600] acres of land, or thereabouts, part of the Seignory of Kilcolemane, were evicted by Nicholas Shyname from the said Edmond Spencer, before Sr Thomas Norreis, Knight, Sr Robert Gardener, Knight, and other Commissioners for the province of Munster. And that upon the said order an abatem^t of the rente hath been given to Sylvanus Spencer, viz., £vi vis. viii*d*. The said Jurors doe also finde that John Power, of Doneraile, doth wth holde the ploughlande & half of Carrigyus and Keylm^e Euyth, cont^g. c. c. c. acres of lande, or thereabouts, from the said Sylvanus Spencer, by what title we know not; and we also finde that

the said Sylvanus Spencer hath noe abatem^t. of rent for the said c. c. c. acres of lande."

The poet left two sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine. Peregrine had a son named Hugolin, who was in possession of the Irish property in the time of Charles II.; but adhering to the cause of James II. was outlawed, when the property reverted to the Crown. One William Spenser petitioned for its restoration, in the year 1700, pleading his ancestry, and his services, as a guide to the royal troops. His petition was successful.

As this note was going to press, a friend, on the correctness of whose information I can rely, wrote to me, saying: "Edmond Spencer, a lineal descendant of the Poet Spencer, was a resident in the town of Mallow [County Cork] for many years, and died there somewhere about 1790-91. He left the following epitaph for his tombstone:—

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF EDMOND SPENCER, GREAT-GREAT-GREAT GRANDSON OF THE POET SPENCER, UNFORTUNATE FROM HIS CRADLE TO HIS GRAVE."

Supposing it probable that he might be buried in the graveyard of Mallow church, I went there, and spent some time in looking for a tomb-stone containing such an epitaph, but without success; although informed by two or three persons that they had seen the name of Spenser upon one of the stones. But very many of the inscriptions stand sadly in need of the friendly chisel of some "OLD MORTALITY."

I lately visited Kilcoleman Castle, the residence of the poet. It stands on the side of a hill, about two miles from the town of Doneraile, and eight from Mallow. The castle is clothed with ivy to the top of the tower,—the only tower which now stands, and which is about forty feet high. Among the ivy peeps out, here and there, the friendly looking little flower called the "forget-me-not." Judging from the few names inscribed on the old stones, I should conclude the ruin is very seldom visited by strangers, or indeed by any one. The district around is greatly impoverished. Near the base of the castle is a stagnant lake, and on the margin of the lake

stand a few desolate cabins. The people living on the estate, and in the neighbourhood, appear never to have heard of the poet's name. An old shepherd, who was tending a flock of sheep within a few fields of the castle, told us that "No one had lived in it *during duration*." The poet, who was once the *genius loci* of that part of the country, has not left behind him even a "*nominis umbra*."—" *Sic gloria mundi transit*."

NOTE F. Page 363.

For the active part taken by Jesuits and Roman Catholic priests in this rebellion, I refer the reader to the following letters in the *Pacata Hibernia*, vol. ii. pp. 554-7:—

" *A Letter from James Archer, Jesuite, to Dominick Collins, Jesuite, at Donboy :—*

" Your Letters of Thursday last came to our hands, but our disagreeing in some matters makes to be slacke in performing your desire, yet you must take better order for the premises; in the mean while, how ever becomes of our delays or insufficiencies, bee yee of heroicall minds, for of such consequence is the keeping of that Castle, that every one there shall surpasse in deserts any of us here, and for Noble valiant Souldiers shall passe immortall throughout all ages to come; for the better incouraging, let these words be read in their hearing. Out of Spaine we are in a vehement expectation, and for Powder, Lead, and Money, furnished. Now to come to more particular matters, vnderstand that there are but two wayes to attempt you, that is, scaling with ladders, or Battery: for scaling, I doubt not but your own wit needs no direction; and for Battery, you may make up the breach by night. The higher you raise your workes every way the better, but let it bee thick and substantial; raise of a greater height that worke Capitaine Tirrell made, betwixt the house and the cornell; make plaine the broken house on the south side. For fire-work direction doe this; prime the holes, and stop in the balls with

powder mixt through the materiall well, and some powder vppermost that shall take fire : the rest you know, as you have heard me declare there ; by all means possible send me one Ball, and the rest of the Saltpreater. This in haste till better leasure. Camp this Thursday.

“ Your loving cousen,

“ JAMES ARCHER.

“ *To Father Dominicke Collins,
these in haste.*”

“ *A Letter from John Anias to Dominick Collins, Jesuite, at Donboy.*

“ Be carefull of your fortifying continually, with a most speciall care rayse in height the West side of your Port ; fill your chambers on the South and North side with Hides, and earth ; what battery is made suddenly repayre it like valian Soulders ; make plaine in the South side the remnant of the broken houses ; make wayes out of the Hall to scower & cast stones upon the Port, and if the Enemy would attempt the like, dig deepe that place wee first begun, and a trench above to defend the same, as I have sayd unto you. Although we expect speedie reliefe out of Spaine yet bee you wise to preserve the store of Victuals discretely : Devise your selues all the invention possible to hold out this siege, which is the greatest honor in this Kingdome ; with the next I shall prepare shooes for you : send me the cord or long line, and the rest of the saltpeter with all the yron barriers, seven peeces in all. Salute in my name Richard Magoghegane, praying God to have of his speciall grace that care of your successe. From the Campe the — of June, 1602.

“ Your loving cousin,

“ JOHN ANIAS.

“ *To Father Dominick,
Beerehaven, these.*”

In the November following, this John Anias (who in October was taken prisoner by John Berry, the Constable of Castle

Mange) was executed by martial law: whether he was a priest or not was held doubtful. The day before his execution he wrote this letter to the Lord of Lixnaw:—

“ A Letter from John Anias to the Baron of Lixnaw, a little before his Execution.

“ In trust is treason: So Wingfield betrayed me; my death satisfies former suspitions, and gives occasion hereafter to remember mee; and as ever I aspire to immortalize my name upon the earth, so I would request you, by vertu of that ardent affection I had toward you in my life, you would honor my death, *in making mention of my name in the registry of your country*; Let not my servant Cormack want, as a faithfull servant unto mee; let my Funerall and Service of the Catholique Church bee observed for the Soule. Heere I send you the Passe and Letter of that faithlesse Wingfield, having charged the Bearer upon his duetie to God, to deliver this unto your hands. Osulevan [Beare] was strange to mee, but inures himself to wante me. Commend me to Captain Tirrell, Oconnor, your sister Gerode Oge. This the night before my execution, the eight day of November, 1602. And upon this sudden, I cannot write largely.

“ Your loving Bedfellow sometimes,

“ ISMARITO.”

The reader may judge of the metal of which some of those churchmen were composed, by the conduct of “Owen Mac Eggan, the Apostolike Vicar, who, to put fresh heart into his company, with his sword drawne in one hand, and his portius and beades in the other, with one hundred men, led by himself, came boldly to the sword, and maintayned a hot skirmish untill hee was slaine with a shot.”—*Pac. Hib.* vol. ii. p. 661.

THE END.

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